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July, 1973

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Frontier Times

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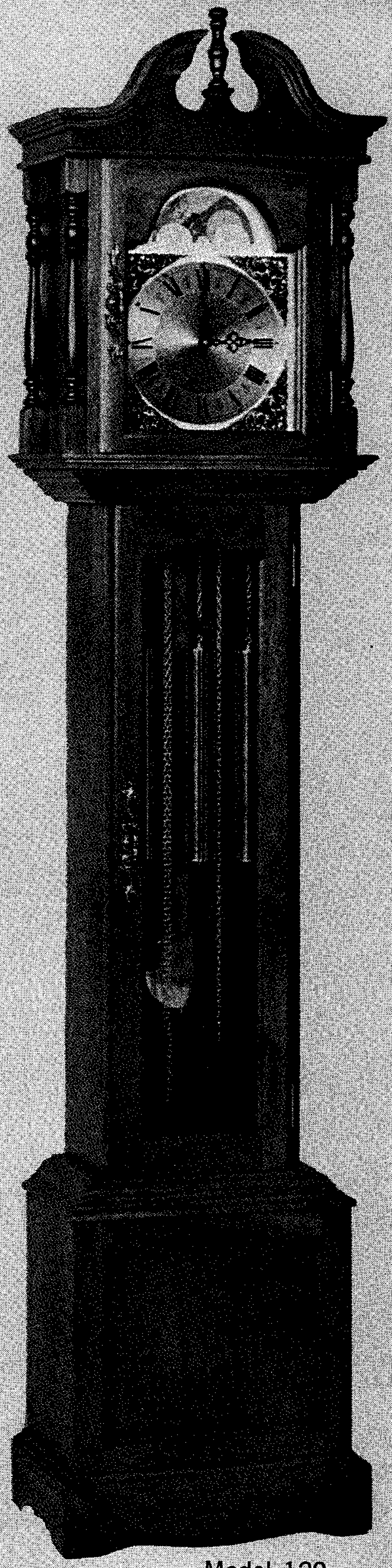

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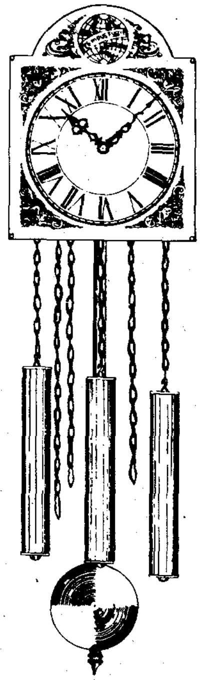

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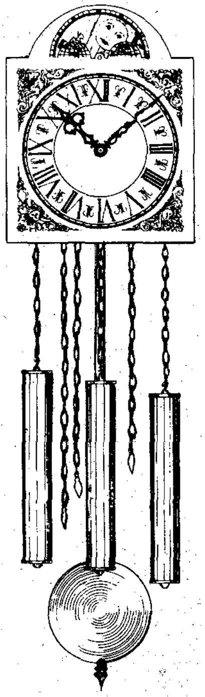

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June-July, 1973
Vol. 47, No. 4
New Series No. 84

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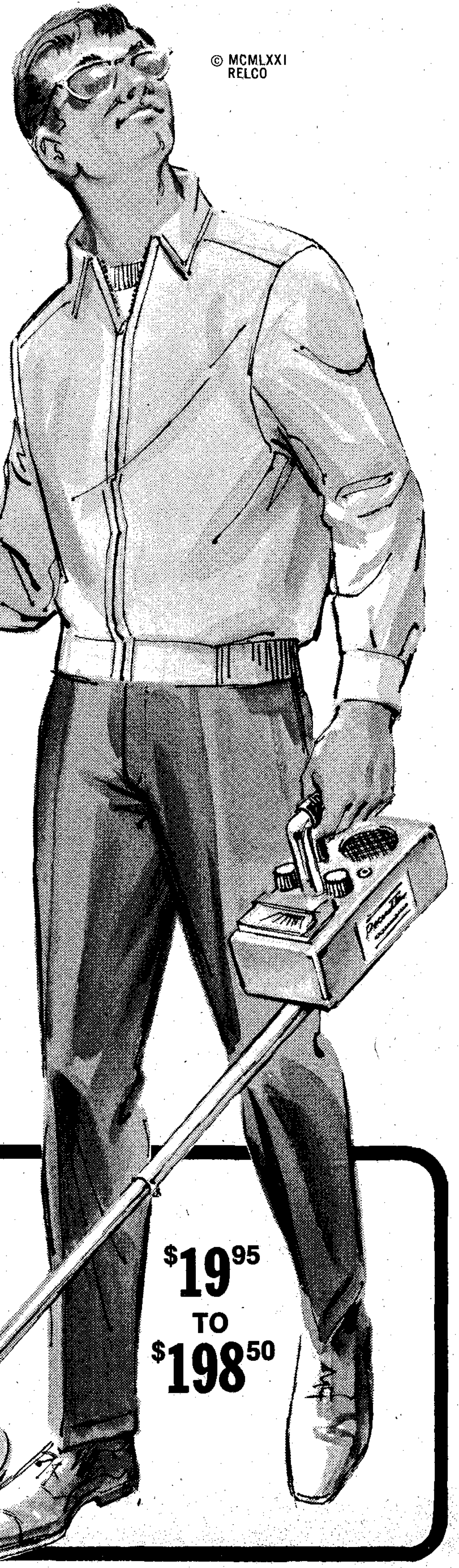

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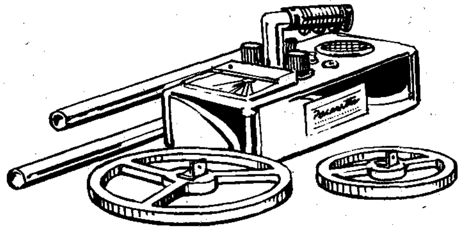

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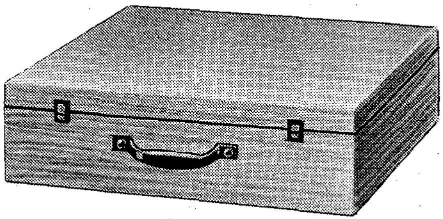

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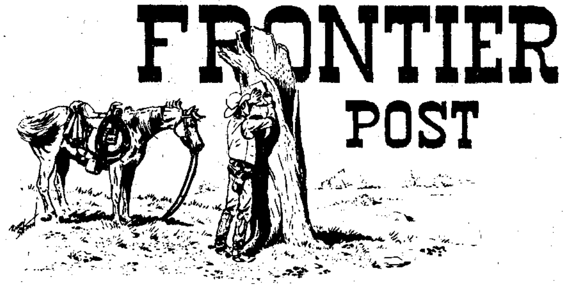
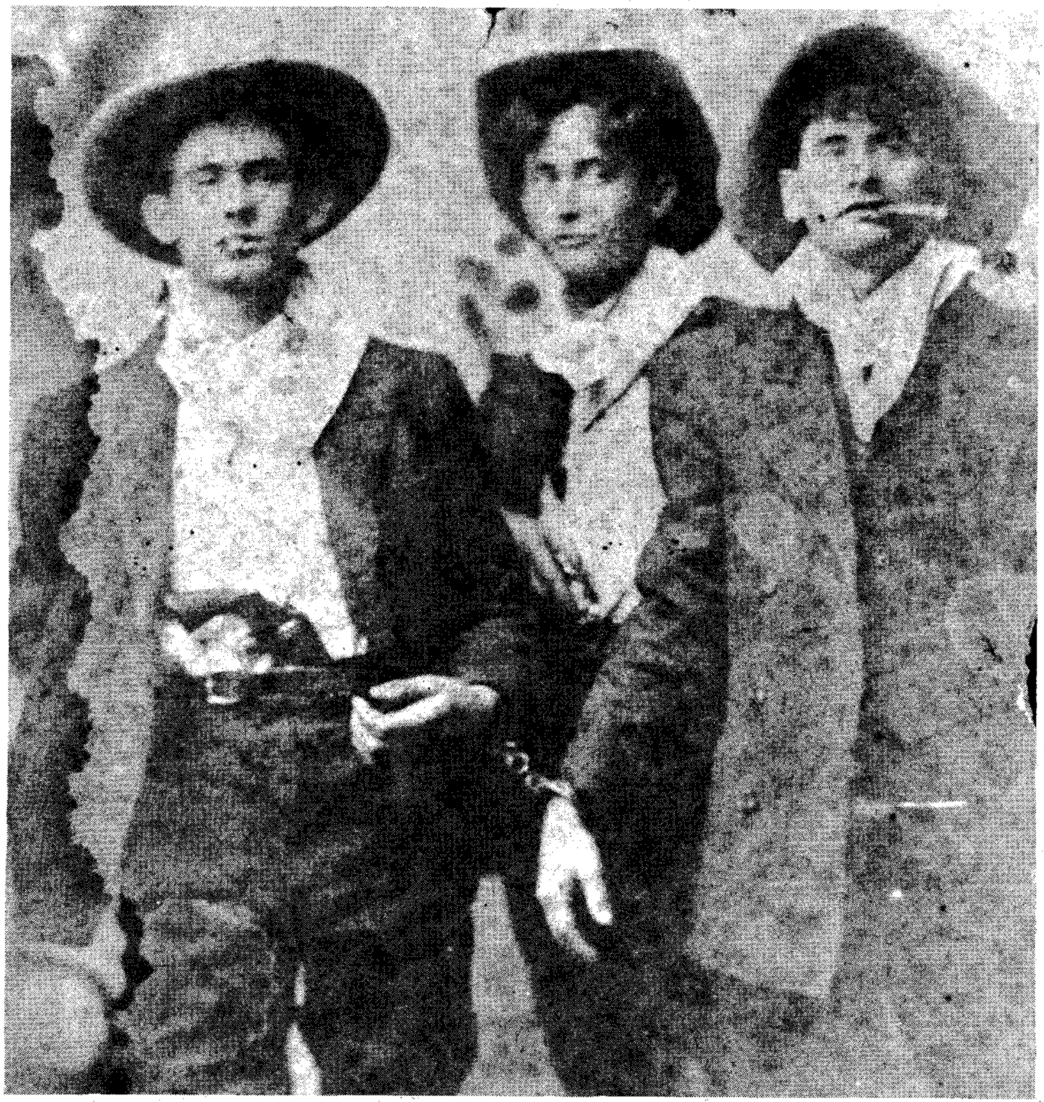




Can anyone help? This photo was taken in the 1880s. Are these three young men on a lark, or could they be two lawmen taking a fugitive to jail?

Awful Relaxed Looking To Be In Trouble

Enclosed is a photograph I find most interesting. I admit it's a bit faded, torn and stained, but I felt it had a story behind it; so I bought the original and had this copy made.

I am a writer specializing in the American Indians; although I have a nice collection of Indian photos I'm always on the lookout for more. One Sunday as I was going from flea market to flea market in my search for pictures I ran into this one. The dealer knew very little about it. In fact he didn't know which "lot" it came from. About all he could tell me was the original was made about 1880; and that was it.

I wish they were INDIANS so I would have a chance to tell something about them. So now I turn to my friends at Western Publications; HELP! Who are they, folks? The man on the left is handcuffed to the gent on the right. Both men are smoking cigars. The fellow on the left has a gun in his belt; so does the gent in the middle but his hand is on it. It seems to me the man on the right is the one in trouble. Any information will be appreciated.—Ronald J. Morgan, Special Consultant, American Indian Affairs, 2306 Huldy Street, Houston, Texas 77019

I. O. A. Ranch

I am looking for information concerning the I. O. A. Ranch in Oklahoma Territory. It lay between Perkins and the present town of Chandler. It was named for the Iowa Indians, on whose land it was situated. The last cattle drive was made in 1890 to the railhead at Red Fork, Oklahoma, in advance of the opening of the Sac & Fox Land Run in 1891.

Foreman was one Frank C. Orner, who later became a Republican in the Oklahoma Legislature. Some pictures and memorabilia are on exhibit at the Oklahoma State Historical Society in Oklahoma City.

Any help that I receive would be greatly appreciated.—Jean C. Brown, 1330 East Thompson, Sapulpa, Oklahoma 74066

Paper Americana

The appeal to people to save or make provision for the preservation of old letters and family papers can not be too often stressed. When I had to sort our family's things I found a cigar box full of old letters. One had been written at one of our old forts and gave the number and dimensions of the brick and buildings, armament and placing of same, and the general's name in charge as the fort was in the process of being built.

One letter told of receiving black cherry seeds from Michigan as there were none in Washington State. Another was written during one of the battles of the Civil War from Washington, D. C.

A piece of paper folded in booklet form contained the Humboldt County tax roll for a year in the 1890s. Our historical society was glad to get this. The then Utah Territory states of Utah, Nevada and Wyoming were glad to have the letter of the old fort and copies.

A family member inherited the effects of a deceased relative in another state. She took a whole trunk full of papers and cards and letters out in the yard and burned them. She saved a few stamps for her son's collection. I am sure she destroyed more in that old trunk than her share of the cash from the estate, as I had known and visited the deceased.

When faced with these problems call the local historical society, a collector or museum. Lawyers aren't always good help for this sort of advice.—Mrs. Blanche Irene Brown, 5135 Carol Drive, Sparks, Nevada 89431

Early Days in Colorado

In 1907 when I was four years old we moved from Galena, Kansas to Meeker, Oklahoma in a covered wagon. Then my father passed away in January 1912 when I was eight years old, and in March 1916 my mother and I moved on a homestead one mile east of Branson, Colorado, right on the edge of a gap in the mountains. The first afternoon there I walked up to where the railroad tracks run along the edge of the mesa. It was a warm day for March and rattlesnakes were coming out of the banks, and I killed nineteen in about an hour. I killed them nearly every day during the summer months.

I plowed up the required land, so we could get a patent, with two old horses and a walking plow, and planted wheat, pinto beans and some corn. The coyotes would howl at nights and come to the house and run the dog up to the door. Then the dog would chase them for about a hundred yards, then come running for dear life with the coyotes on his tail. This would keep up until I would go outside and take a shot at the coyotes. Then they would leave.

When we arrived in Branson March 17, 1916 the railroad station was called Wilson Switch and the post office was called Coloflats. It was some time before they all got together and changed the name to Branson. There was a box car for a depot, and some folks had a small house with a shed room on the side where the post office was. They had a couple of slabs of bacon, some flour and few cans of canned goods to sell. Then the town started to grow to where they had several hundred people there, with a furniture store, three good hotels, two pool halls, three lumber yards, drug store, two big wagon yards, three garages, blacksmith shop, department store, two barber shops, butcher shop, bank, grain elevator, lawyer, two churches, school, four grocery stores, a weekly newspaper, land office, bean recleaning elevator, implement business, etc. There was a family living on nearly every 320 acres of land. The farmers were fairly prosperous and raised good crops and were a happy bunch of people prior to 1932.

Then came the dust bowl years from 1932 to 1935 and the farmers could not raise any crops, lost their livestock and just starved out. Now there are only about seventy people living in Branson. The ranchers bought up that land from the Federal Land Bank or for taxes. I think Branson has one grocery store left, and two years ago when I was there the only place you could get gasoline was to catch the man who runs a wholesale gasoline and oil dealership at his place of business and get him to fill your tank. There were several small settlements in that country within a radius of twenty-five miles—Atwell, Alcreek, Tobe and Watervale. They all had post offices, but you can hardly tell where they were now.

Some time in your travels, and if you are up in that country between Amarillo and Raton, New Mexico, after you pass Des Moines, go on to Capulin, New Mexico, then turn off at Capulin and drive up to the Capulin Mountain which is an old extinct volcano. Drive up to the concession building, then walk up and around the cone of the old volcano. Take your camera along and take pictures of the other extinct volcanoes, then drive on around the old volcano on a paved road to Folsom, New Mexico where old Black Jack Ketchum and his gang used to rob the Colorado and Southern passenger trains. Stop at Folsom and go in the Museum and Mrs. Adams will give you some literature on Black Jack and also on the Folsom Man. Then drive on up to Branson, through Tollgate Canyon. There used to be a tollgate there.

If you would like to go down Tollgate Canyon to Kenton, Oklahoma, turn off to the right about five miles out of Folsom. You follow the dry Cimarron River and will come to a mountain at the edge of the road that looks like a huge cake. They call it the “Wedding Cake” as quite a few young couples go up on it to get married. The old fellow (he was ninety-two years old two years ago) who runs the little store and post office at Kenton told me that one real old preacher who could not climb up on the hill used a walkie-talkie to marry one couple. There are some displays of valuable minerals in the store at Kenton, including some animal fossils, etc.

Anyway, when you go on toward Branson you will come to a gap in the mountains. The mesa on the left is called Johnson's Mesa and is fairly level on top with windmills and good sized ranches. The mesa on your right (or east) is called Ice Mesa. It got its name from the early homesteaders who used to take their ice cream makings up there and go down from the top in a canyon or cavern and get ice to freeze their cream with. The ice stays there the year around, but it's a little hard to climb down over those huge boulders to get it.

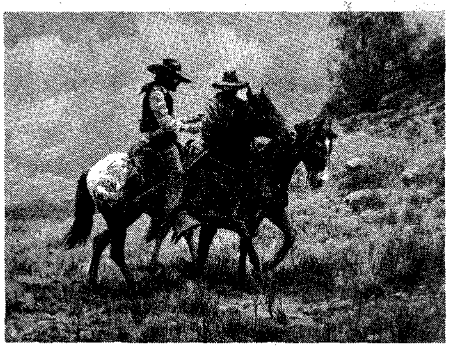
Anyway, just as you get through the gap in the mountains, if you look out over a wide expanse of country and notice about half a mile north, you will see a big pile of malpais rocks with a windmill near. That is the south end of the place that we homesteaded.

I read all of your magazines and enjoy them a lot.—Jesse C. Morlan, 512 West Park Avenue, Temple, Texas 75601

Robert Howard's Correspondence

For some time I have been researching

(Continued on page 56)



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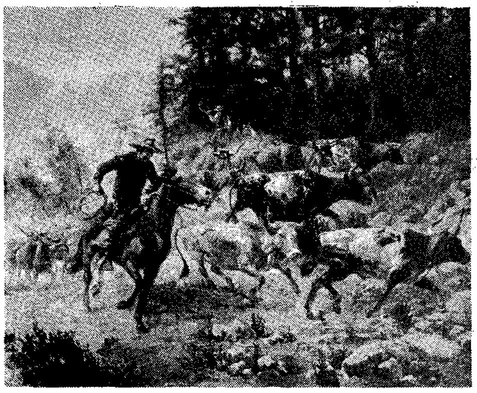

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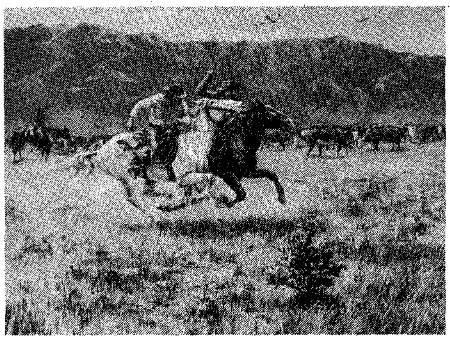

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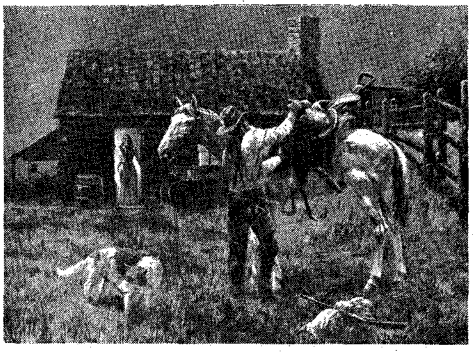

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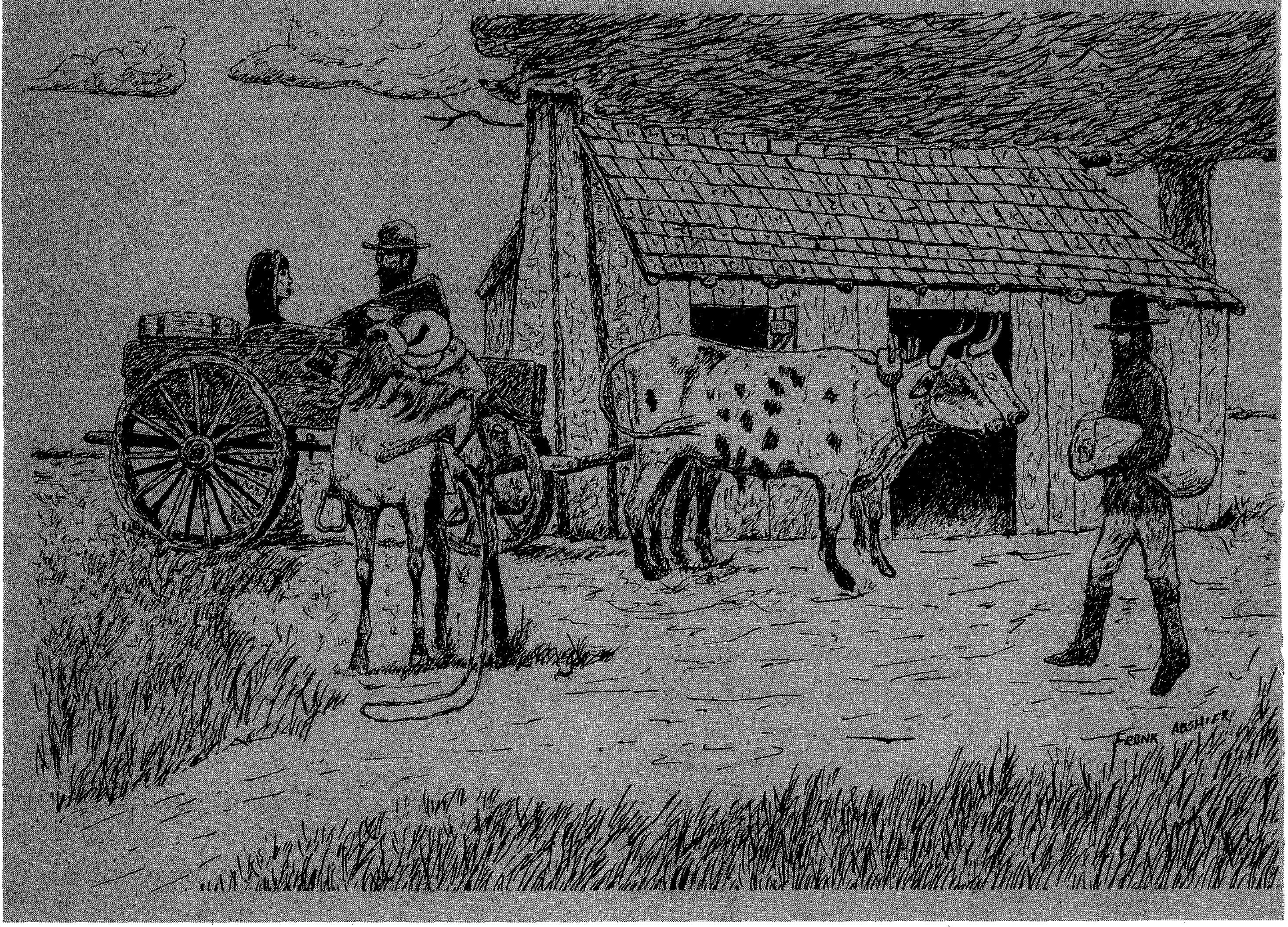


A SLEEPING child whimpered softly in a makeshift cradle, crying out from time to time as hunger pains wracked her small emaciated body. A boy, older than his sister, slept fitfully on a heap of straw thrown into a corner of the cabin. Kneeling by the smoldering fire their mother, a slight, pretty woman with smudged, sooty face poked at the dying coals in despair. She was attempting to cook a pot of peas—the last remaining of those brought when her husband had removed them to this lonely cabin on Austin Bayou in the coastal wilderness of Texas. The year was 1836.

Her man had been gone for four days now, and he had said he would return in two. All day the woman had scanned the lonely landscape of waving grass, seeking the sight of her returning husband. Only the great reaches of the lonely prairie and the flight of an occasional bird met her gaze.

It was night again; and with the night, predatory creatures of the land roamed the tall grass and the little clump of trees where the cabin stood. Twice since dusk something had scratched at the rickety door, slapping the boards with its paw like an enormous playful kitten.

The fire flickered and flared for a moment; then died as the woman quit stirring it. "I must have wood," she thought. "The children went without food yesterday, and the day before we had only a few parsley haws. The peas must cook or we will starve!"

She once again prodded the coals, which caught for a moment, then flickered and died, leaving the cabin in darkness. Suddenly the woman pulled a board from the floor and thrust it into the crude fireplace. Once the board was aflame, she carried it boldly out the door and set about gathering firewood under the nearby trees. The stalking beast was forgotten in her need to protect her own. Harriet Page, although late of the city of New Orleans and city-bred, had become a frontier woman in the instant required to make the decision to face the unknown in preference to starvation.

On the seventh day Solomon Page—gambler, idler, and a man without conscience as to the fate of his wife and children—returned with the news that he had spent the money intended for food and other provisions to buy clothing for himself. He intended to go to the war, he said, and when his wife inquired as to how she and the children could exist alone, he replied, "You'll have to do the best you can, for I will not have men calling me a coward. Everybody is volunteering, so I, too, must go." Page mounted and rode away, ignoring the cries of his wife to remain and protect them.

NINE DAYS after Page deserted his family, a Mr. Merrick passed the cabin and was apalled at finding a lone woman and two small children abandoned in the wilderness. A turkey was killed and cooked as soon as possible. Merrick then killed enough game to feed the little family for a number of days, and left only when his stock and farm demanded his attention.

On the way from Brazoria to the cabin on Austin Bayou, Harriet Page and her husband had stopped overnight at the home of a Mrs. Abit. Mrs. Page had given the lady some sewing needles on departing, and it was this bit of kindness which ultimately resulted in much-needed help coming to her aid. Mrs. Abit, upon becoming seriously ill, had asked for the

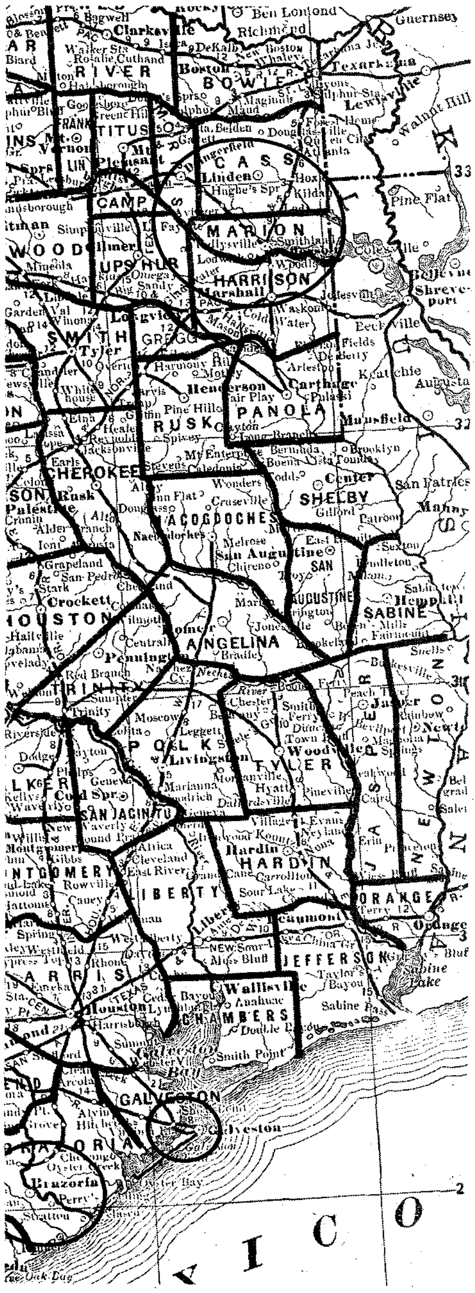
FUL POTTER'S POINT

BY AL EASON

Illustrated by Frank Abshier

A look at the forerunners, and many times the sires, of the later colorful and often dangerous people who made the Old West famous

Map from **Crams Family Atlas of the World**, 1888



Map of the areas lived in by Harriet. Encircled, *Brazoria* and the *Austin Bayou* area at bottom, Galveston to the right, and Potter's Point at top.

minister to come and pray for her. When he arrived, she prevailed upon him to find Harriet and the children, as she had heard of Page's leaving them alone. Mrs. Abit died and, after the funeral, Reverend Cloud filled his saddlebags with food and set out in search of the woman and children. Attracted by the smoke of burning broomcorn which Harriet had set afire to boost their sagging spirits after a week-long seige of rain, the minister found the remote little cabin and brought the pathetic fatherless family to safety.

Harriet Page's emotions upon escaping the desolate bayou are recorded in these words—"At the appointed time the wagons came, and oh, with what joy we began our journey toward civilization, leaving behind us in the lonely little house sorrow and loneliness, hunger and despair. I looked back at it in the distance 'till it became a mere speck and was swallowed up in the great, wide prairie. So, I hoped, would its terrible memory fade from my life."

After reaching a settlement, Mrs. Page and the children lived with her brother's wife, and the sister-in-law taught the city-bred woman the ways of country living—how to raise chickens, milk a cow, plant a garden, and the myriad tasks and arts known only to those who must provide their own needs. This knowledge was to serve her well in the future, for Harriet Page was destined to face life alone in a far wilder, more bitter existence.

THINGS WERE serene for awhile and then came the "Norton Panic." Settlers from the United States were at war with Mexico, and rumors were rife as to the disposition of troops and the tide of battle. There was a man named Norton in the settlement where Mrs. Page lived and he was reputed to be a heavy drinker. One day Norton heard the popping and snapping of exploding stalks after someone had set fire to a nearby canebrake. The agitated man was seized with fright and ran about the settlement shouting the Mexicans were approaching, burning and murdering as they came. The inhabitants of the settlement fled in panic—Mrs. Page and her two children among them.

The small group, exhausted from running over the muddy, rain-soaked ground, were finally halted by Colonel Robert Potter and a Colonel Hall who had orders from Austin to evacuate all civilians from the area and to take them to safety in Galveston.

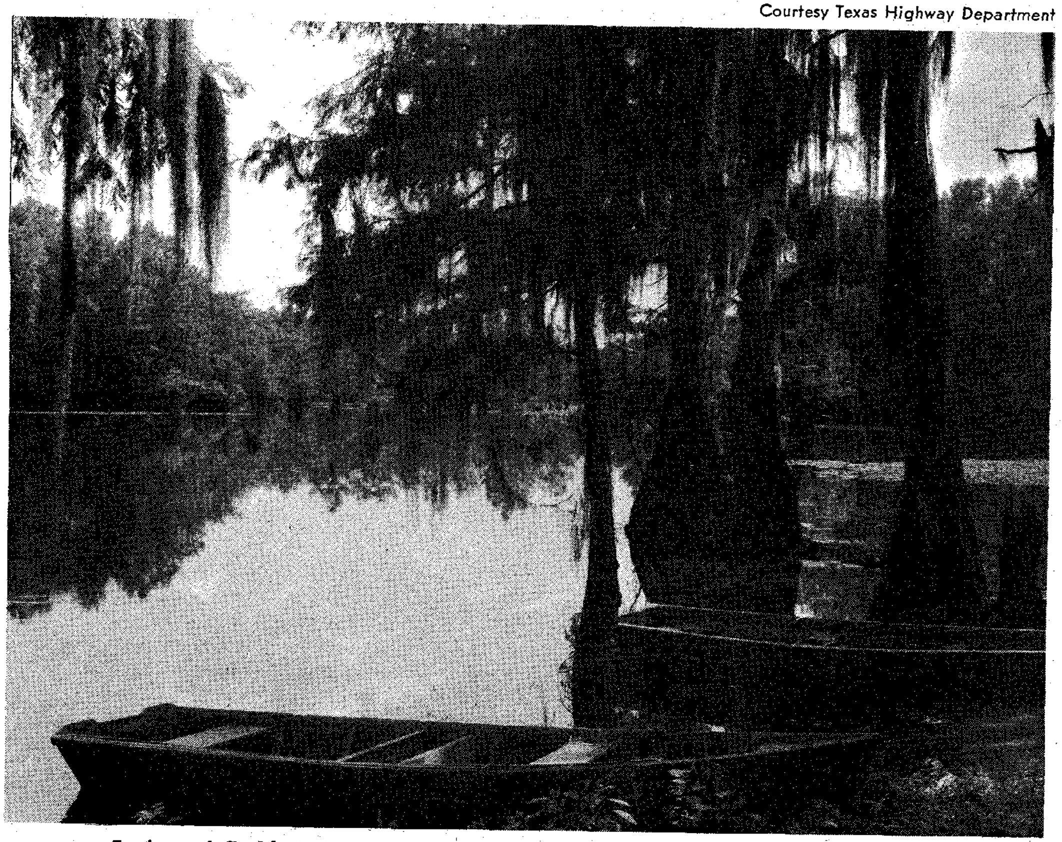
As the refugees began to depart, Harriet Page and her two children were left standing alone. Mrs. Page had been dressing to visit a neighbor when the flight began so was dressed in the latest New Orleans fashion. Although bedraggled and mudspattered, she still presented a picture of the great lady when Colonel Potter turned his attention to her as she stood alone with the children. After consulting with Colonel Hall for a moment, Potter dismounted and with a deep bow offered his services and mount to Mrs. Page and the children. Potter placed the boy behind his manservant on the horse the servant was riding, then assisted Mrs. Page in mounting behind himself. Someone then placed the little girl in her mother's arms and the group proceeded to Velasco where a ship waited to transport them to Galveston Island.

Once at Galveston, Colonel Potter prevailed upon Mrs. Page to remain on the ship in company of a group of other ladies. While there, her husband Solomon came aboard and begged her to return to him. He was rebuked for his efforts, the memory of his desertion of the family on Austin Bayou still being fresh in his wife's mind.

Disease was rampant among the refugees and Harriett's little daughter soon died as a result of fever. The child was buried on the island. Mrs. Page was left with one small boy—and under the doubtful protection of Potter.

Colonel Potter at this time was Secretary of the Navy of the Republic of Texas, and Commander of the Port of Galveston. A commission with letters of marque were issued to Potter on December 1, 1835, only five months after his arrival in Texas from North Carolina. He had previously served in the U. S. Navy, having been commissioned as a midshipman on March 2, 1815. He served aboard the *Java* from August 10 until September 23, and on the brig *Prometheus* engaged in revenue duty from October 30 until sometime in 1816. He later served as Secretary of the Navy for the new Republic of Texas until October 1836, at which time he became embroiled in a political feud and was expelled from his command. Potter has been described as a man of ordinary height and build, with the only marks of distinction being his black eyes and eloquent tongue. He was fiery in manner, headstrong, and believed completely in his own intelligence and ability.

After the death of her daughter, Mrs. Page expressed a desire to go to the home of her grandmother in Kentucky. Potter then remarked he had promised a Mrs. Moore to convey her daughter, Martha, to relatives in that same state and would take charge of both of them for the journey.



Courtesy Texas Highway Department

A view of Caddo Lake. In this area Col. Potter built the home that was to see tragedy.

The party soon took a ship to New Orleans, and after a short stay, embarked on a steamer up the Mississippi.

LET us now look at an excerpt from Mrs. Page-Potter-Ames' autobiography, *The History of Harriet A. Ames During the Early Days of Texas*, and read of Potter's treachery in her own words. "Another morning woke up to thread itself upon the jeweled rosary of Southern days and we looked out to see, not a broad expanse of shining water, palpitating at every revolution of the great wheel of the steamer, but a deep clear stream, now green, now red in hue, where the willow banks pressed their green, green sides within a few yards of the steamer on either shore."

" 'Surely this is not the Mississippi!' 'Where are we?' Martha and I held a wondering consultation when we had dressed and gone out, to find that we were, indeed, not in the Mississippi. I asked Colonel Potter the meaning of this change of course, and he told me that ours was the last boat leaving New Orleans; that Yellow Fever was expected in the city while we were there, and he thought it better to hurry Martha and me without alarming us. We were, he said, on our way to Texas.

" 'Well!' I said indignantly. 'When we get to Alexandria, Martha and I will get off and find someone to take us across the country, for I know that her father and mine will pay for the expense we incur.'

"He replied that when we got to Alexandria, he himself would get off the boat and look around and endeavor to find someone who would take us across the country, and as for our expenses, he would gladly pay them himself. So I was satisfied and rested in the belief that all had happened for the best, and that from Alexandria we would be taken to some place from which we would easily reach home.

"When we landed at what was . . . one of the fashionable and flourishing towns in Louisiana, Alexandria, Col. Potter went on shore, and after remaining some time, came back to say that it was a very dangerous project to go overland from Alexandria on our proposed journey, and as that was not feasible, he had secured an old man and his family who would go with us to Shreveport where we could get wagons and go on our homeward [journey].

"Again I was satisfied, and though we were disappointed at the ever-increasing length of our journey, we set out for Shreveport, thinking at last we could expect to go home. At Shreveport, Col. Potter got wagons to take the whole company to the Sabine [River] and when we reached there, and Kentucky seemed no nearer, I asked him when we were to start for our home.

"Then he told me that the old man who had come with us liked the Sabine Country better than his former home . . . and had made up his mind to . . . settle where he was. That was a great surprise to us; it had never occurred to me, and did not then, that he was weaving a net around me that would be impossible to break, that all the changes and disappointments of our trip had been planned by him. He had often asked me to marry him, but I always refused telling him that I respected him very highly and was under a great obligation to him, but that I had never been legally divorced from my first husband, and on that account he ought to not urge me to marry him.

"We found that our plan for leaving the Sabine was frustrated for the time; he again asked me to become his wife and I was again obliged to refuse him. One day he came up to the house and said he had some important questions to ask me if I would answer them, and when I assented, he inquired whether my marriage with Page had been solemnized by a priest. [Although the answer does not appear in her manuscript, evidently Harriet's answer was negative.]

" 'Very well,' he answered. 'Your marriage with Page was *not legal*, because in Texas a marriage not solemnized by the priest is not valid. Therefore you are just as free, according to Texas law, as if you had never married.'

" 'Yes,' I told him, 'I have heard my father say that people had to be married over again by the priest before they could get land.'

" 'Can't you see,' he said, 'that you are just as free to marry again as anyone else?'

"I listened to all he said and promised to think the matter over. He loved me very devotedly, and the more I thought about it the better way it seemed out of my difficulties. So one evening, according to the custom of the country, the little assembly gathered to see us wedded; the ceremony was a very simple one in those days in that country, but it was just as binding as if judge and clergy were present. The only guests at our piney woods wedding were Joe Miller, George Torents, Paddy Boling and Martha Moore."

LIFE went placidly along for a season after the marriage. Crops were planted and harvested, and life on the Sabine was idyllic and serene. When spring came, Potter went to Ferry Lake to supervise the building of a home on a tract of land on which he secured a patent February 1, 1838.

Shortly before Potter had left for the lake, Martha Moore's brother-in-law had located her and after harsh words with Potter over the latter's actions, had taken the young girl to her home in Kentucky. Mrs. Potter was thus left alone in the wilderness with only a small boy as a companion. It was during this period when Mrs. Potter's safety was threatened by a runaway slave.

Harriet had dreamed the night before of a great black man who came and cut off both of her hands. The dream was of such a vivid and horrifying nature that when a neighbor came to sharpen his axe on the grindstone, she begged the man to remain with her until Potter returned. Mr. Wells, the neighbor, assured her he would remain even though he felt no harm would befall her. He then went to a nearby shed to sharpen the axe and Mrs. Potter resumed her household duties.

Presently Harriet was startled by the silent approach of a huge Negro carrying a large stick over his shoulder. The man stood at the door staring with unblinking interest at the woman, not bothering to remove his hat as was the custom of the time. Mrs. Potter, doubly frightened because of the recent dream, spoke to the man sharply. "How dare you come to a gentleman's door without removing your hat!" she cried, hoping the sound of her voice would reach Mr. Wells.

The huge stranger seemed taken aback for a moment by the woman's reprimand; then, after glancing around the place and seeing no one in sight, his face underwent a marked change. A significant look passed fleetingly over his countenance as he reached for the door. At this moment Wells came around the house with the sharpened axe in his hand and the Negro, seeing the glittering axe-blade, snatched his hat off as if it were hot.

"What do you want?" Wells asked angrily, brandishing the axe.

The Negro said he was lost and hungry. Just needed something "to eat and to find the road."

"All right," said Mr. Wells. "You can gather some fodder and bring it in, and when you're done we will feed you."

The man turned away with a surly look on his face. After he was some distance from the house, Wells turned to Harriet and said, "He's a runaway for sure, Mrs. Potter. When he comes back we will capture him."

Mrs. Potter begged her neighbor not to make the attempt as the man seemed capable of killing all of them. They decided to feed the man and show him the road, meanwhile being on the alert for a sudden attack.

After eating, the Negro man went down the road pointed out to him and left the couple unmolested. Some distance from the Potter house, however, the Negro came face to face with a Mr. Bolwear, who recognized him as a runaway slave. The Negro also recognized Bolwear and immediately attacked the mounted man with the large stick he carried. Startled, and half-thrown from the saddle, Bolwear managed to draw his pistol, only to have it wrested from his hand. He viciously kicked the Negro in the face and drew his other pistol, firing point-blank as the runaway charged blindly in an effort to disarm the mounted man. Although mortally wounded, the Negro recovered long enough to tell Bolwear he was restrained from attacking Mrs. Potter only by the presence of Wells and the axe. He died a few moments later—free at last.

ALTHOUGH the Indians in the neighborhood had never molested the family as long as Colonel Potter was at home, shortly after the incident of the runaway Harriet was frightened to see thirteen Indians stalk boldly into the yard. Except for the chief, all were young—some being mere boys who eyed the ripening melons in the patch alongside the house. The chief presented Mrs. Potter with a paper requesting her husband's help in recovering some horses which had been stolen from the Indians.

"My man is not here," she replied. "If he were here I am sure he would be glad to assist you."

The Indian had all the while been eyeing a small brass cannon which was tied securely to the tabletop, primed and aimed out the open door. "What big gun for?" he inquired.

"To shoot people who pester me," the spunky woman replied and, glancing out the open door where the young bucks could be seen raiding the melon-patch, added, "If you do not get the boys out of my melons, we will not be friends and I will have to shoot them with the big gun."

The chief looked at the small, determined woman, then at the brass cannon sitting on the table and, laughing uproariously, called the Indian boys from the watermelons. He was still talking and laughing as he and the boys disappeared into the forest.

When the house was finished on the lake, Potter returned. Within a short time the wagons were loaded for the trip to the new home. The way was through a trackless wilderness, unmarked by road or trail. Wagons stuck in the mud and had to be pulled or pried out with long poles. When bayous were reached, hogs and cattle were forced to swim across, then the wagons were unloaded and floated across by securing two dugouts alongside the wagon-box. The dugouts were then used to ferry the remaining equipment across the stream, and the wagons were reloaded. In this tedious, back-breaking manner the trip from the Sabine required six days of travel.

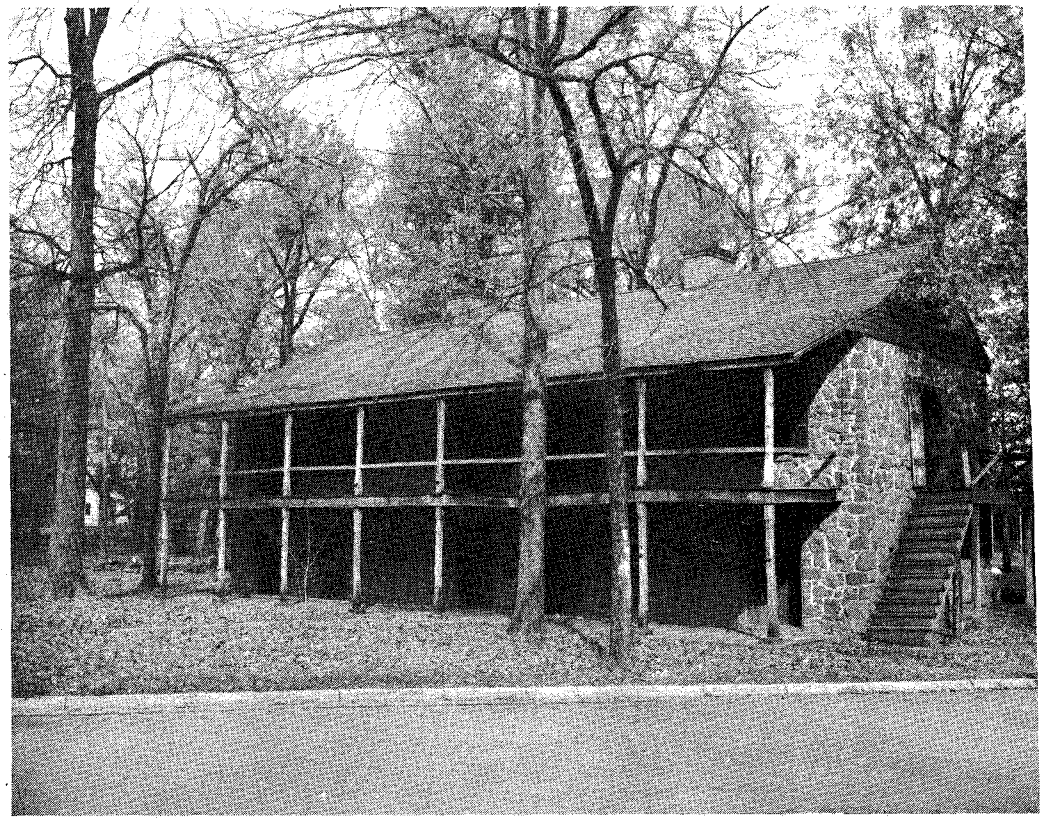
Mrs. Potter's delight in her new home was recorded in her autobiography. "A place more beautiful than Potter's Point it would be impossible to imagine. I never tired of admiring the scenery that lay about our new home. Our house stood upon a jutting promontory that rose into a hill set in the midst of one of the grandest timber belts in Texas. The level timber lands circled about us, while for more than two hundred feet a steep bank overlooked the most romantically beautiful lake that I've ever beheld. For eight miles one could look across to the opposite shore over a great sheet of sparkling water that washed up onto the white beach below the cliff and sang a soft, sweet song that the spirits of the forests caught up and carried on unseen wings into the forests depths and tangled music in the meshes of the lofty tree tops.

"My home was indeed set in the midst of lovely and romantic surroundings. I often wondered if ever so many flowers grew in any other woods. The ground was covered with them in luxuriant masses that made the forest bright with color, and among the grand trees of the old forests flourished all manner of wild fruits, grapes, plums, and persimmons, with wild red haws, and sweet berries. Nature had spared no pains to make complete the beauty of this spot, and I felt that at last I must be happy. The only unpleasant thing to mar my peace of mind was the proximity of the Indians."

" 'But,' I said [to Potter], 'there are no neighbors but the Indians! I don't see anyone living here. What are we going to do without neighbors?'

" 'You will find that Indians make the best of neighbors,' he replied. So began our eventful life at Potter's Point."

Courtesy R. B. Rugeley



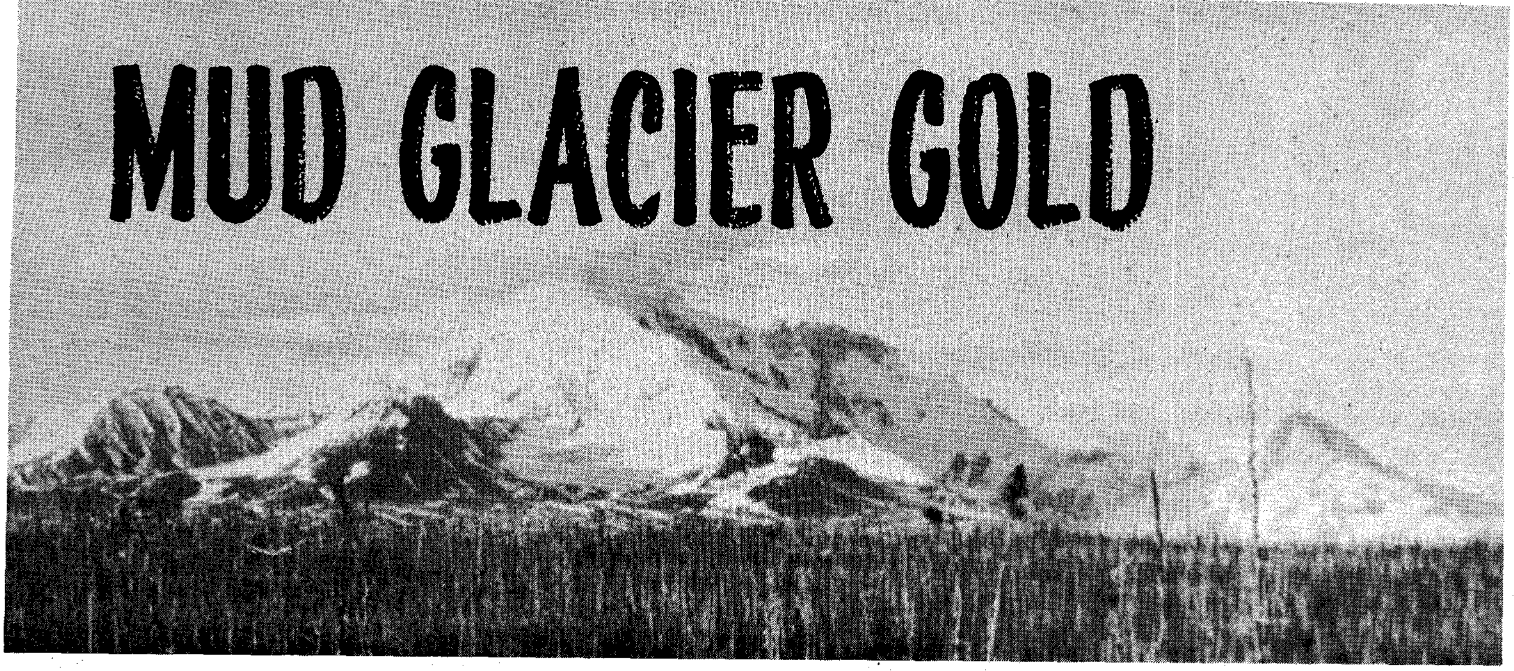
The famous Old Stone Fort in Nacogdoches.

SHORTLY after the couple was settled, the Colonel made a trip to Shreveport with the workmen, leaving Harriet to manage with the help of Joe Page.

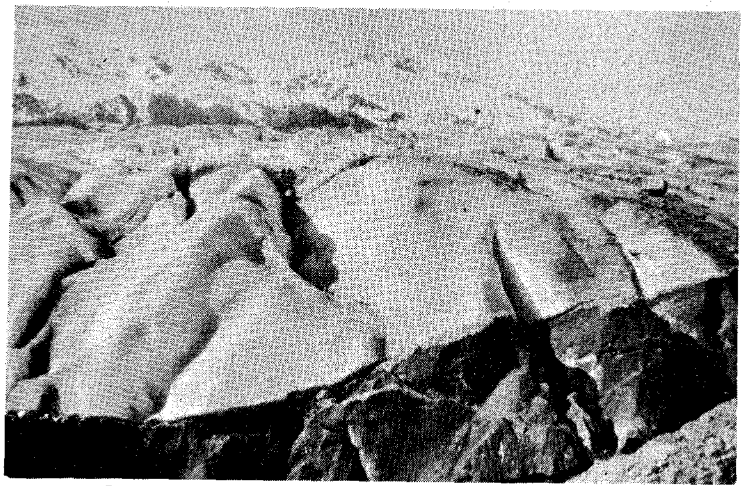
The Potter horses were belled to assist

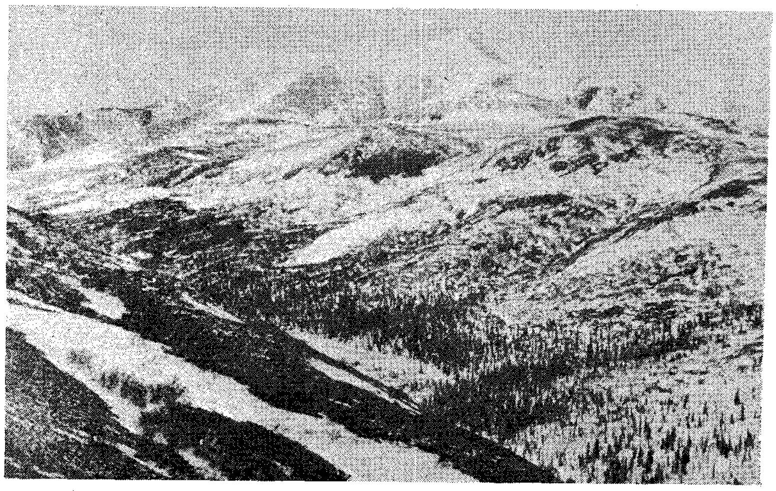
(Continued on page 30)

MUD GLACIER GOLD



Above: Mt. Drum, 1899. Left: Copper River, above the rapids. Below: Marcum and Lefferan had to negotiate a number of glaciers like this one (left) to reach the moraine containing gold. Country which they crossed (right) to reach Mentasta Pass.





Courtesy Florence Zimmer

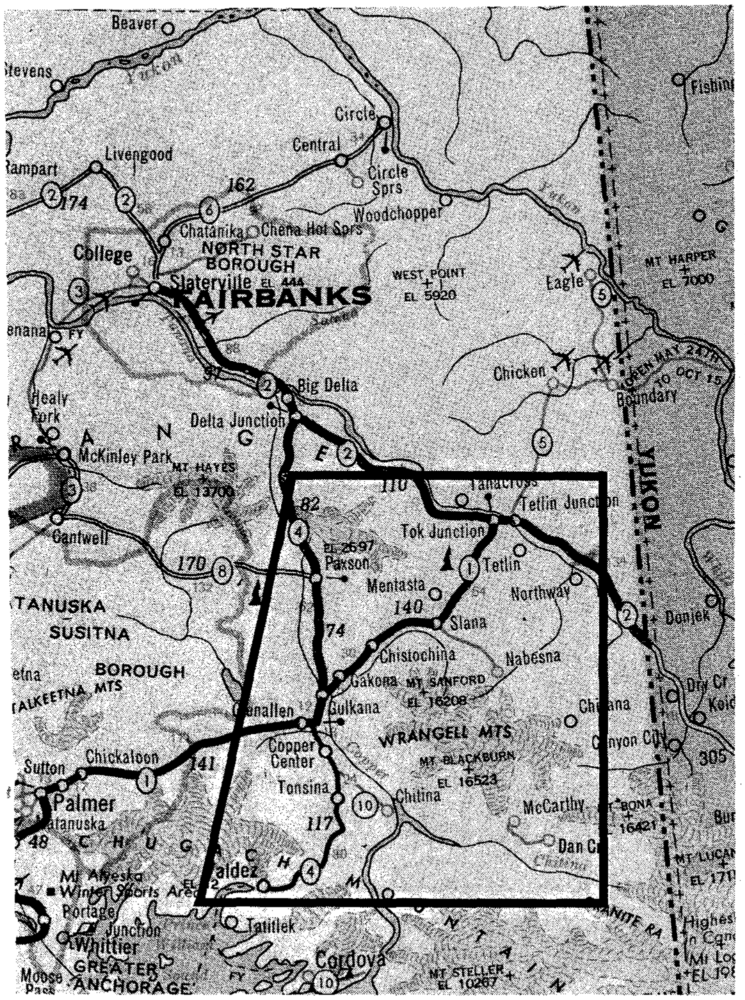
FIVE brown bears found Dave Marcum and Lafe Lefferan just about the time the two prospectors found the mud glacier's lost gold. As the big animals charged across the sloppy moraine the men opened desperate rifle fire. Fast and accurate shooting saved their lives. The two nearest fell within four yards. A wounded third sheered off and was brought down. The remaining two made a swift retreat eastward.

"Good enough," the slender six-foot Marcum sighed as he lowered his rifle. "That sure solves the meat problem for awhile, anyway, and we got plenty salt!"

Lefferan, a Swede, nodded solemnly. Brown and black bears had molested them all the way up Copper River from Copper Center, and then for more than two hundred miles eastward through the Alaskan Range and dense forests slashed by rivers and streams.

It was an August day in 1899 when they emerged from the choked timber to stare over the moraine. Almost instantly they recognized it from the description given by the man who had discovered gold there ten years before. The long vanished glacier, leaving the terminal deposit behind, had ground large stones into fine gravel. There was no creek flowing through.

Many small humps scattered over the


Beaver
Yukon
Circle
Central
Livengood
Rampart
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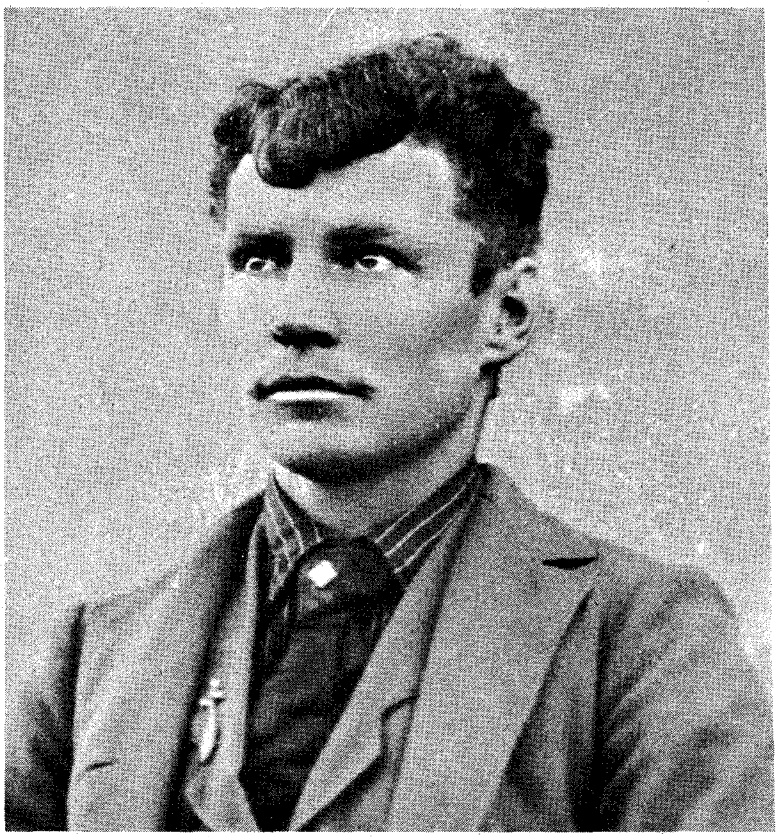
Woodchopper
Chatanika
Chena Hot Sprs
College
NORTH STAR BOROUGH
Slaterville
FAIRBANKS
WEST POINT EL 5920
Eagle
MT HARPER EL 7000
Chicken
Boundary
Big Delta
Delta Junction
Healy Fork
McKinley Park
MT HAYES EL 13700
Cantwell
Tanacross
Tetlin Junction
Tok Junction
Tetlin
Paxson
EL 2597
Mentasta
Northway
Slana
Chistochina
Nabesna
Gakona
MT SANFORD EL 16208
Gulkana
Glennallen
Copper Center
WRANGELL MTS
MT BLACKBURN EL 16523
Tonsina
Chitina
McCarthy
Dan Cr
Chickaloon
Sutton
Palmer
TANUSKA SUSITNA BOROUGH
TALKEETNA MTS
CHUGACH MTS
Valdez
Tatitlek
Cordova
MT STELLER EL 10267
Whittier
Portage
GREATER ANCHORAGE
Mt Alyeska Winter Sports Area
YUKON
Donjek
OPEN MAY 24TH TO OCT 15

**"The mystery of Alaska is its bigness.
Glaciers, rivers and creeks
all begin to look alike
when a man dwells on them too long. . . ."**



BY MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

Left: Map of Alaska with the area of "Marcum's lost gold" indicated by the square. Above: Dave Marcum began hunting the glacier gold when a young man.

moraine were marked by blue-green grass. Any one of the mounds might be gold-bearing gravel piled up by Captain I. N. West and Charley Gokona, his Indian helper, in 1889.

Moving forward rapidly Marcum and Lefferan inspected one low, rounded hummock after another. It was Marcum, down about the center of the moraine holding a handful of scooped-up gravel to the sun's rays, who cried out jubilantly.

"Lafe! This is it, sure as shootin'!"

On reaching him Lefferan saw several corn kernel-sized nuggets gleaming in his partner's hands. Without another word both men dropped their packs and dug eagerly into the grass roots of the mound with their hands. Without a doubt they had found the lost gold, but the gravel would have to be washed. For every piece of yellow metal large enough to see there were many smaller fragments hidden in the mud.

After the bears had been dispatched, the men shoveled gravel into two canvas sacks and toted them southwest into the timber to a small trickling creek where Captain West had said he panned his gold. There they washed out the gravel and mud, recovering about a hundred dollars in gold from each sack.

"We'd better make camp here," Marcum suggested.

"Yeah, but first we start jerking bear meat!" his more practical partner replied.

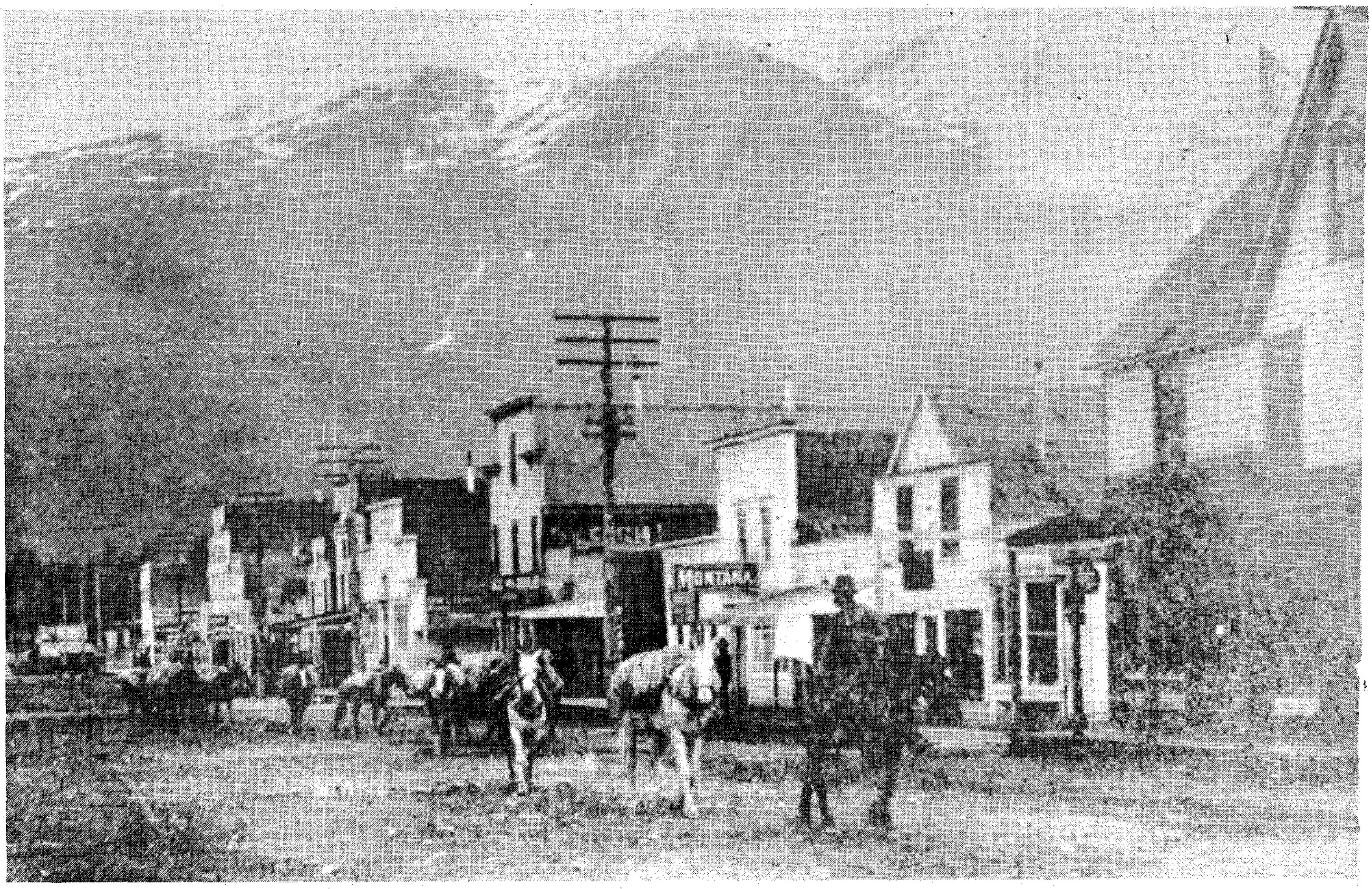
A man could pack just so much on his back. They had known from the beginning their food must come from the unexplored vastness of the Alaskan interior. So they butchered the bears, set up a small shelter of logs on the creek, and made a smudge fire to keep away mosquitoes and flies.

MARCUM AND LEFFERAN had come almost directly to the glacier gold that had become a legend. Many men had sought it before them. A few believed that prospects they'd located were the indefatigable Captain West's legendary lost gold.

Having tried relocating it the previous year, Captain West had returned to Copper Center, then a log-and-tent camp. While on the river he met with an accident. Incapacitated and knowing he could never make the trip again, he'd rambled on considerably about his previous discovery, made years before the great Yukon and Alaska gold strikes. Although talkative, he had been most careful to conceal the actual place of discovery, however. When his condition continued to worsen, Captain West was packed out to Valdez Bay where he boarded a steamer for Seattle.

Marcum had known the tall, hardy man of eighty-two years since their Black Hills days together. Captain West left the hills with better than $80,000 in his pokes. The old man then prospected in Chile for three years. On returning home to Seattle he went to Alaska, spending two years on the Shusitna River. Then venturing farther east he discovered gold in the moraine that he called a "mud glacier."

On hearing in Seattle that Captain West was recently returned from a futile attempt to relocate the gold-bearing mud, Marcum went to see him. The arrival of a former friend made the old



man happy. After amenities were exchanged he plunged into an account of his rich Alaskan discovery.

West said he had hired nine Yakutat Indians at Gulkana on Copper River to make one last expedition before heading home. It had taken them far east of what later became Mt. McKinley. The only one of the Indians who spoke English was Charley Gokona.

The party went up Copper River, then mapped as the Chitina. On a creek east of it they found some gold but not in paying quantity. They then wandered north and east to the Tanana and White Rivers, living on wild game. Circling back west they found Indians at Suslota Lake and bought a supply of dried salmon from them. Following the Suslota River downstream to the Slahna, they discovered an Indian village four or five miles from Copper River.

At this point in his discourse Captain West warned, "The maps I have seen are inaccurate. They show the Suslota entering Copper River instead of the Slahna. The Suslota empties into it about eight miles from its mouth."

The party went up the Chistochina River next, discovering flour gold in a side stream. For three weeks they followed it to its headwaters. Spreading out from there, Charley recognized country explored before, where he felt confident they would find gold. But game was not plentiful in the area traversed. Food quickly became a serious problem. As the supply began ebbing Captain West started sending Indians home in pairs, with barely enough food to see them through. Finally only he and Charley were left to prospect.

While traveling northeast up a creek entering the Chistochina, they discovered gold. But again it was not sufficient to bother with. Rounding a glacier they swung east through the mountains and into an elongated moraine running north and south.

"The mud glacier was filled with gold and you could pick it out with your fingers," Captain West assured Marcum.

In rapid order West and Charley found nugget gold all through the mud and gravel. But there was no water close by to pan it, so they packed the muck to a small creek in the timber. Since Charley was not handy at panning, the Captain put him to shoveling the rich gravel into a pile from which it was carried later to the creek.

Before long they reached the end of their ability to remain in that country. Their grub was gone, and already storm clouds hung low over the mountains. Anyway, by then Captain West had panned out nearly two hundred pounds of gold. It was about all they could pack out, and not even that if they became weak from lack of food.

Realizing they had to reach game country quickly, they set forth with only the gold and their weapons. For two days they were completely without food; then in a mountain pass a wild sheep was brought down. Two different storms forced them to hole up and wait out the gales. Finally they reached an Indian village on Copper River where Captain West spent the winter.

In the spring he made his way over the Valdez trail and crossed the glacier to the bay. When a whaler put in, he obtained passage to Seattle.

THE GOLD secured enabled Captain West to live comfortably. Often he wanted to go back but, because of age and increasing infirmities, knew it would be dangerous to attempt such a trip alone.

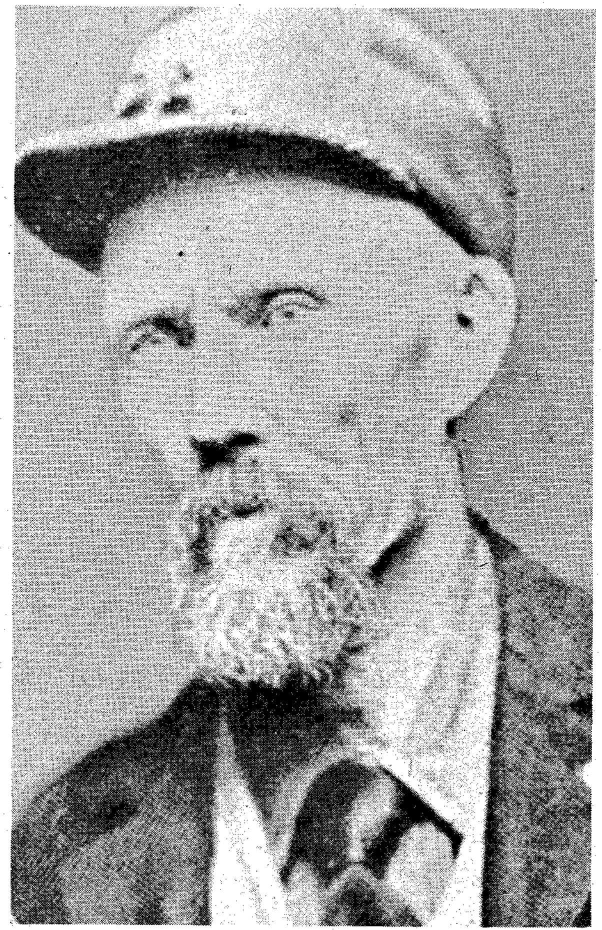
To form the necessary group was beyond his means. During the years he tried to interest men into backing an expedition but none he approached was convinced such a quantity of gold existed. Even after rich discoveries were made in the Yukon, West still failed to acquire adequate backing.

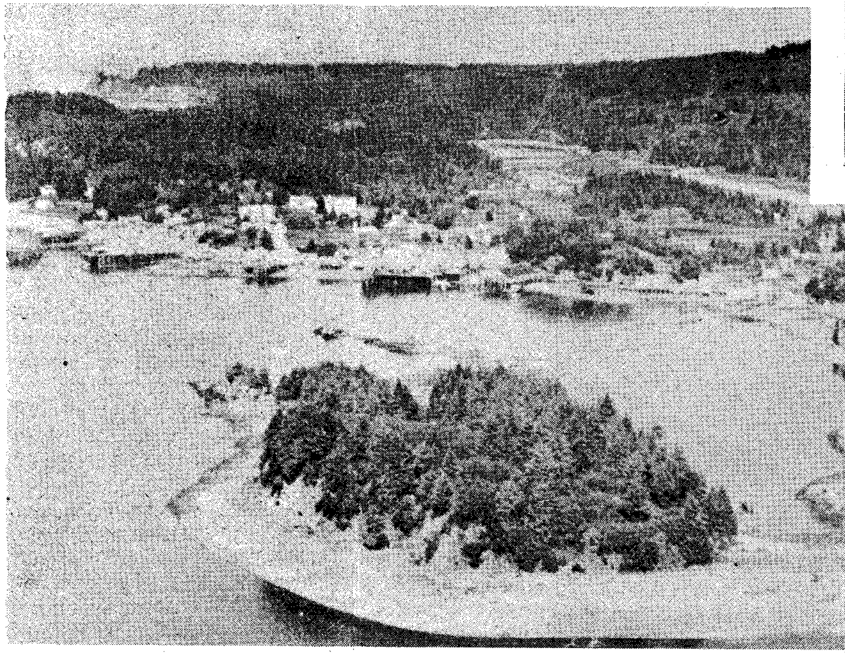
When relating accounts of his discovery to prospective supporters he had been cautious enough not to disclose the true location of the mud glacier. In later years it was from his several conflicting accounts that so many fantastic tales of the lost gold derived.

In sheer desperation, Captain West explained, he had gone north in 1898, hoping to induce prospectors then flocking into Alaska to help him. Instead, he wound up making the attempt alone despite his physical handicaps. No one was interested in an old man's gabbing of riches beyond their wildest dreams.

After carefully describing the country to be negotiated and marking locations on a map, Captain West told Marcum

Left: Valdez in 1899. Above: Horses crossing the Chistochina River, 1899, near where Marcum made his own crossings into interior eastern Alaska. Right: Jim Germansen, who befriended Marcum. Below: Seldovia, 1910, where Marcum later headquartered.





"Go north past Mount Drum toward Mount Kimball. Then swing east through what is now called Mentasta Pass. From there on you can't miss it."

On his second visit to his ailing friend, Marcum took Lefferan along. The short and hardy Swede met Captain West's approval. "I haven't got long before I'm panned out," he said. "You can't get into that country until after spring break-up, and I'll be gone by then."

Less than a month later Captain West died. Marcum and Lefferan buried him, and in June 1899, took passage to Valdez. They followed the Valdez glacier trail to Copper River and camped one night with a party of ten men, several of whom had been in Alaska more than two years. During the evening Captain West's name came up. One man mentioned having seen him the year before. "The old fool's the biggest liar ever spawned. He tried to eucher us into going into the country northeast of the Chistochina. We shoulda shot him. We been through all that country to the Tanana. Ain't no place where you can pick up nuggets in gravel!"

Marcum did not reveal that he had known Captain West as a truthful man for many years, and that he was dead.

Later, in another river camp, they heard more of the old man. It was a report that his gold had actually been found on Slate Creek Gulch off the Chistochina.

THIRTY MILES below the river rapids near where the Klutena joined Copper River, Marcum and Lefferan found the village of Copper Center inhabited by two thousand gold hunters. Dozens of parties had come to grief in the dangerous rapids.

On the Slahna they found the site of the Indian village Captain West had described. It was completely abandoned. Here they made a detour to affirm that Suslota Creek emptied into the Slahna; that it did encouraged them that they were really on the right track. The deep and turgid Slahna came down from Mentasta Lake to within three miles of Copper Center.

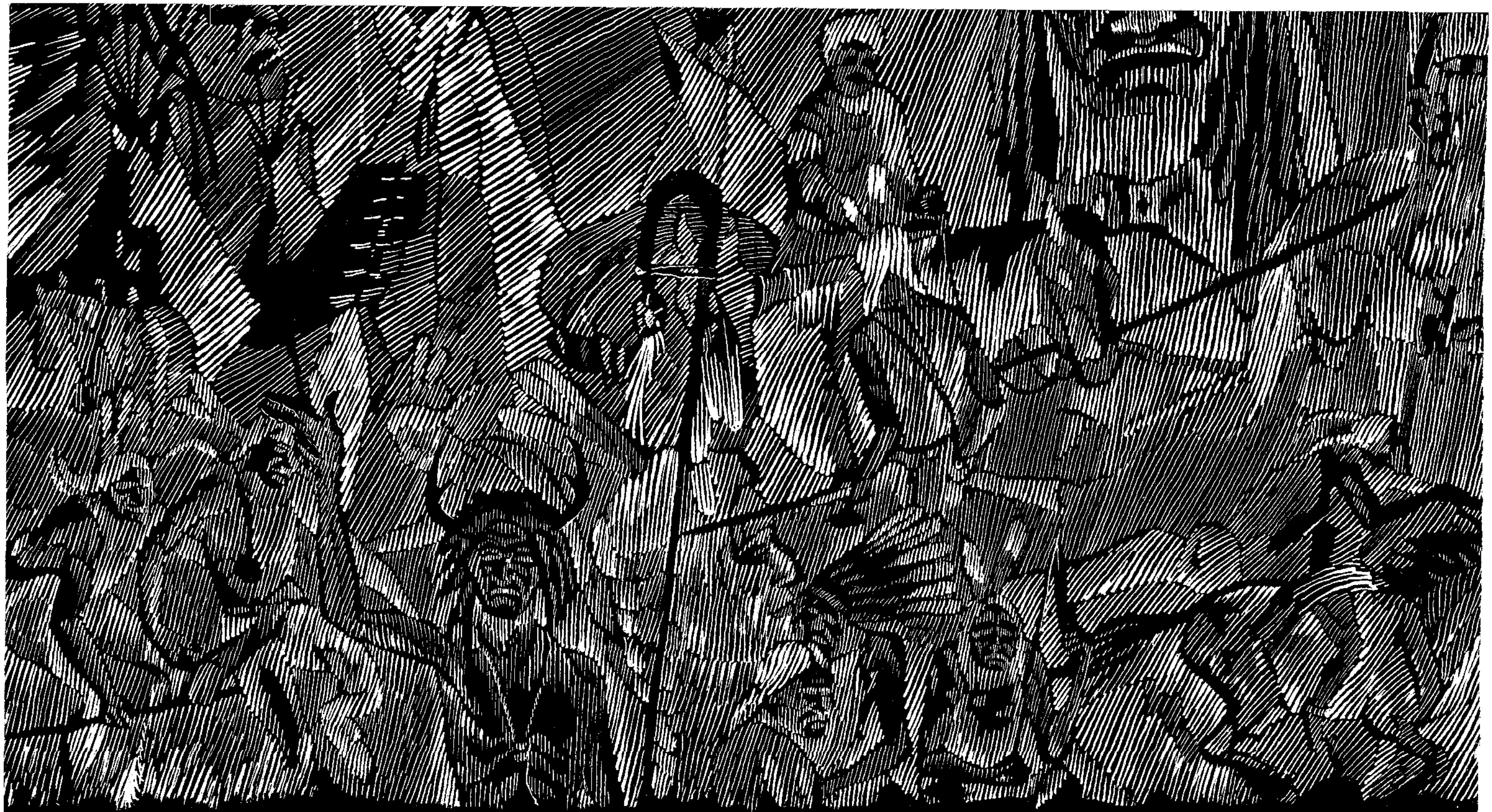
Somewhat warily they negotiated streams, mountains and glaciers to a point half-way to Mt. Kimball. After crossing the Chistochina River they swung directly towards Mentasta Pass.

Trail troubles were still in store for them. Summer turned the flats into boggy swamps, through which they struggled with difficulty. Big brown and black bears invaded their camps. Mosquitoes swarmed everywhere.

While coming through the pass in the Mentasta Range they found that within a short distance the streams ran in opposite directions. This fact had been carefully pointed out by Captain West, and was later on to become vitally important in Marcum's subsequent searching.

In a valley below the pass they camped early one evening to rest before tackling a glacier bog the next morning. Near sundown two mounted hunters with pack mules entered their camp from the south-

(Continued on page 42)



VILLAGE OF MY

I wish I had a clean shirt,
I wish I had some shoes.
I wish my old mule was fat
And I didn't have the blues.
If I ever get home again,
Contented I'll remain
And never go exploring—
Till called upon again.

—A young Mormon's lament!

BY IRIS B. SYNDERGAARD

Photo Courtesy Author

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

ON a bright November morning in 1859 Mormon elder Jacob Hamblin, and three companions, rode away from a small Indian village in northern Arizona. At the top of a treeless rise, Hamblin looked back, lifting his hand in farewell to the men he was leaving behind.

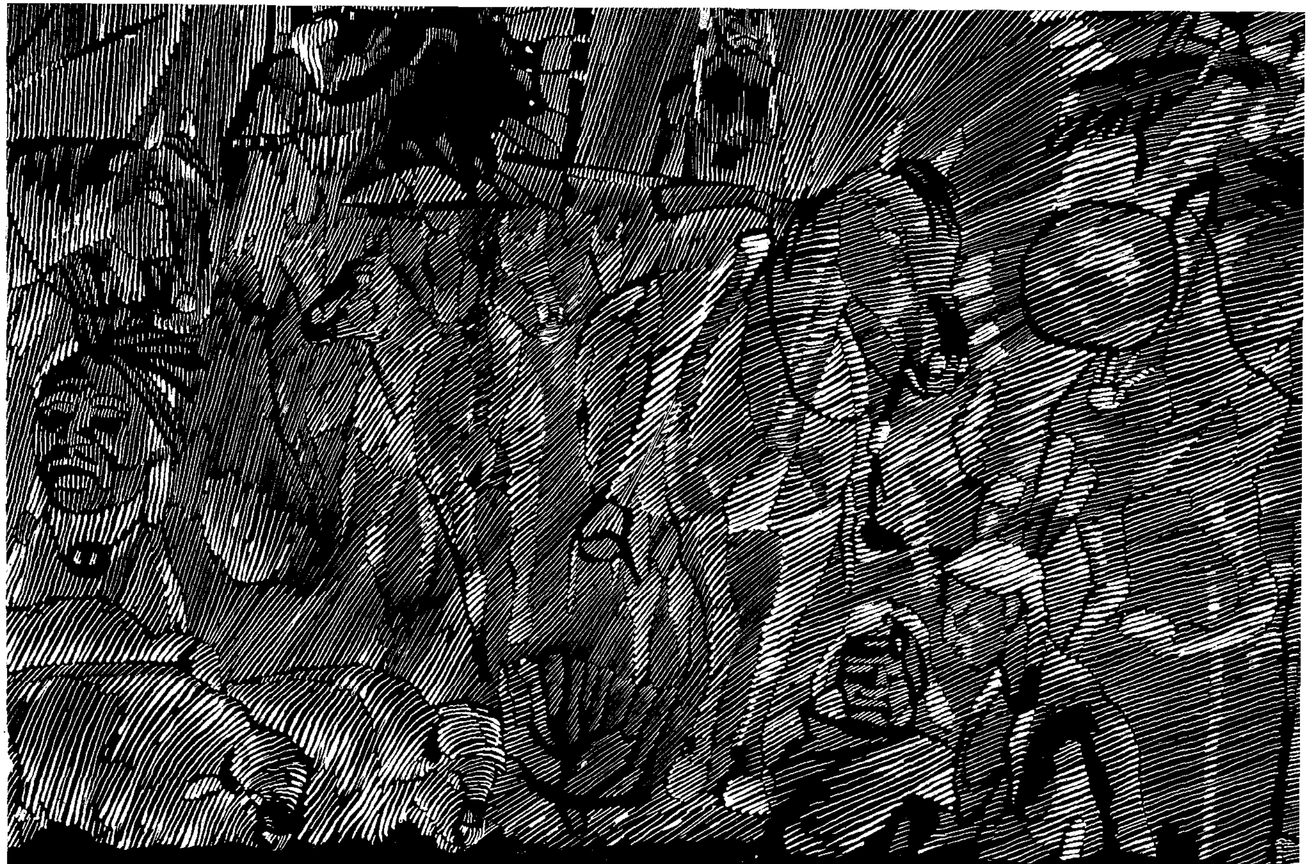
In his capacity of president to all Mormon Indian missionaries, Hamblin had asked two of the young men who had ridden to the village of Oraibi with him to remain there for a year. Thales H. Haskell and Marion J. Shelton were chosen to stay, to learn the language and observe the customs of a tribe the Mormons called "Oribes"—a branch of the Hopi race.

Apparently both men accepted the unexpected assignment without hesitation, but in the journal Thales Haskell was to keep during the following months, he recorded that after Jacob Hamblin and the men returning home with him were out of sight, he turned and walked slowly to the village.

"Such a feeling of utter loneliness," he wrote, "I never experienced before, for search the wide world over I do not believe a more bleak, lonesome, heart sickening place could be found on earth where human beings dwell. And here we are, Brother Shelton and me, with strange Indians who talk a strange language, situated far from the busy haunts of men. Who but Mormons would do it? Make up their minds to stay a year!"

Although only twenty-five years old, Haskell was already familiar with the Mormon practice of living among the Indians being taught. He had just completed five years among Paiutes in what is now southwestern Utah and eastern Nevada, as one of several men selected by Brigham Young to proselyte by mingling.

Similar assignments were given to many of the pioneer Mormon men because, from the first day of their arrival in the Salt Lake Valley in 1847, Church policy had been for members to know the Indians they would be living near and to become familiar with their languages and customs.



RED BROTHER

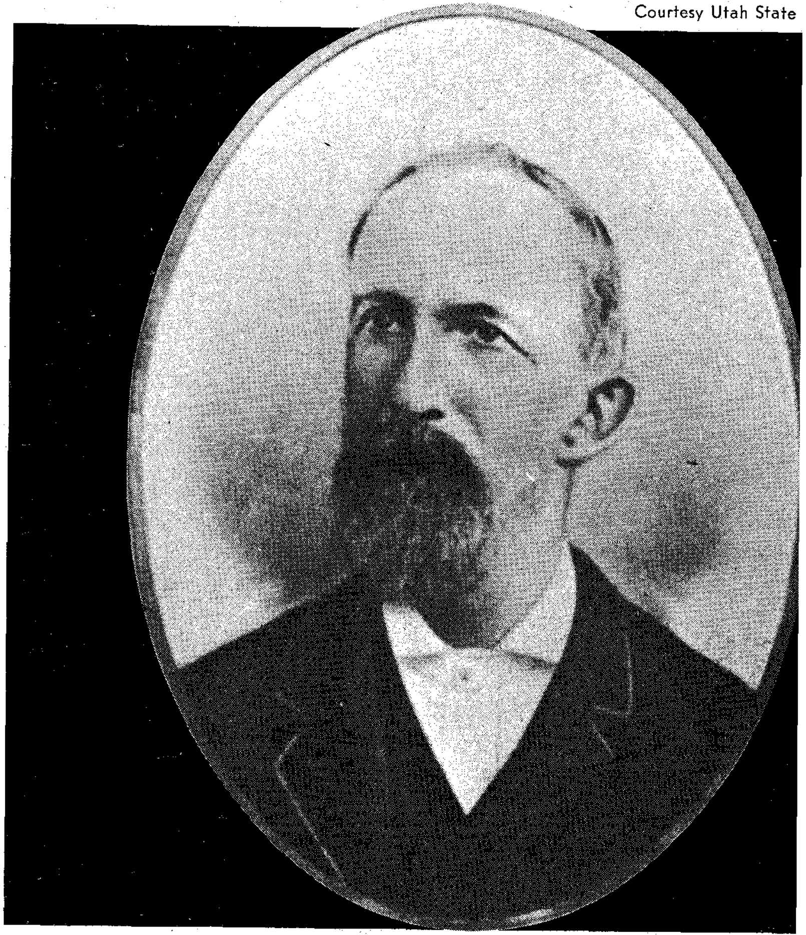
Mormon leaders were actuated by several considerations when they formed, shortly before 1850, their Indian missionary policy. To begin with, there was a basic religious consideration. Because of the conviction that all American Indians are literal descendants of the Lamanites whose history is recorded in the Book of Mormon, the church felt obligated to send men among the Indians, to tell them about their forefathers. But before a man could be an effective teacher, he had to earn the confidence of those people he planned to teach.

The Mormons were not only determined to explain their gospel to the Indians, but earnestly intended to bring the tribesmen up to the Mormon's own level of existence through example and education. And since these were white men willing to admit they were invaders on Indian lands, they set up a proselyting program in a manner peculiar to themselves.

The program put into effect by Brigham Young employed an orderly method of dealing with the Indians. Young wanted a community consciousness, a group responsibility in Indian relations. No man was to be accorded the right to have his own Indian policy. Instead, certain ones were to be designated to represent the church group as a whole.

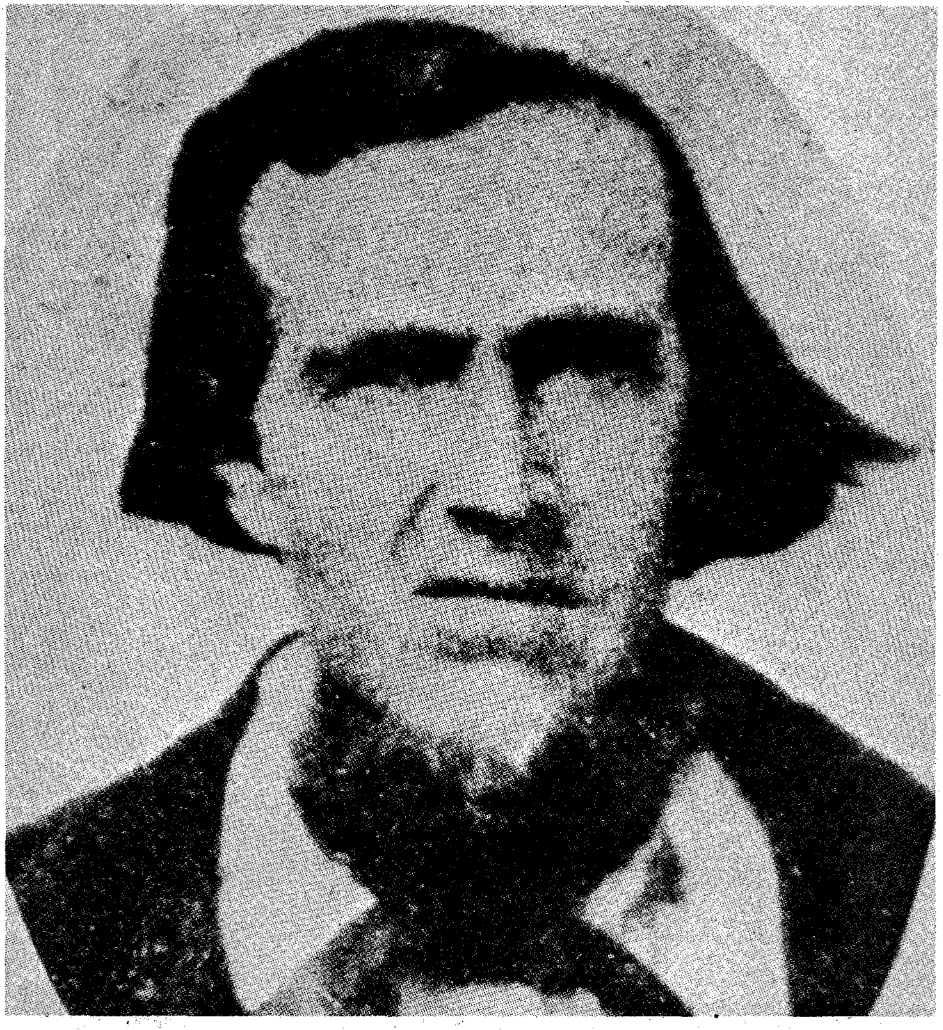
THOSE he sent to live and work among Ute, and Navajo, Paiute and Hopi, were to spend lifetimes fulfilling their assignments, to become legends because of what they accomplished.

Courtesy Utah State



Thales Haskell, from a family portrait, taken when he was approximat of age.

Courtesy Utah State Historical Society



Jacob Hamblin, president of Mormon missionaries to the Indians, assigned Haskell and Shelton to spend a year in the village of Oraibi.

They were men like Jacob Hamblin, whose fearless negotiations with the war-prone Navajos prevented more than one savage uprising; men like Lot Smith, veteran soldier turned peacemaker, and men like Ira Hatch who, the Indians joked, knew how to keep silent in four native languages.

And men, too, like Thales Haskell who walked toward a lonely Indian village on that November day in 1859, assigned to be a missionary to an almost unknown tribe, a man who—with no advance notice—was still willing to spend a year in that village in what is now Arizona.

Beginning the journal, which tells of that time, Haskell says nothing about preparations for the trip to reach the village, merely relating that contact was made with other men who were to ride with the party. On October 9, six men proceeded as a group, in a southeasterly direction, leaving behind them the sparse Mormon settlements along the Santa Clara River near what is now St. George, Utah.

Accustomed to rough travel, the men accepted the hardships they encountered with rough good humor, beginning with an immediate problem of getting their supply carts up a line of steep, clay hills.

Haskell wrote in his journal, "At length we managed by considerable whipping, hooping, yelling, etc., to get up some three or four hills, but in going down, one cart capsized plum bottom up with Brother Riddle and myself hanging onto the stern."

The men abandoned the carts at that point. Transferring their gear to pack mules, they journeyed on, having a new set of problems with the mules. Several of the animals ran off, while a few others rolled on their packs, or scraped them off against rocks.

Hamblin's men also failed, for a time, to find any Paiutes who were willing to guide them through unknown country. Traveling by guess, they became confused, wandering waterless long enough to become thirsty and irritable.

"Some," wrote Haskell, "complained about the Indians while others got to quoting Shakespeare when one of the boys remarked that he wished Shakespeare was in hell and he was with him if they had such a commodity as water there. I write this to show how savage men feel traveling in the sand without water."

Finally they located a seep spring in what Haskell called a "Kanion," made camp, and next morning Jacob Hamblin lit a big, smoky fire. It attracted some Paiutes to the party, but before they would come forward the Indians called to know whether the men in camp were Mormons. On learning they were, the Paiutes agreed to guide them through terrain difficult to traverse, even to those men familiar with it.

So deep was the river-cut gorge of the Colorado that the guides initially would not consent to go down, and when they finally did descend with the white men to the river's bank, they announced flatly that the water was too deep for a crossing.

Haskell and Hamblin, entering the water first, persuaded the Indians to follow, but when they were well into the rolling current, the Paiutes took fright and went back to shore, "yelping and powowing," said Haskell, "telling us to come back or we'd be drowned. We however went ahead, got into deep water, floundered around a while and finally took the Indians advice and went back—not in very good humor, by the way, as we were all wet up to our middle—packs, blankets, guns etc. most all wet—and a devil of a cold night in the bargain."

Next morning they made the crossing without further trouble, and reached the village of Oraibi.

THE MORMON missionaries found the Indians to whom Haskell always referred as "Oribes" to be very friendly. About a thousand of them crowded around the white men to trade.

After the trading was over, Hamblin took Haskell aside and requested the young missinonary to spend a year at the village with Marion Shelton as his companion. The next day Jacob Hamblin and the three men who would return home with him traveled to a village farther on, this one of the "Moquitch" tribe, leaving Shelton and Haskell at Oraibi.

From an Indian whom Haskell called at different times, Thuringwa, Thuringwas, or merely Old Thur, the two young men got permission to sleep in a structure Haskell called a "workshop." He described it as being far underground very warm, but also very smoky and continually crowded with Indians.

Haskell and Shelton, through signs told Thuringwa that they would like a room to themselves. Nodding his understanding, the Indian went off a little distance to counsel with a woman evidently his wife, then returned to lead the pair to a room about eight feet long eight feet wide, and four feet high.

"There is also," Haskell explained, "a hole in the roof just large enough fo a common sized man to force himsel through."

The Indians helped the missionarie clean out the room, then Shelton and Haskell devised a ladder from a cotton wood branch which would serve as stairway to let themselves out, and the were at home.

Food was to be their chief problem Except for some beef, dried before Hamblin's group returned home, the two missionaries had to depend on the Indian for most of what they ate.

A staple they received often was "peek," described as a Hopi Indian corn bread much like Mexican tortillas. I the making of peek, the Indians used blue corn as the basic ingredient. The

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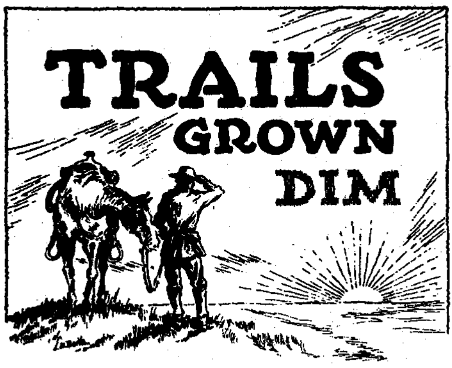


TRAILS GROWN DIM

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Gordin

I would like information on my grandparents J. Jasper Gordin and Ellen Powell Gordin, who went from Ohio to Kansas to Oklahoma. My father, Arthur Sylvester Gordin, was born in 1874. Also, my maternal grandfather Andrew Jackson Rodman took up a homestead in Indian Territory and died in Oklahoma.

Grandfather Gordin owned a bank in Coffeyville, Kansas, I think, and supposedly went broke.—Hazel Gordin Babcock, 739 Manzanita Drive, Laguna Beach, California 92651

Clement

Vi Clement is a cowgirl from the late 1920s and early 1930s. She traveled to England or Spain with a Wild West show. The Bill Mann family is trying to locate her. If anyone can help, please write.—Billie Jerolamon, 2335 Sardine Creek, Gold Hill, Oregon 97525

Marshall (Marchelle)-Bourquin-Vertischev

I am trying to locate some of my father's relatives. His name was Anthony John Marshall—nicknames were Jack and Frenchie. He passed away October 27, 1967 in Great Falls, Montana and is buried at Helena.

He told me his family moved to Livingston, Montana about 1910 from New Orleans, Louisiana. His father's name was either Leon Francis or Francis Leon Marshall. The original spelling of my father's name was Marchelle, either changed to Marshall by my father or his father. Leon's mother's name was Mary Bourquin (Marshall). He said he had brothers, Richard, Joseph and Frank. His grandmother on his mother's side was Florence Bourquin. He had an aunt, Leona Bourquin, who lived in Helena, Montana, during the 1920s.

Anthony was in the army in World War I. After the war he returned to Livingston and married a lady whose first name was Alice, I believe. They had a daughter named Frances, born about 1920. Later his wife died and his daughter went to California to live with one of his brothers. He went to Great Falls in 1924 and married my mother. Most of his life he worked as a mechanic or painter around Great Falls, Helena and Anaconda.

It's possible he had relatives by the name of Vertischev. Anyone who might know anything about this family, please write.—Marie Marshall Swan, 1326 Hillcrest, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80909

Bliss

I would greatly appreciate any information about my father, James Lenard Bliss, a native of Kentucky. He lived for a while in Leadville, Colorado and then moved to Eureka, California. He died and was buried there around 1910 or 1912.—Walter Bliss, 9539 Foster Road, Downey, California 90242

Benson

My third great-grandfather, James Benson, son of William and Martha (Quinn) Benson married Elizabeth Clark, daughter of John and Mary (Campbell) Clark. It is said that Elizabeth Clark is related to William Clark who, with Meriweather Lewis, made the Northwest Expedition. An old encyclopedia had this: "One of the daughters married Benson, the common ancestor of the Bensons." Any help on this will be appreciated.

The children of James and Elizabeth were: William born August 13, 1784; Mary (Polly); Henry; Jonathan; James, Jr.; Thomas; Samuel; Clark; Martha (Hattie). They were born in South Carolina—some in Union District. It is believed that in 1805 they went to frontier Ohio, Green County, as in 1809 a son, John, was born in Clinton County, Ohio. They were Quakers.

Jonathan married Ruth Brock, daughter of George and Charity Brock at Caesar Creek (Quaker), Clinton County, Ohio. Children born were Elizah, James, Abner, Isaac, Charity, Clark, Henry, Lucinda, Samuel and Jonathan, Jr. Jonathan, Jr. was born in June 1834 in either Green or Warren County, Ohio. The family then moved to Montgomery County, Indiana and a son, John Milton, was born in April 1840.

Later in 1840, either sickness or fire destroyed the parents. A childless Quaker couple took either three or four of the boys. I would like to know the married names of Charity and Lucinda. Some left the Quakers and became Methodists. Eventually some of the family moved to Kansas. Would like to hear from any descendants of these people.—Margaret Benson Cable, Box 96, Mehama, Oregon 97384

Scarbrough

My grandfather James (Jim) William Scarbrough was the son of Doc Scarbrough and Mae Evans. He was born in Blossom, Texas in 1900. When he was eight months old his mother put him in his father's arms, boarded a train and was never seen again. From there Doc and James moved to Fort Towson, Oklahoma and are said to have lived in or around Idabell, Oklahoma and DeQueen, Arkansas. Doc married Tina Dean Pamatree and had a son, Paul. It is said that Tina Dean was a first cousin of Jesse James. I would like to hear from anyone who can confirm this.

Mae had two children by a previous marriage, Delbert and Louise Rogers, who were James' half-brother and sister, but he never saw them. Mae's father was Bill Evans. It is not known where he lived, but we suppose Mae went back to his home. My great-grandfather died in 1911 and grandfather died about four years ago. My grandmother, Ida Mae Scarbrough of Mesquite, Texas, tried to find his mother during his life but was unsuccessful.

Anyone having any information about Mae Evans and her children, Tina Dean and Doc Scarbrough, please write. Doc had three brothers—one named Ira. Names of the other two as well as their parents are unknown. The brothers were said to have been in Louisiana at one time.—Mrs. Grady L. Webster, Route 1, Maysville, Oklahoma 73057

Doud

Washington Cicero Doud was born about 1829 in Licking County, Ohio, to Stanford Doud, Sr., and Sarah Converse. He went west accompanied by his father during the California gold rush. He remained there while his father returned home to Iowa. Attempts to trace him and his family have been unsuccessful. Extant letters of his written to his brother Stanford Doud, Jr., in Iowa in January and April 1864 show he was at Eureka North, Sierra County, California.

Would also like information about Owen Doud, born about 1836 in Licking County, Ohio to Stanford Doud, Sr. and Catharine Helen Stuart. He never married. He went west in 1858 and was in California with his brother Washington Cicero Doud during the 1860s. He was in Montana during the early 1870s and went with General Miles in a raid on an Indian village on Fat Horse Creek. He was seen by a cousin, Mrs. Nellie Shadwell, at Roundup, Montana in the late 1870s or early 1880s. He was last heard of in Livingston, Montana in 1901 by a letter he sent home to the family in Iowa.

If anyone has knowledge of W. C. and Owen Doud, please write.—Mrs. Robert E. Carpenter, 4721 Pineridge, Cheyenne, Wyoming 82001

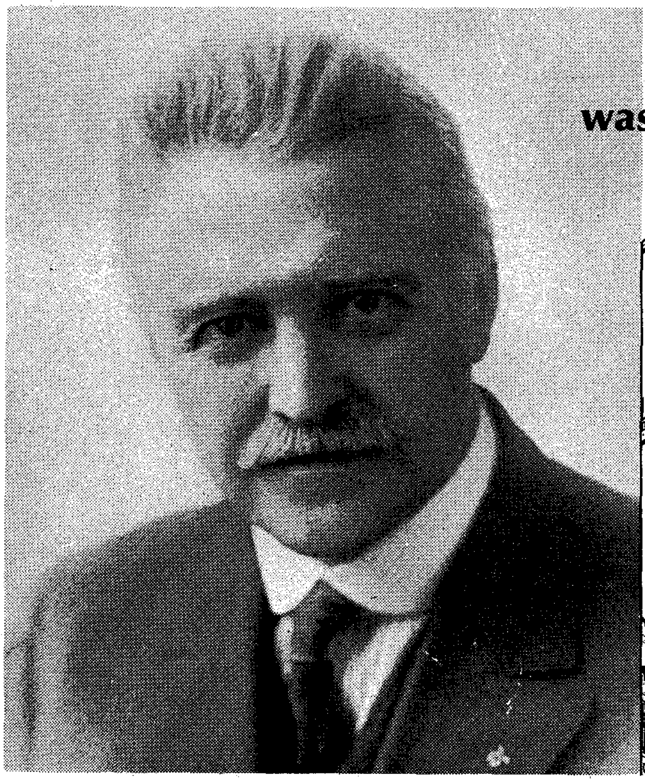
Ogden

In 1919 I worked for the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company for a while at Kountz, Texas and my superintendent's name was Parrish. I do not remember his first name. There were six of us in Mr. Parrish's crew and we were engaged in the task of replacing the galvanized wire with copper wire.

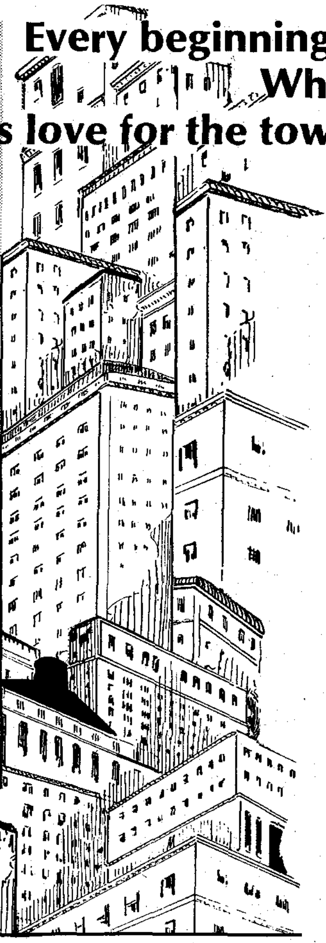
In the process of our moving across the country out west of Kountz, it became necessary for us to change of boarding places quite often in order

(Continued on page 53)

SEATTLE'S LITTLE



Hans Pederson, about 1928.



Every beginning city should be so lucky! Whether Pederson's motive was love for the town or love of a challenge, the results were heady!

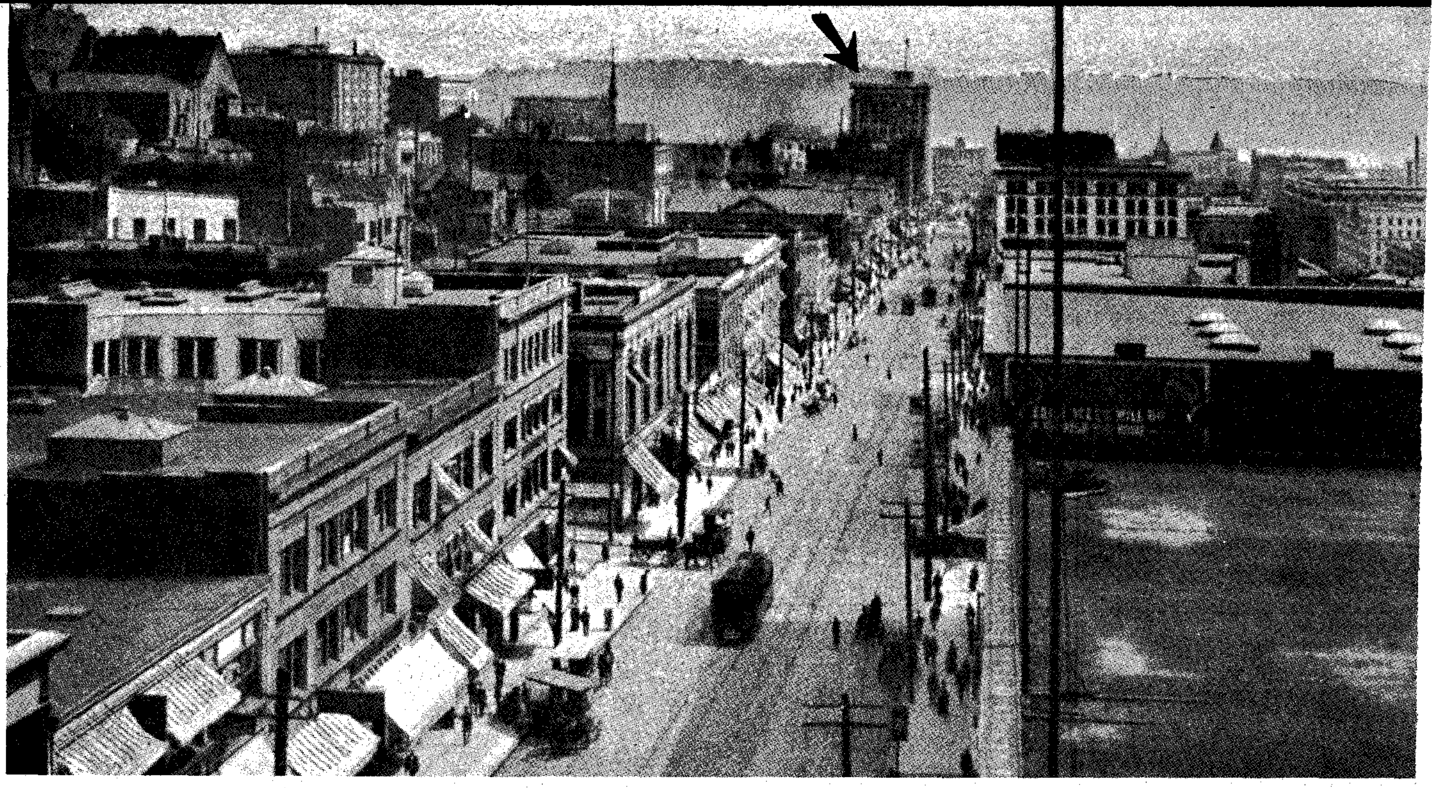
BY VICTOR H. WHITE

Photos Courtesy Author

IN the early 1900s there was intense rivalry between cities of the Northwest. Portland, Oregon was the "City of Roses"; Tacoma, "City of Destiny," was western terminus of the Northern Pacific; Great Northern was headquartered in Seattle; and the Milwaukee, later to choose Tacoma as end of line for its great lumber business, had not yet arrived.

Spokane was the "City of Sunshine" or just "Sunny Spokane" but Seattle, sometimes called "The Queen City" still lacked a slogan. The chamber of commerce offered a prize for the best entry, and "Seaport of Success" was quickly and *officially* adopted, and as quickly forgotten. One would search long and diligently in Seattle today to find a single citizen who is aware that he lives in the Seaport of Success!

In those days Seattle had a remarkable citizen about whom very little has ever been heard or written. He was without formal education, social, family, business connections, or financial resources. Yet he performed feats that "couldn't be done." He never received publicity, never



Second Avenue, the main street in the days when the Alaska Building (arrow) dominated Seattle's skyline. Notice that there are yet no autos on the street.

The Alaska Building, which Hans Pederson obtained the sub-contract to plaster, was constructed in 1904. It was Seattle's first steel-framed skyscraper.

made a fortune, never sought any special recognition and never belonged extensively to golf clubs, yacht clubs or fraternal orders. But he did more than any other one man to literally build Seattle.

Hans Pederson, who spoke all his life with the slight Danish accent of his ancestors, never had an enemy or a dissatisfied customer, that I ever heard about. He never welched on a contract or on his word. He never failed at any possible or impossible thing he undertook. He made successful low bids on many jobs that bigger and better known firms would not touch.

He once favored my insurance office with an order for a building completion bond. When I told him my company would require a written financial statement, he said, "Tell them the bond is for Hans Pederson." When the company still would not accept the business without the written statement, Pederson said, "I am sorry for your trouble; I must get my bond from a company which trusts people more than figures."

Pederson operated as an individual. He never had partners or incorporated. In most cases, he used his word instead of a formal contract. Before Seattle became known in the teens as "The City with the Purest Water in the World," it was Hans Pederson who took the contract to build the viaduct through the trickiest part of the canyon and bring water rushing down from the Cedar River Watershed.

Seattle shortly put in new triangular lights all over town and claimed to be the best lighted of any large American city. But when its citizens boasted that their death rate was lower and that they had the healthiest city in the world, it backfired when some wag suggested this was because the state's largest tuberculosis sanitarium was in the Georgetown area just beyond Seattle's city limits.

Seattle laughed it off and put on the Alaska Yukon Pacific Exposition in 1909, the only international exposition ever held in the United States which opened entirely completed exactly on the day it said it would and closed the day it said it would with all its bills paid. This was the environment in which Pederson did his building.

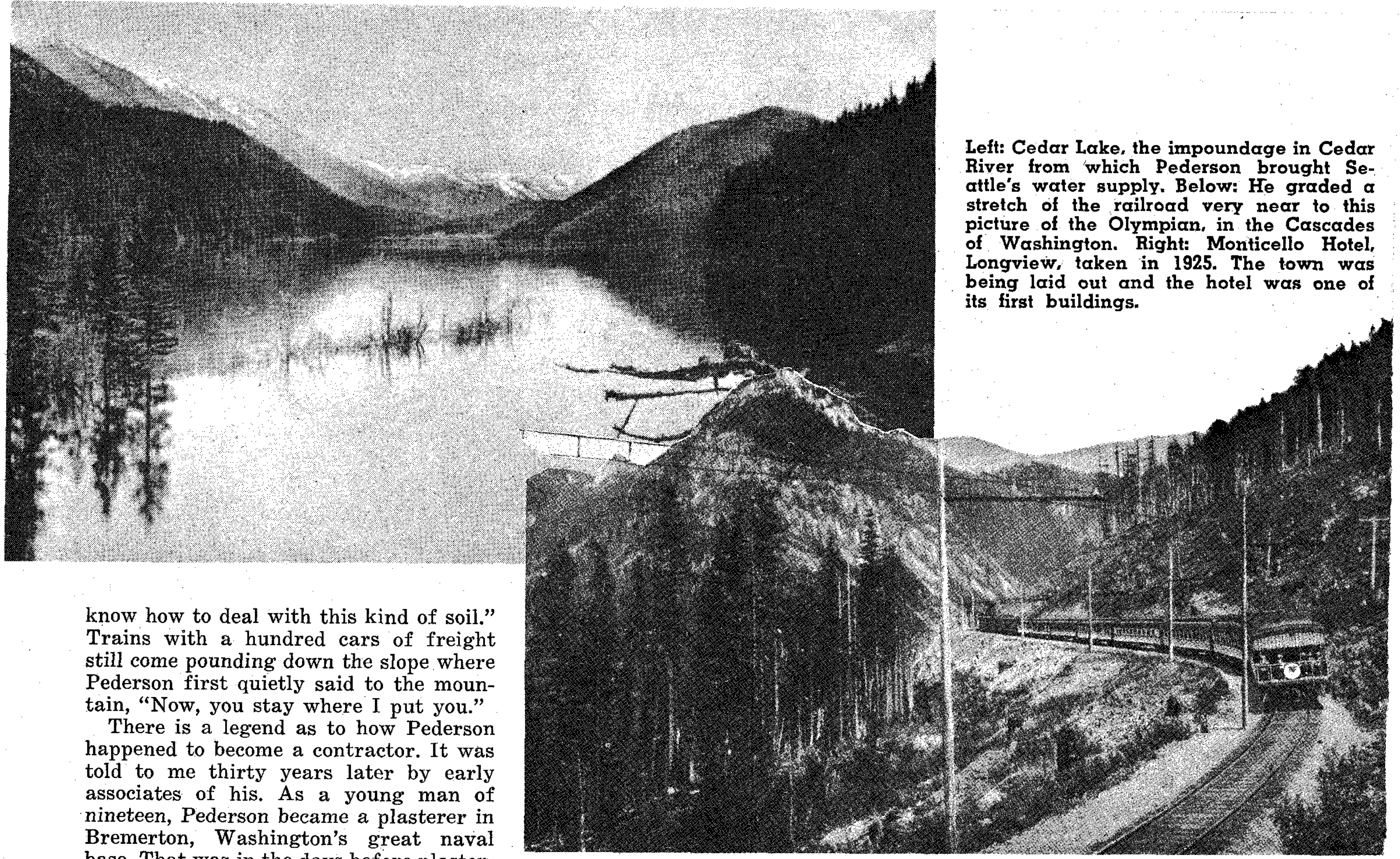
WHEN the Milwaukee Railroad came dashing to the coast as the third Northern Transcontinental, startling the world by spending a cool million dollars to build one mile of track through the rocky canyon east of Lombard in Montana, a stretch of slippery mountain was struck on the west side of the Cascades in Washington where the engineers shook their heads wondering, "How are we going to stick a railroad to the side of that clay bank?"

It was Hans Pederson, inexperienced in railroad construction, who took the contract and made it stick. He simply said, "This is only a few miles from Cedar River; I built the city water viaduct and

-KNOWN DYNAMO

R. H. RICHMOND PAPER COMPANY
NEW RICHMOND

The flat-iron Prefontaine Building, built by Pederson at what was then the edge of Seattle's burgeoning Fifth Avenue downtown area.



Left: Cedar Lake, the impoundage in Cedar River from which Pederson brought Seattle's water supply. Below: He graded a stretch of the railroad very near to this picture of the Olympian, in the Cascades of Washington. Right: Monticello Hotel, Longview, taken in 1925. The town was being laid out and the hotel was one of its first buildings.

know how to deal with this kind of soil." Trains with a hundred cars of freight still come pounding down the slope where Pederson first quietly said to the mountain, "Now, you stay where I put you."

There is a legend as to how Pederson happened to become a contractor. It was told to me thirty years later by early associates of his. As a young man of nineteen, Pederson became a plasterer in Bremerton, Washington's great naval base. That was in the days before plasterboard. Plastering was an art which could be performed only by a genius fit to follow the unbelievably talented men who literally spit nails from their mouths into the laths—and the laths miraculously stacked themselves in suitable lengths above one another or next to one another against the wall studs or ceiling rafters. It is not an exaggeration to say that an old-time lather could twist a lathing hatchet in his hand to cut a lath to proper length and turn the hatchet back to drive nails so fast that the human eye could not see it done. But the end of the lath fell, and the nails were holding the longer part solidly in place before the cut-off end struck the floor. It was a feat of incredible skill for the lather to chuck a handful of nails into his mouth from an apron pocket in an instant of time, and then arrange the individual nails with lips and tongue ready for the hatchet to split them into the lath.

A good plasterer applied his product over the lath on either ceiling or wall at about five times the speed with which an efficient housewife can frost a cake. It was something a young man of this generation would do well to punch on his "Time Machine" and go back sixty years to see. Even in those days it was hard for ordinary people watching lathers at work to believe what they were seeing.

Gold had been found in Alaska. Seattle was booming. A new method had been found for constructing great buildings with an independent steel frame. Steel girders were welded together, and facings of brick or granite were being applied as an outside wall. The inside walls were still lathed and plastered except where beautiful granite facings, or possibly marble from New England quarries, would be used in lobbies and main hallways. Eastern capital in St. Louis had decided to build Seattle's first all steel-framed skyscraper. The Alaska Building was to be on Second Avenue at Cherry Street, which was then the center of town. Pederson came over from Bremerton to see if he could get a job plastering.

"We won't be hiring any day labor here," he was told. "The plaster job for the whole building will be subcontracted in St. Louis."

Nobody knows exactly how it was done, but the youthful, unknown plasterer, without recommendations, previous known experience, money or influential friends, came back on a train from St. Louis with the contract to plaster Seattle's great new fourteen-story, brick-faced skyscraper. (The fourteen stories do not include the basement as the forty-two stories of Seattle's Smith Building later did when it stood for many years as the tallest building on the Pacific Coast.)

The legend goes that when the St. Louis people questioned Pederson's qualifications he suggested in a practical way, "Don't you have a building partly finished here in town where I can plaster some walls and prove I know my business?"

Whether or not the legend is literally true, it is a fact that Pederson was shortly a full-fledged contractor winning enormous jobs from the City of Seattle and the Milwaukee Railroad. He built the Prefontaine building, which was then in a growing section of Seattle at the edge of the Fifth Avenue downtown regrade. He moved dirt and built piers and established himself in a modest two-room office on the second floor of the Washington Mutual Savings Bank where he had established credit on a man-to-man basis of confidence without money of his own or personal assets. One of the great things about Hans Pederson which would certainly have pleased some members of our generation today, was his ability to operate without money of his own. He simply established confidence.

I'll relate what I personally know to be factual. When Pederson obtained a contract, he went to the Seattle banks which knew him and said, "Here's a contract I have for $150,000." That was a lot of money in 1910 and 1912, more than it cost to build the five-story brick flatiron-shaped Prefontaine Building, which occupied an entire block. "Let me have the money as I need it and when I am finished you get paid." He did this over and over again, until the banks knew and trusted Hans Pederson even though he never built up a great profit for himself.

His satisfaction seemed to come from conquering difficulties and building things rather than getting rich. He paved streets and put in sidewalks for the City of Seattle. On the corners, while the cement was still wet, he scribed the words *Hans Pederson*. How can a mere banker deny a measly hundred-thousand-dollar loan to a man whose name is etched all over the streets of a great and growing city? His name was not large in the cement—but it was there and the last time I looked I still found it in several places.

WHEN Pederson built a building on his own lot, as he often did, he sold or leased it as quickly as possible and paid off the bank notes from money re-

ceived on a first mortgage. For his own profit he took back a second mortgage or sometimes a sales contract. This gave him a large monthly income to carry on operations unless one of our old-time quick business slumps caught somebody. In that case, Pederson's little office found itself temporarily in the rental business until things picked up again. Eventually these second mortgages were refinanced and Pederson's revolving fund of capital made him a larger and larger contractor with more and more business, and larger second mortgages in which his own profit was tied up.

Recently, reading the story of Howard Hughes, I was impressed with certain similarities and certain differences between these two genius-type men. Hughes has always had money. Pederson never did. That is quite a difference. Hughes will bid or gamble on most anything in his line—aircraft and motion pictures, and maybe soon, mining in the Old West Nevada gold and silver. Pederson would gamble on *anything* pertaining to construction.

Both men always seemed to win. Hughes' name was often associated with women. Pederson's never was. He lost his wife and a son also died. He buried his grief in work. Hughes seems never to carry cash. He may borrow a coin for a telephone call from whichever associate is nearest. A man named Sorensen, a former foreman of Pederson, told me once, "Hans has never carried any money. He would often visit a job around lunch time and borrow a quarter from me for a sandwich and a cup of coffee."

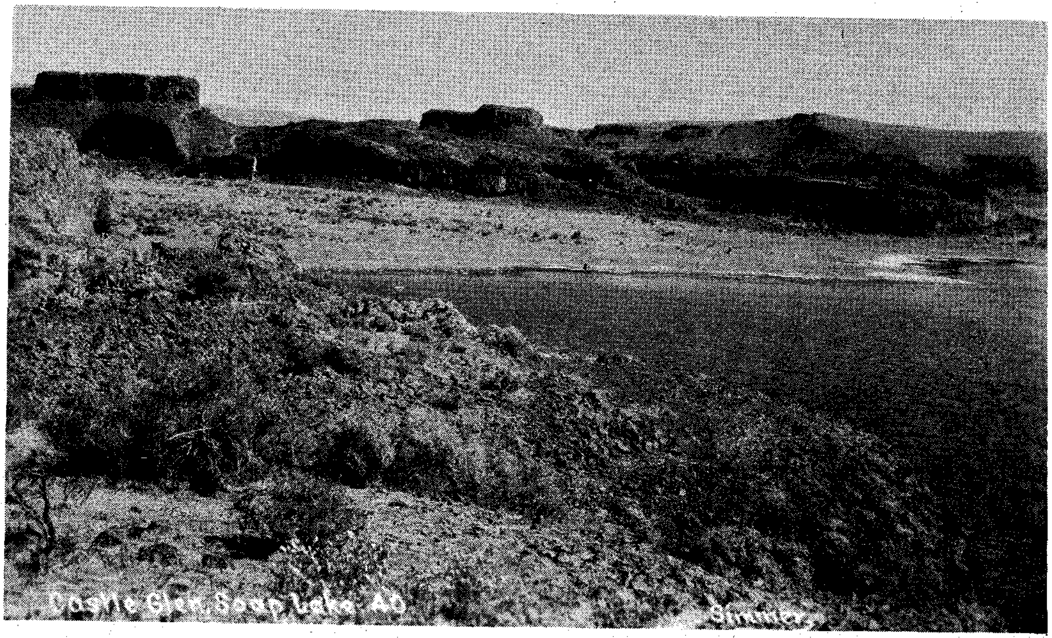
The time came when the great City of San Francisco needed a tunnel under Twin Peaks through which to run its streetcars. Pederson heard about it and said, "If ve (he pronounced a W like a V) can put in a vater line for Seattle and mountain road for the Milwaukee, I *think* ve can build a tunnel for San Francisco." He bid on the job and was advised that his bid was acceptable, that only the formality of certain political approvals remained and he might as well prepare to start work.

Pederson immediately leased a seagoing barge and was loading it with Seattle equipment to start for San Francisco when word came that a board of supervisors or some other politically inspired body had raised the question, "Won't it greatly detract from the dignity of a great city like San Francisco to let some small town like Seattle send a contractor to dig us a tunnel?" There was great rivalry at the time between San Francisco, Portland and Seattle for the Trans-Pacific and Alaska shipping trade. As near as I could ever learn, the San Francisco tunnel job went to a St. Louis firm, possibly with the same connections which had given Pederson his start plastering the Alaska Building. (Later that name was changed to the New World Life Building). Pederson was advised that his bid had been rejected.

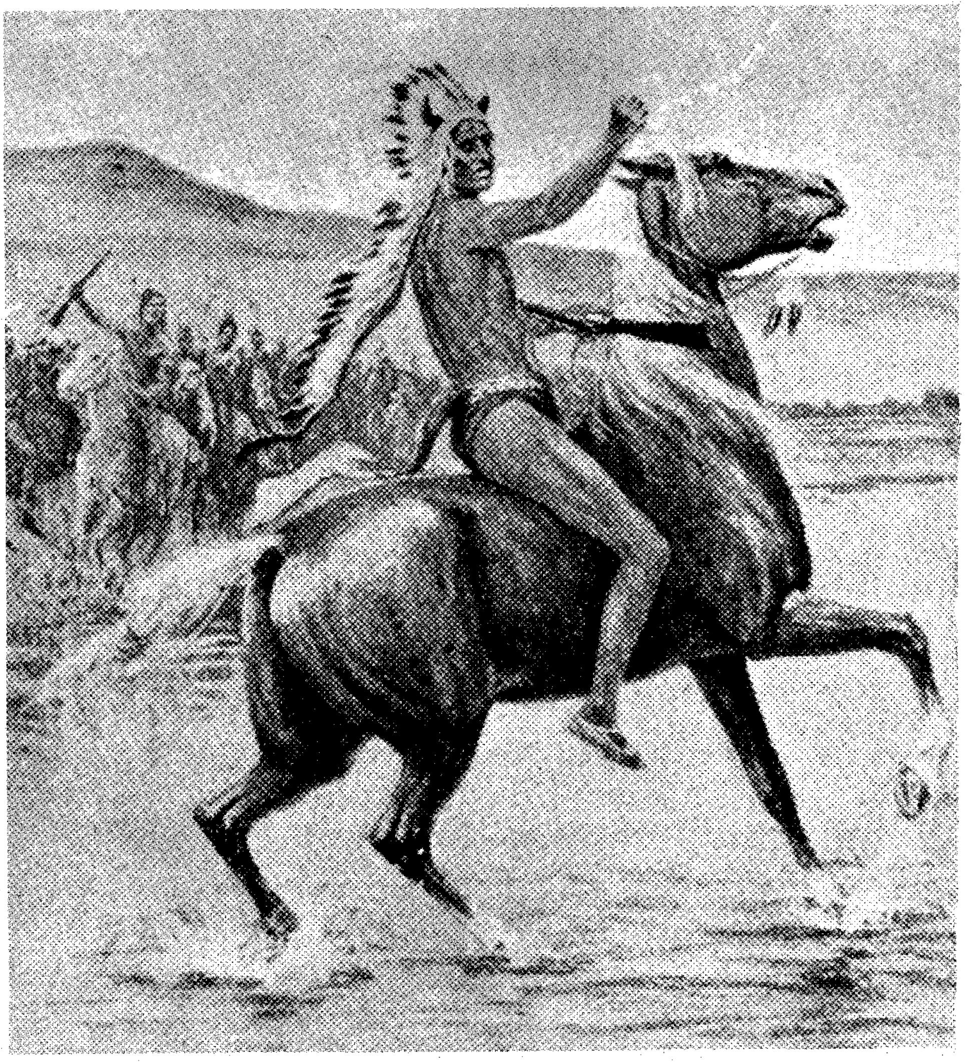
AT that time the bay edge of Queen Anne Hill was occupied with the resi-

(Continued on page 56)

Soap Lake, Washington, name of the town (above) and the lake (below) where Pederson recuperated from his stroke. The water has a chemical content which makes a suds-like scum along the edges, as shown in photo below.



Courtesy Library, State Historical Society of Colorac



THE PRIZE, that great sweep of buffalo grass between the Missouri River and the Rockies, lay serenely green in the bright April of 1867.

The three protagonists in this minor drama of the westward push were young men, all greedily eyeing these prairies for quite different reasons. For Samuel Crawford, the rawboned governor of Kansas, this was the year of crisis for his young state. Most routes west, the Santa Fe, Oregon and Pikes Peak gold trails, the Smoky Hill route, and the Union Pacific Railroad, Eastern Division presently being built, crossed Kansas. Emigrants, driven south by the cold winters of Wisconsin and Minnesota or by the lure of free land, grass waving as far as the eye could see, were flocking to settle here. Insuring their permanent residence and well being was Crawford's responsibility.

Fiery Satanta or White Bear, the second protagonist, was a minor chief of the Kiowas. Daring and outspoken, he was realistic enough to foresee the loss of his hunting grounds and "cattle," and to fight viciously for them. Full of guile he appeared at all "Full Moon" peace treaties, took the guns and ammunition offered by the Indian agents and urged his allies, the Comanches, Apaches, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes to turn these same guns upon emigrant trains, to steal and run off settlers' stock, to burn stations from Pond Creek to Big Timbers, and to kill isolated track layers and woodcutters along the building railroad.

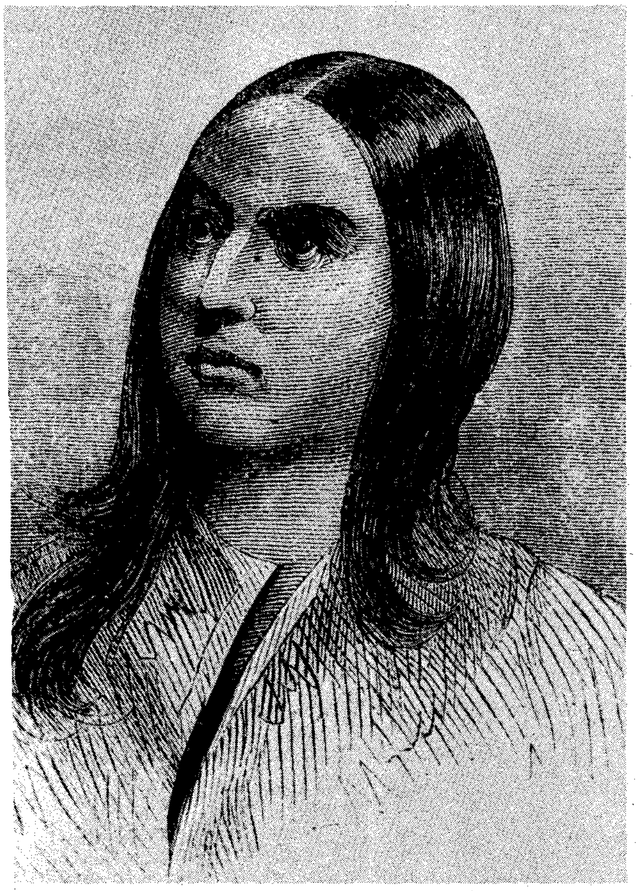
The third protagonist, Lieutenant George Armes, a cavalryman from Fairfax County, Virginia, had saved his command from freezing at Fort Sedgwick, Colorado Territory the past winter and was now recommended for a captaincy for his bravery. Twenty-three years old he could ride a horse to hell and back and found Indian fighting just another sport, much to his liking. Six years before, Armes as Knight of the Planet had been victor in the Fairfax County jousting tournament and had crowned the Queen of Love and Beauty. In the Union Army during the war he had been promoted for valor. On these plains he envisioned a road to promotion and glory.

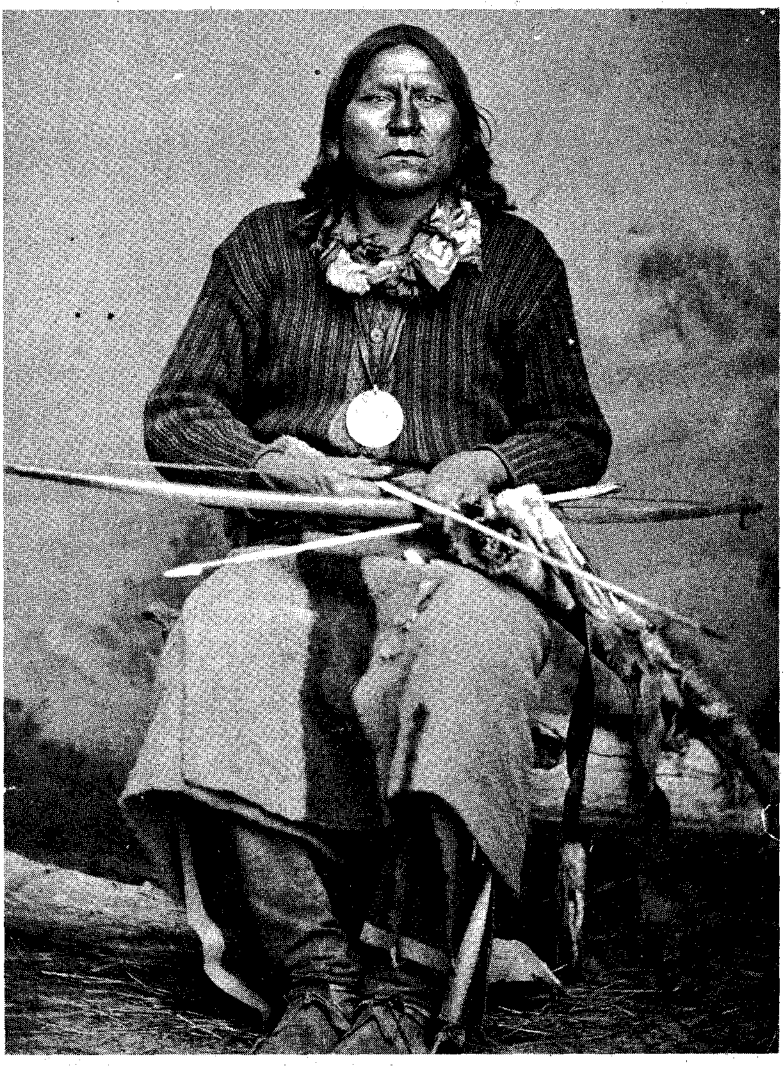
The natural inhabitants of the area, the buffalo, grazed peacefully. In the coming struggle they were to be the real losers, utterly annihilated in another decade. Since they furnished much of the food, warmth, and shelter for Indians, soldiers, settlers and railroad workers alike, their bleached bones would in time pave these prairies.

IN a boarding house in Washington Lieutenant Armes crammed during the April days for his exams before a Board of the Military. He passed and was commissioned a Captain of the 10th U. S. Cavalry and at Fort Leavenworth was given a command, Company F, consisting of "eighty-four very good looking darkies" or "Brunettes" as they were called. His company was ordered to Fort Harker, Kansas.

After selling the bonds to build the state capitol and state university Sam Crawford had gone to Washington that same April. He had many calls to make. As Captain of Company E, Second Kansas Infantry; Captain of Company A, Second Kansas Cavalry and Colonel of the Second Kansas Colored Infantry, Crawford had accumulated vast combat experience against both Indian warriors and Rebel soldiers. He had skirmished against the Navajos around Fort Union and the Choctaws around Fort Smith, so he had the ear of General Ulysses S. Grant. Grant and Secretary of War Edward M. Stanton promised their fullest cooperation in protecting Kansas settlers. He found the Secretary of the Interior "unadvised, if not indifferent" on any mention of hostile tribes. Bluntly Crawford told him "that the proper time was then; that the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Apaches, Kiowas, and Comanches were already in Kansas, committing depredations and that General Hancock was at that time . . . in the field with his troops scattered along the Arkansas Valley, endeavoring to hold them back." He begged the Secretary not to issue any more arms and ammunition to the Indians in Kansas, for even then Satanta and Charley Bent, a half-breed, were raiding on the Smoky Hill and dodging U. S. troops.

Rails were bloodstained that spring. Charred prairie grass smoldered around many a burned-out stage station. Crawford on his return home was beseiged rtesy Denver Public Library, Western History Department





Roman Nose, Charley Bent, and Satanta (left to right) were among the leaders who tried to save their prairies from encroachment.

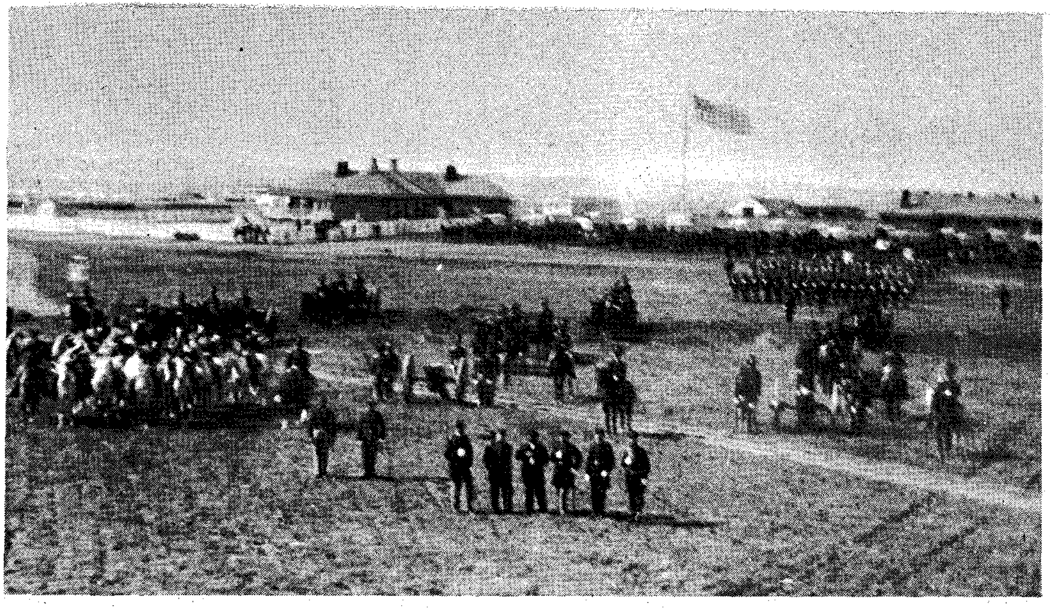
with petitions for help—from Marion; then from White Rock where thirty-nine had been driven from their homes. By June telegrams came daily from John Perry of the Union Pacific, Eastern Division. Early in the month Thomas Parks, one of Perry's contractors, and three others had been ambushed. Three more men of his were killed a few days later. One thousand track laborers had been driven off the job.

The papers were full of such news and the Leavenworth *Daily Conservative* said: "The Smoky Hill coaches so long delayed arrived last night. Cause of the detention, attack by Indians. One of the coaches left Salina on June 7th and one on the 9th. They were traveling in company when attacked five miles east of Big Timber. Three were killed, one civilian and two soldiers. The driver and two others were wounded. Mr. Cisco speaks in severest terms of soldiers who were with the coach as guards. When the first coach which contained eight soldiers and one unarmed passenger arrived at the station, the Corporal was obliged to threaten their lives to get them to go back to rescue the last coach. In passing by Timber Station one hundred sixty five miles east of here, they were surrounded for three hours by a big band of about five or six hundred Indians but they succeeded in returning to Ft. Wallace where they met Genl. Hancock who came on with them the next day. The party traveled days and camped nights arriving here last night."

Incensed by further word of mutilated victims at Monument Station, Bunker Hill, Fossil Creek and J. B. Riley's camp—four new attacks in the last week in June—Crawford wired the Secretary of War offering a sufficient force of volunteer Kansans to end these depredations. On June 24 his offer was relayed promptly to W. T. Sherman, Commander of the Military Division of the Missouri in St. Louis. Sherman moved fast. On July 1 he wired Crawford: "You may call out a volunteer battalion of six or eight companies to be at end of track on Saturday next. I will come in person."

That same day Governor Crawford issued his call for volunteers. Recruiting stations were set up in eight towns. Regulations governing U.S. cavalry troops were to apply. Each man would furnish his own horse and horse equipment and receive government pay therefor. Volunteers were to be ready to move west by rail on July 5 to be mustered into service at Fort Harker for a period of six months or less.

Incredibly, within the week more than 350 Kansans put down their work and left the safety of their homes to ride forth into known danger. Companies A, B, C, and D of the 18th Kansas Volunteer



Captain George Armes scouted out of Fort Harker, shown above from the parade ground circa 1867. Due to cholera they soon moved.

Cavalry were mustered in at Fort Harker by July 15 under command of Major Horace Moore of Lawrence.

AN OUTPOST on the Smoky Hill River, Fort Harker was the end of the railroad, a teeming settlement of waterlogged canvas huts, log cabins, and a few stone buildings overrun just now with railroad construction crews, the military, hostlers, and teamsters delayed by recent floods and Indian attacks. Elizabeth Custer was there, living in style in a dwelling place made of canvas thrown over two wagons; but she fled, for a miasma of cholera was hovering over the dismal station.

Captain George Armes, scouting out of Harker, was elated to welcome his brother William Edward, a West Point appointee sent west for his health. Armes presented his brother with a fine Indian pony, then moved north on a scout. Upon his return the next day he found Edward dead of the dread disease. The wife of the post surgeon, Mrs. G. M. Sternberg, tended as many of the sick as she could bathing their flushed faces and laying them out on the prairie for lack of beds. Armes, desolate when she died within two weeks, noted her death in his journal.

What was the honor and satisfaction in a burial detail? In facing an enemy of vaporous air that you could not fight? So wondered the men of the 18th Kansas as they buried six of their recruits their second day at Harker. One they never identified because, insensible, he could not give his name. A. E. Colebrant, a Negro, left his mother's Paris, France address in his pocket. With good judgment Major Moore immediately marched his four companies, sick and poor-spirited, away from the pest-ridden camp to a healthier site on Walnut Creek sixty miles distant. If a man had to die perhaps it was better here on a grassy bank as sunset gilded the lovely hills. So Lieutenant Samuel Hybarger died, never having seen an Indian. Six comrades were buried with him on Parker's Ranch near Fort Larned.

During his stay at Harker, Armes lost seven of his men. He moved on to Fort Hays, arriving on July 25. There he lost three more. Boots and Saddles sounded for the 18th Kansas. When they were well enough to travel they made a long swing south to encamp at Point of Rocks eight miles west of Fort Dodge.

From there the post interpreter was sent, in a wasted gesture of diplomacy, to visit Satanta's Kiowa camp south of the Arkansas River, not far away. He announced to the Kiowa that the Commissioners were on the road to make peace with them and all the other tribes. Satanta had heard this message before. "Tell the Commissioners not to come south of the Arkansas," was his arrogant warning. "The Indians seek no peace. If the Commissioners should be so foolish as to come after this warning, I Satanta will put them to death." With four thousand Comanches, Kiowas and allies in camp the interpreter heeded Satanta's threat.

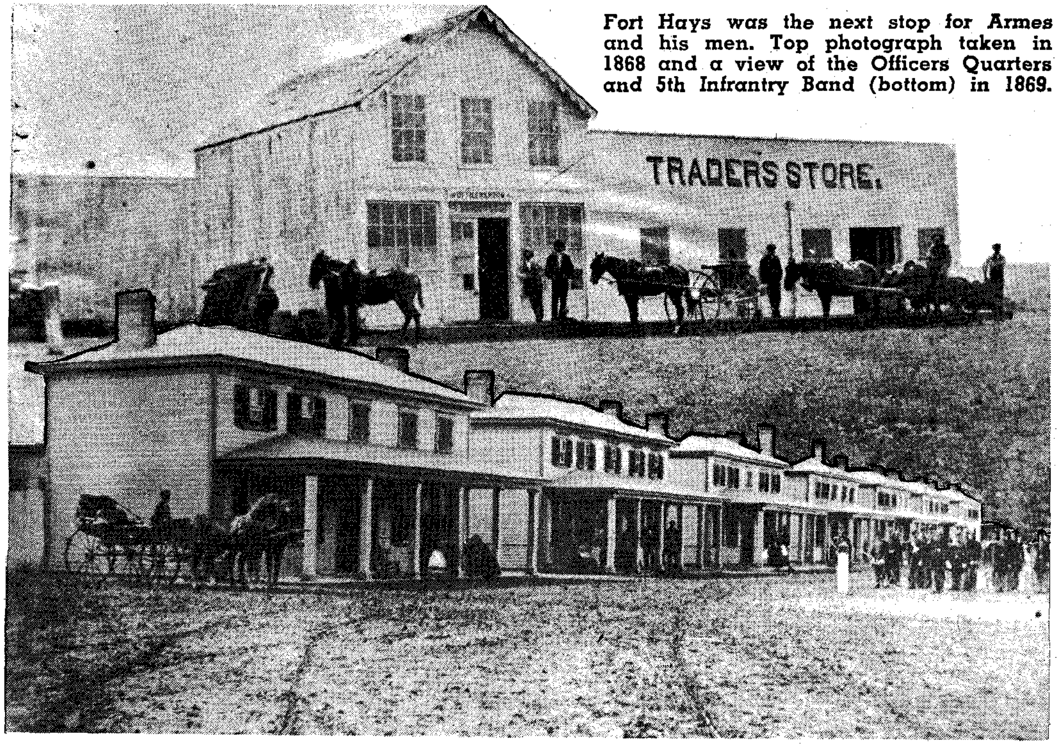
Opposing forces were to be joined. Why did white man and Indian covet this country? These high and treeless plains had excited men since Coronado's time. Perhaps in the July heat shimmer they saw mirages, cloud cities luring them on. Travel here was fast. Here were no mountains, no hazards, few places to hide, no forests to clear or to obscure the unknown danger. Throughout its extent this free and open country 400 miles long and 200 miles wide is watered abundantly by rivers and tributary creeks; in the north the Republican River; not far south the twin forks of the Solomon; then the Saline; then the Smoky Hill, and at the state's southern border flow the Arkansas and the Cimarron.

The Union Pacific, Eastern Division already built half across the state, would bisect this land east and west. Fort Harker was the apex of a triangle with Fort Hays sixty miles directly west and Fort Larned sixty miles south of Hays. One hundred twenty miles west of Hays lay Fort Wallace. Ninety miles southwest of Fort Hays was Fort Dodge. The main emigrant trail followed the Smoky Hill River. This was the big stretch of prairie to be seized and held by less than 4,000 nomadic Plains Indians, superb horsemen, armed partly with guns and partly with bows and arrows—or by half that number of soldiers out of five under-garrisoned prairie forts.

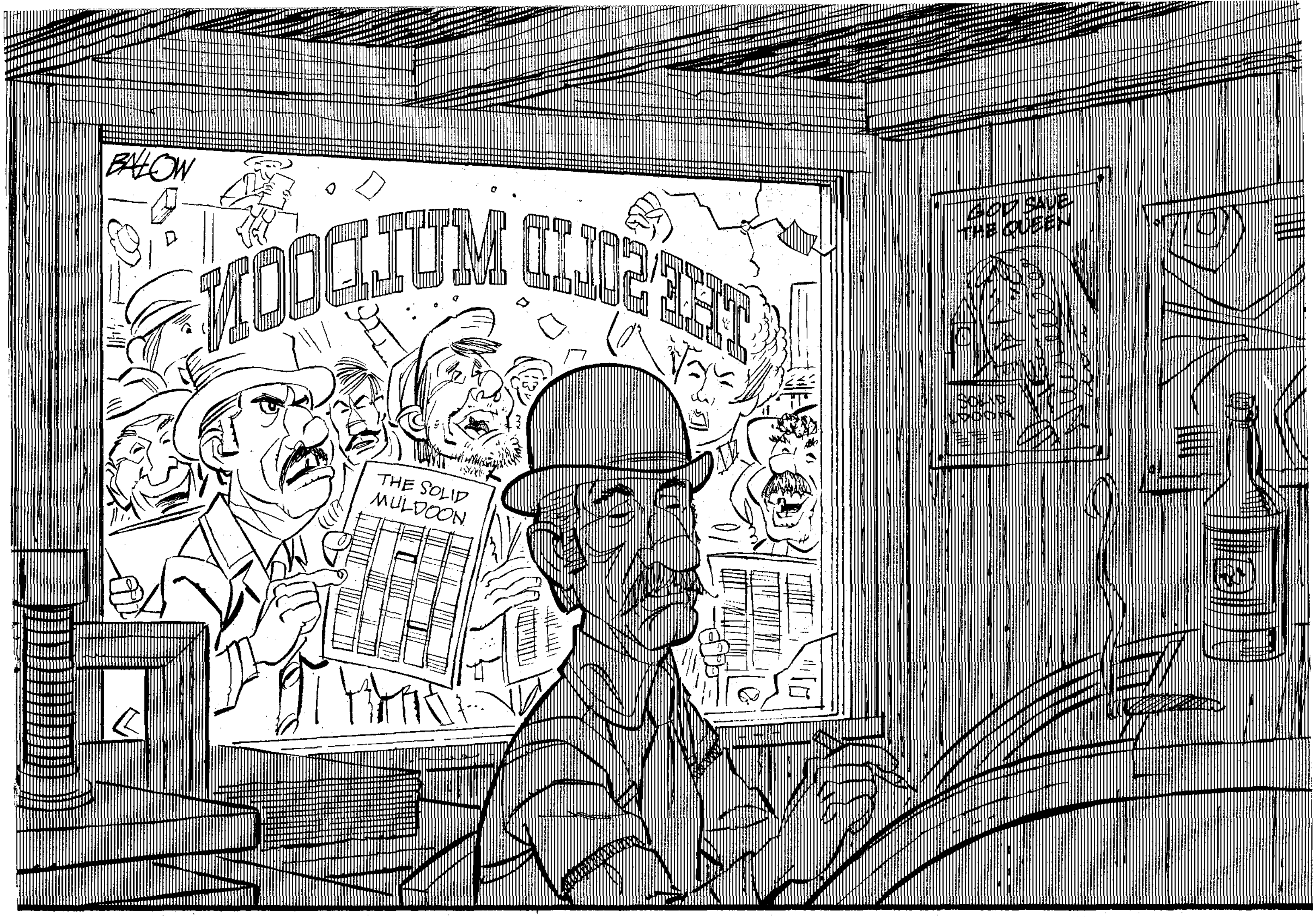
FROM the west, news sent by scou or courier was slow to reach Harke and very bad it was. Early in July For Wallace was in a stage of siege—no food no grass, no reinforcements. Sixteen men had been killed there and eleven wounded in June. Next word was that the Indian had gone south to receive annuity goods Then they had run off twenty mules a Monument. Three days later the grain

(Continued on page 46)

Photos this page Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka



Fort Hays was the next stop for Armes and his men. Top photograph taken in 1868 and a view of the Officers Quarters and 5th Infrantry Band (bottom) in 1869.



The Solid Muldoon

BY STELLA GIPSON POLK

Illustrated by Willard Ballow

—an early-day shock treatment for a nervous citizenry!

DAVID FRAKES DAY wore a handlebar mustache that quivered emotionally beneath a prominent nose and a pair of mocking eyes. And under his raucous guidance as editor the *Solid Muldoon,* for thirteen years, remained a newspaper so bawdy and outrageous, so funny and irreverent and yet so intelligent and unforgettable that it sold on newsstands as far away as New York and St. Louis. Its circulation was greater in Denver, Colorado than it was in its hometown of Ouray.

The first issue rolled off the press on September 5, 1879. At that time Ouray was a mining camp three years old, filled with saloons, rutted streets and loud laughter.

David Day was virtually illiterate when he began his newspaper. Soon, however, he was being quoted even on the floor of the mining exchange. His columns spared nobody—not even the Queen of England:

"It has been said that it takes four ladies of the bed chamber, each a peeress, eight common ladies of the bed chamber and twelve bed chamber women to put Queen Victoria to bed. We thought Colorado Springs was the only place on earth where they sold that kind of whiskey."

Each Friday when the *Solid Muldoon* came out, the plank sidewalk outside the office was crowded with "society" matrons of Ouray, nervously scanning the news. Presently one of them would gasp, crush the paper in her fist and shriek, "Oh, the wretch, that unspeakable David Day!"

His verbal assaults earned him more than 100 libel suits. Once he had forty-two litigations pending at the same time. But Day was happiest when he was in the midst of such turmoil.

Day was born on a farm near Cincinnati, Ohio on March 7, 1847. At the age of nine he ran away from his Scotch-Irish parents because he didn't want to read and write. In January 1862 he enlisted with the 57th Ohio Volunteers. Still barely able to write more than his name, he rose from private to become chief of scouts in the 17th Army. He escaped from Confederate prison three times, one of those prisons being Andersonville.

AFTER the war was over, Day went to live in the sleepy little town of Marshall, Missouri where he fell in love with Victoria Sophia Folck. His love affair was somewhat stormy. Sophia's father refused to let his daughter marry a "damn Yankee, an ex-Yankee soldier." Only when Day repeatedly threatened to drown himself in the Missouri, did Sophia's reluctant father consent to the marriage.

Day made some money in the grocery and drygoods business, but in a fit of rash loyalty signed a note for a friend. When he finally got the note paid off, he was penniless.

With a wife and, by then, five children to support, he decided to try the West. A team of tired mules drew the family wagon over the tortuous trails of the San Juan Range to Ouray.

There, Day teamed with a friend from

(Continued on page 50)

GHOSTLY FORT DILTS

by LAURA TROWBRIDGE

[illegible]

The officer assigned to escort the gold seekers stated candidly, "I am damn sorry you are here." Unfortunately he wasn't the only one who felt that way—so did the Sioux!

[illegible]

THE eighty covered wagons of the long train carrying immigrants to Montana's goldfields moved very slowly over the grassy plains of Dakota under a blazing sun. Male members of the train—over one hundred men driving or trudging along beside the weary oxen—seemed to be almost exhausted from the long days of travel. For twenty-four hours there had been no waterholes or springs to fill the waterbags and small casks carried on the back of each wagon.

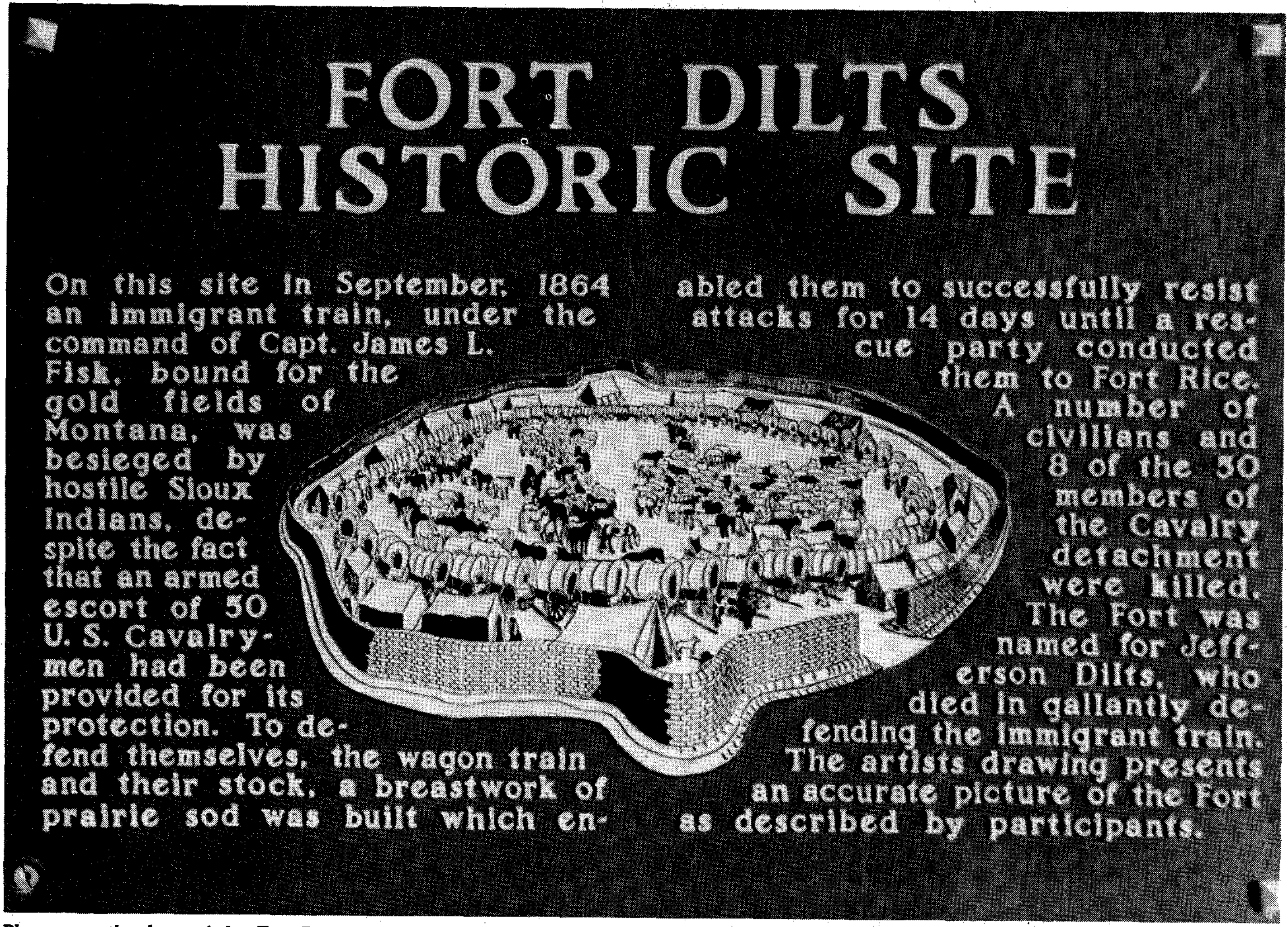
It had been several weeks since these people had left their homes in Minnesota and other points eastward, and the only rest they had had from the wearisome journey was at Fort Rice. They were forced to wait there on the east bank of the Missouri until a steamboat made its way upriver to that army post manned by General Alfred Sully's troops. After five days of camp life on the riverbank the boat finally arrived and ferried them across to the fort. It was two more days before arrangements could be made for a military escort for the train through Sioux country.

Forty-seven cavalrymen under the command of a Lieutenant Smith were assigned as escort. Captain James L. Fisk, whom the Secretary of War had appointed to take special charge of all immigrants crossing Dakota to the goldfields a few years before, was in charge of the train. He was a noted trail-blazer and capable leader who had, before 1864, made two expeditions with immigrant trains through Minnesota, Dakota, and Montana, successfully repelling all Indian attacks without loss of men or wagons.

Though the Federal Government encouraged these expeditions to the goldfields and furnished them with military escorts, some military men—and especially Captain Fisk—apparently did not relish the idea. It was his concern over their safety as they traveled through Sioux country and the weight of his great responsibility that made Fisk address the group before starting out, in this manner: "Gentlemen: I am damn sorry you are here, but so long as you are, I will do the best I can to protect you. Tomorrow morning at two o'clock I will leave here, and for the first two days there will be no danger. Then I will issue an order; though it may seem ridiculous to you there will be a reason for it, and I don't want you to think it strange if I stop you for a day or two at a time, or make you march farther than you would like. I expect to jump an Indian camp and give them hell. I shall go to the Yellowstone River and there establish a fort. Then go to the Powder River where I will leave you. Keep together, for in union there is strength."

THAT SPEECH was given to some immigrants on an earlier expedition but Fisk made similar addresses to his charges each time. At Fort Rice, Captain Fisk learned of General Sully's recent rout of the Sioux at the Killdeer Mountains and, thinking there would be no further trouble from them for a while, decided to take the southern route. It was rougher but much shorter than the

Photos both pages Courtesy State Historical Society of North Dakota



FORT DILTS
HISTORIC SITE

On this site in September, 1864 an immigrant train, under the command of Capt. James L. Fisk, bound for the gold fields of Montana, was besieged by hostile Sioux Indians, despite the fact that an armed escort of 50 U. S. Cavalrymen had been provided for its protection. To defend themselves, the wagon train and their stock, a breastwork of prairie sod was built which enabled them to successfully resist attacks for 14 days until a rescue party conducted them to Fort Rice. A number of civilians and 8 of the 50 members of the Cavalry detachment were killed. The Fort was named for Jefferson Dilts, who died in gallantly defending the immigrant train. The artists drawing presents an accurate picture of the Fort as described by participants.

Plaque on the face of the Fort Dilts monument, made of native agatized wood, near Marmarth, North Dakota.

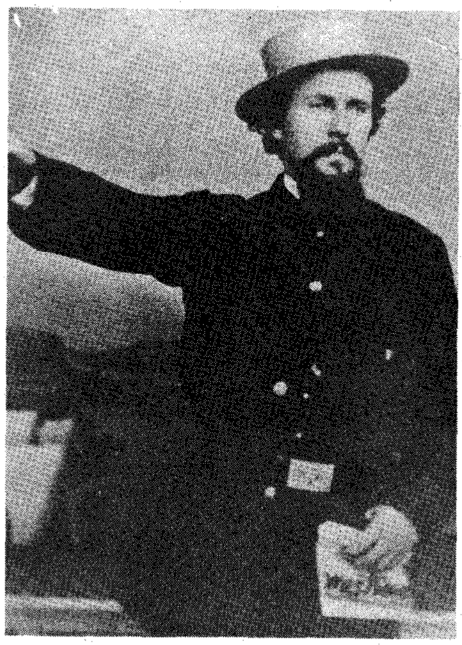
other he had traveled on two previous expeditions.

No Indians were seen for several days, and as a consequence the men became careless and left most of their rifles in one of the wagons. To allay the immigrants' fears that such a small escort of soldiers could protect them, a twelve-pound mountain howitzer had been added to their equipment while at the fort. The 117 men, 13 women, and seven children were beginning to believe that talk of Indian attack was exaggerated, but they were soon to be convinced of its reality.

The train had entered Deep Creek, which was dry but had steep banks on both sides. After most of the wagons had crossed, one loaded with drug supplies and whiskey overturned in the dusty streambed. Another wagon, loaded with 5,000 rounds of ammunition and seven guns, halted to assist, and several soldiers also stayed to help.

The train had progressed about a mile from the creek bed when a band of warriors swooped down over the banks, firing as they came. They had been hiding behind a nearby butte. At the sound of the guns the wagons that had proceeded were corralled where they were, and the cavalrymen and teamsters hastily returned to join the battle. When the soldiers appeared the Indians left precipitately, perhaps remembering what had happened at the Killdeer Mountains. However, they had had time to fire the wagons in the creek bottom, after looting them of the whiskey. The skirmish left eight white men dead, and several severely wounded.

Capt. James L. Fisk who, leading the immigrant train over the rough terrain of Dakota, was forced to turn back by the Sioux.

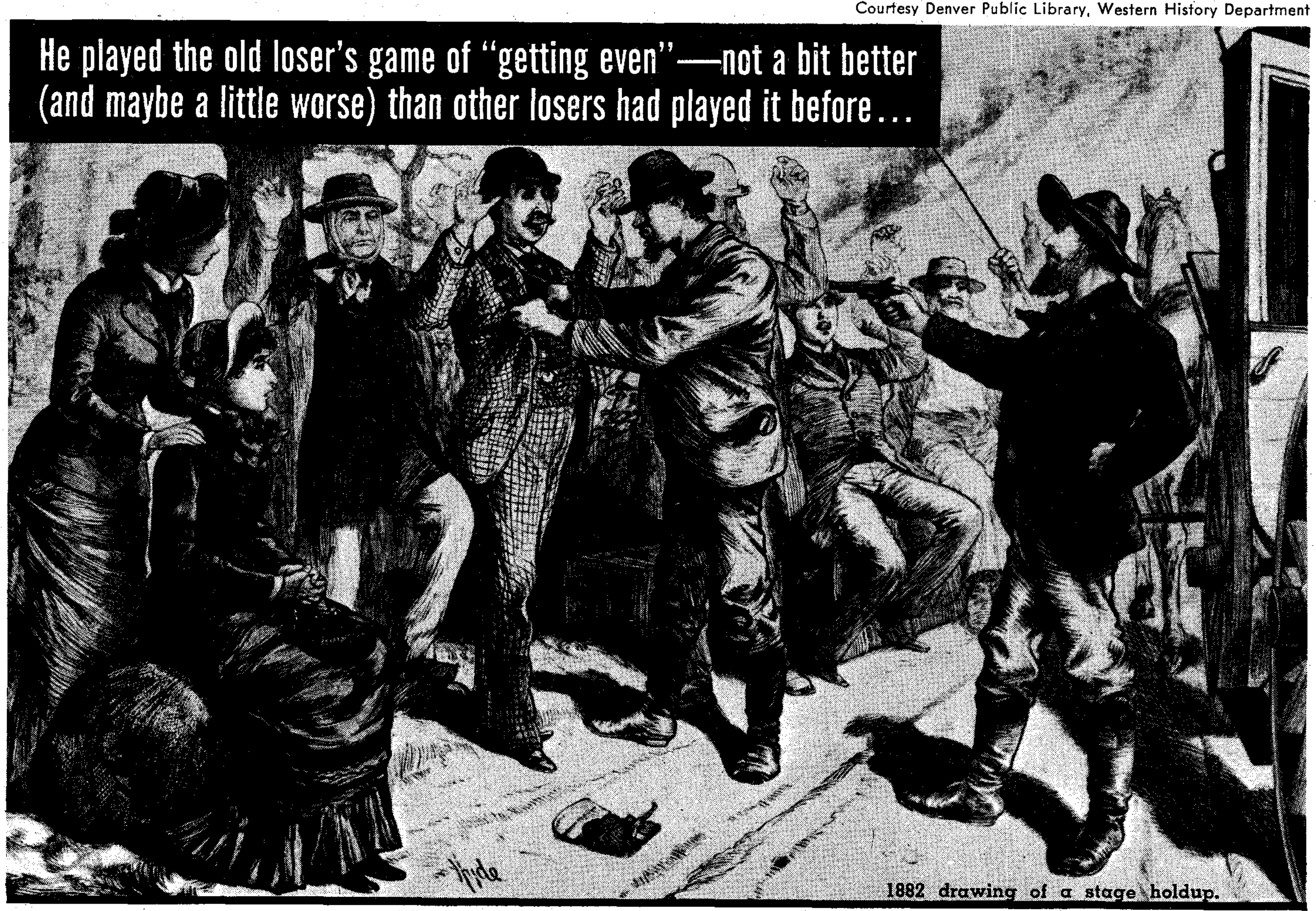


Jefferson Dilts, a corporal with the troops, had been a scout with the army for several years and was out in the hills along the prospective trail at the time of the fight. On his way back to the wagons, he rode into the band who had attacked the stalled wagons. Dilts put up a running fight and killed six warriors, but reached the corral with three arrows in his back.

A severe wind and rain storm drenched the prairies that afternoon and night, filling the graves that had been dug for the unfortunate members of the train and flooding the low ground. But although they had to wade in places, the men kept up an all-night vigil in preparation for renewed Indian trouble. The next morning the wagontrain preceeded westward with the cannon placed at ready, and the immigrants were terrified as some 300 Indians made running attacks, hiding behind the necks of their ponies while shooting at the whites. Arrows stuck from the sides and the canvas tops of the wagons, but no one was injured or killed. Some of the braves had old rifles, which did little damage except to the nerves of the members of the train. Several Indians lost their lives when they rode in too close. Jefferson Dilts, in spite of his extremely critical condition, was credited with bringing down at least seven of the attackers. He was noted for his sharp-shooting ability,

(Continued on page 68)

Courtesy Denver Public Library, Western History Department


He played the old loser's game of "getting even"—not a bit better (and maybe a little worse) than other losers had played it before...

1882 drawing of a stage holdup.

Coal Oil Jimmy's Gang

BY DICK HOLBEN

Photos Courtesy Author

THE DAILY STAGE from Elizabethtown raced up the main street of Cimarron, New Mexico on October 9, 1871, with driver Wade Adkins shouting the bad news from his perch atop the coach.

"Hold up! Over by Clear Creek!" he called. "Got the express box and $500!"

A crowd quickly gathered to hear the details as the shaken passengers unloaded. It was Coal Oil Jimmy and his pal, Adkins reported to the town marshal who had arrived on the scene.

Stepping around the coach, Adkins offered a helping hand to one of the lady passengers. The crowd of curious bystanders parted to make room as the other unloaded. "Why doesn't someone get after those men?" one of the shaken passengers asked of the sea of vacant faces before him. "Everyone seems to know them and no one's doing anything!"

Indeed, everyone in Cimarron *did* seem to know "Coal Oil Jimmy" and they all seemed to know that his real name was James Buckley, but beyond that most of them drew a blank. It had been just about two months earlier to the day that Buckley showed up in town with his partner, Tom Taylor. Some said it was Buckley's swarthy, dark complexion crowned with a head of black hair that gave him his monicker.

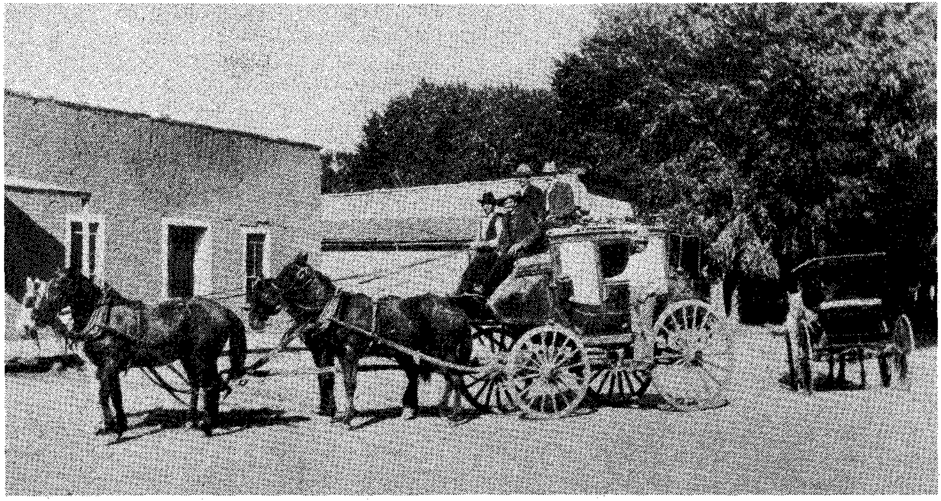
"Looked like he'd just been dipped in a bucket of coal oil," an old-timer recalled.

For the first two weeks the pair stayed pretty much to themselves over at Calhoun's Saloon. Then the money gave out—or so it seemed, when Jimmy turned up one morning at the Cimarron office of the Maxwell Land Grant and Railway Company looking for work. The Land Grant Company operated the coach line between Elizabethtown and Cimarron, the agent explained, and yes they could use a handy man. One of Buckley's jobs would be to see that teams were changed, watered and properly attended to on the incoming coaches.

Buckley went right to work. Things seemed to go well at first; then, toward the end of the first week, Coal Oil took to slipping out for a quick one over at Calhoun's during the afternoon lull. The little indiscretions went unnoticed for a time, but as the breaks grew longer and more frequent it became obvious that Jimmy was neglecting his work.

When one of the drivers complained that Coal Oil had hitched a worn team

Photos this page Courtesy Museum of New Mexico



Stagecoaches such as this one were the targets of Coal Oil Jimmy's Gang on their runs from Elizabethtown to Cimarron, New Mexico.

to the coach, it was all over. The station agent, who had arrived on the scene at about that time, sided with the driver. He told the inebriated Coal Oil that he was finished.

Back to Calhoun's bar the offended Coal Oil stomped, there to nurse his thirst and his ego. "I'll get even with them," he announced in a thick voice after downing his third shot. "If Maxwell Land Grant Company don't want me workin' for 'em, then I'll work against 'em. It's gonna cost them fellas before I'm done," he boasted. And so it would.

THREE HORSES were missed the following week at a ranch on Ute Creek some miles away. Speculation ran high that Jimmy and his pal, who had checked out of the Cimarron Hotel that same morning, might be involved. Suspicions were confirmed the following day when Antonio Garcia, a local sheepherder, brought the dead body of Manuel Martinez into town. Along with the body of his friend, Antonio brought a ghastly story.

They were tending their flock, Garcia related, when two men who matched the description of Coal Oil Jimmy and Taylor rode up and demanded a sheep to butcher for their supper.

"Impossible!" the herders told them. They didn't own the sheep, but were simply tending them for the man who did.

"I'll have me either a sheep or a Mexican!" the infuriated Buckley roared as he drew his gun and fired at them pointblank.

"Stop it!" Taylor cried as he grabbed for Jimmy's arm, but by then it was too late. Martinez lay mortally wounded on the ground. Garcia, terrified, surrendered the sheep to the two men who then took their leave.

That same day a posse rode out in search of the killers, only to return at nightfall, empty-handed. The skin and carcass of a sheep, they reported, and the ashes of a dead campfire nearby were all that marked the scene of the crime. The trail was impossible to follow more than a few hundred yards.

Talk about the killing was still making the rounds several days later, on October 9, when Wade Adkins pulled up his exhausted team in front of the Cimarron station with the news that Coal Oil Jimmy had struck again. True to his boastful words, Jimmy was making the company pay. He and his partner had lain in wait at the spot in the road where Clear Creek emptied its waters into the Cimarron River. It was a regular watering stop, as Coal Oil knew, and his knowledge had paid off. When the coach creaked slowly to a stop and the driver stepped down, the pair was ready.

There had been no attempt by the men to hide their faces, Adkins reported, and there was no mistaking that one was Coal Oil Jimmy.

Much to the satisfaction of the frightened passengers and townspeople, Governor Marsh Gidding and the Maxwell Land Grant Company offered rewards totaling $1,200 for the outlaws' capture "Dead or Alive." Such words stirred the imagination of men to whom $1,200 was three years pay—more money than they'd ever dreamed of. But where to begin? The sheriff's posse had just returned empty-handed again, and after all, no one really expected to see Coal Oil around Cimarron for a while. He'd light out for distant parts, old-timers said, or at least lay low for a time. Perhaps that's just what Coal Oil hoped they'd be saying because on the 19th of October he struck again!

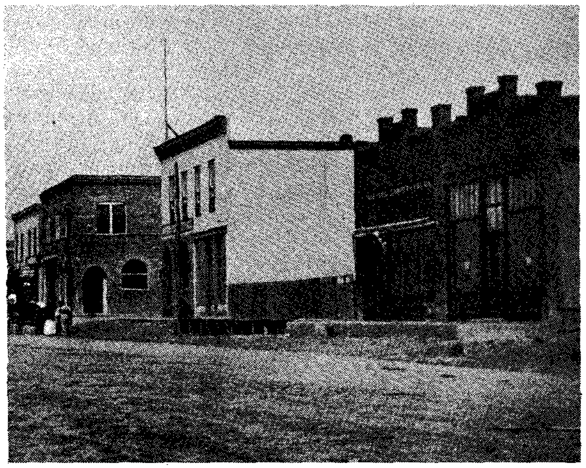
THIS TIME it was the westbound coach out of Cimarron to Elizabethtown. The driver, Charlie Bryant, hauled the team up short to avoid boulders which had apparently fallen across the road. Barely had he started down from his seat to clear the obstruction than a cold voice barked from the ground, "Throw out the express box and no funny stuff!"

It was Coal Oil Jimmy talking from the butt end of a shotgun pointed squarely at the driver. A quick glance showed that the outlaw's partner covered the coach from the other side of the road. Recalling that since the last holdup, cash shipments had been halted, Bryant breathed a little easier to know that the express box would be empty. He kicked the heavy chest to the ground, after which Coal Oil waved him on his way.

Although the outlaws would be chagrined to find that their troubles netted them nothing more than an empty

(Continued on page 56)

The daily stage from Elizabethtown (right) raced down the main street of Cimarron (below) in 1871 to announce a holdup by Coal Oil Jimmy.



Potter's Point

(Continued from page 9)

in locating them, and one afternoon Mrs. Potter heard clanging as the horses were driven off by the Indians. Fuming and fussing at this outrage, she was debating what course to follow when the chief of the nearby Indian village made an appearance at the door.

Harriet informed him she knew of the theft of the horses, but laid the blame to the "bad boys" of the village. The chief ignored the woman's complaint. In fact he seemed reluctant to leave and kept edging slowly inside the house.

Not sure of his intentions, for the Indian knew of her husband's absence—she backed slowly to within reach of the gun rack. "What do you want?" she asked the advancing Caddo, trying to conceal the fear welling up within her.

"Want to stay all night," replied the chief in a matter-of-fact tone. "Your man gone. I stay."

Mrs. Potter replied by snatching the shotgun from the rack and telling the chief he not only could not spend the night, but to have the horses back at the place the next morning without fail. The chief stood for a moment with a glum expression on his face, then left, muttering to himself. The next morning the horses were safely back in the corral.

After Potter returned from Shreveport, a neighbor came to secure his help in saving her husband from a mob in Clarksville. He had been accused of murder and was in immediate danger of being hanged without legal trial.

Potter rode to Clarksville, arriving as the man was being taken to the gallows. The fiery Potter burst through the throng and pleaded eloquently for a fair trial for the prisoner. But though the people listened patiently and seemed genuinely moved by his reference to the man's wife and small children, the hanging took place within minutes after Potter finished speaking.

(The failure to save the man's life was no reflection on Potter's ability as an orator, and the townspeople proved their good will toward the Colonel and their appreciation of his talents by electing him Senator from Red River County at the next election.)

During his absence from Potter's Point, Indians had run off his horses again. Potter gathered a group of men and rode to the village, taking an Indian squaw prisoner in an effort to secure the return of the horses. This move infuriated the Indians and they attacked the white men. After a bloody battle in which seven Indians and two white men were killed, the Indians were subdued. The Colonel and one of his neighbors were wounded.

SOON AFTER, the Potters went to Shreveport and stayed for a period of six months to give the situation a chance to cool down. A daughter had been born to Harriet prior to this, and when the family returned it seemed that peace would at last come to the Point. Potter had taken a league and labor of land on the north side of the lake and was the first man to file on land in what was later to become Marion County.

Shortly after the couple's return from Shreveport, the first steamboat made an appearance on the lake, and within months other families came into the area and began to settle on land adjacent to the Potter estate.

One of these newcomers was William Pinckney Rose, a man who fought with Andrew Jackson at the Battle of New Orleans during the war of 1812. Rose was reputed to have been a cruel and quarrelsome man, a nature which earned him the title, "Lion of the Lakes." Soon trouble developed between Potter and Rose over a combination of political differences and arguments about land boundaries. After Rose had killed several men—including a sheriff in the area—and had acted in a cruel and overbearing manner toward others who crossed his path, Potter went to Austin and secured a warrant for Rose's arrest.

That Potter also had other enemies in the lake country is attested to by the story of his being forced to dance at gun-point. He was invited, during the "Regulator-Moderator War," to visit the home of one of his enemies, across Caddo Lake from his home on the north shore. The enmity between the two men had not yet risen to the white heat it later reached, and Potter evidently felt no reluctance in visiting his neighbor. His enemy waited, pistol in hand, smiling with anticipation. Potter, on his arrival, was forced at gun-point to dance to the music of a Negro band assembled especially for the occasion.

Potter danced and danced; each time he slowed from the beat of the music his host sent another slug whining into the dirt at his heels to encourage the lagging Colonel. By some means Potter got possession of the weapon about midnight, and roaring with laughter, set his tormentor to a dance which lasted until daylight. Tiring of the sport, the two weary men breakfasted together at sunrise, the enmity of the night forgotten.

The trouble with Rose, however, was not to be so easily settled. Potter gathered a group of his friends and went to the Rose place to serve a warrant of arrest. The old man escaped by having his slaves cover him with brush until the Potter party searched the place and was convinced Rose was absent. After returning to Potter's Point, the Moderators disbanded and each went to his home.

LET us now, through Mrs. Potter's eyes, view the culmination of the affair and Rose's terrible revenge. "When I learned of the results of their mission I was distressed. 'When Old Rose hears that you have been hunting for him he will come here tonight and try to kill you,' I said. I begged him to gather all the men he could and have them in the house with firearms ready for an attack. He only laughed at my fears. He admitted that Rose might feel revengeful, but that it would be impossible for him to get men enough that night to make an attack. He was so tired that he would not listen to any thought of danger, and so we went to rest. . . .

"I felt very anxious as night advanced, and presently the barking of the dogs warned me that some stranger was around the house. I woke my husband up and called his attention to this fact, but he would not believe the house was being surrounded and said he was so very tired to let him alone. I was too uneasy to sleep any myself and listened intently to the sounds outside; the barking and growling of the dogs, the whirr of the crickets in the woods, and I could imagine footfalls of human beings. So the night wore on until I felt I could bear the suspense no longer. We always had our meal ground for breakfast in a steel mill, and it was almost time for the performance of that first morning duty. I aroused and woke the boy whose business it was to grind the meal, and told him it was time to get the meal ready for breakfast. The boy was obliged to cross the yard in order to reach the corn-crib and get a supply of corn for the meal.

"In a few moments he went out; he did not return, and as time went on and the gray morning began to break into the dusk of night, and shadows became less deep and dark, I roused my brother and told him about the boy's absence. He went to look for him, and he, too, remained. We had an old man living with us who always fed the hogs and when he started to go out to his work, I said to him, 'It is very strange that George does not commence to grind the meal for breakfast; I wish you would see what is the matter.'

"I waited awhile and unable to stand the anxiety any longer I decided to go myself. I stepped out into the early morning and started toward the kitchen. Just as the man Hezekiah went over the stile some little distance from the left side of the house, I was halfway to the kitchen. A posse shot him down and tried to take me prisoner. I was very active and I darted away from them and ran into the house. Several shots were fired and their sound awoke my husband.

" 'What does that mean?' he asked me, as I came into the house.

" 'It means the house is surrounded, and that we will have to fight or die,' I replied.

" 'Where are all the men?' he inquired, at once on the alert. And then I said what I have always regretted saying, for I think it was a terrible blow to him, that probably discouraged him from making any defense. 'I suppose the men are all killed; they have just killed one,' I answered. Then he wanted to escape from the house, but I begged him not to go, and his little daughter whom he loved tenderly, cried and screamed for her Papa not to leave her. I think he was unnerved by the loss of the men and thought that his only safety lay in getting away from the house.

" 'I want to tell you something,' he said at three different times, but I was so anxiously trying to persuade him to remain with me and defend himself that I did not ask him what it was, nor did I understand the meaning of his words until afterwards.

"HE looked through a small crack in the wall at the back of the house

(Continued on page 34)

GERONIMO'S LONG DEBT FOR A PONY

BY A. KINNEY GRIFFITH

Photos Courtesy Author

Geronimo, 1905, in costume worn at President Theodore Roosevelt's inaugural parade and at the St. Louis Exposition.

Bills sometime become regarded as uncollectable—but there was no statute of limitations for Jimmy Stevens

Author's Note: Jimmy Stevens was the father of my lifelong friend, Harry Stevens, San Carlos Apaches. This sketch is based on the many stories they told me as we visited over the years.

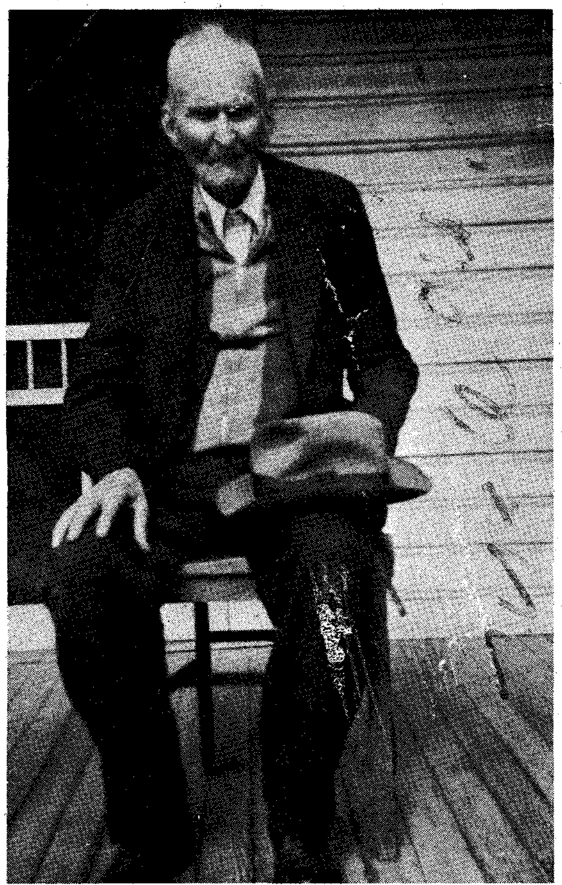
Jimmy Stevens (left), Apache interpreter, with delegation to Omaha, 1898.

JIMMY STEVENS, half-Apache son of frontiersman George Stevens, was growing up. On this balmy autumn day of 1880, Jimmy was eleven years old. His father, that morning, had given him a pony, a calico beauty. Jimmy climbed into the homemade saddle and proudly rode up along the meadow to tend the family sheep herd. The summer lambs were frisky and needed protection from voracious lobos. His parents' Eureka Springs ranch lay along the south bank of the Rio Gila, bordering the San Carlos Apache Reservation.

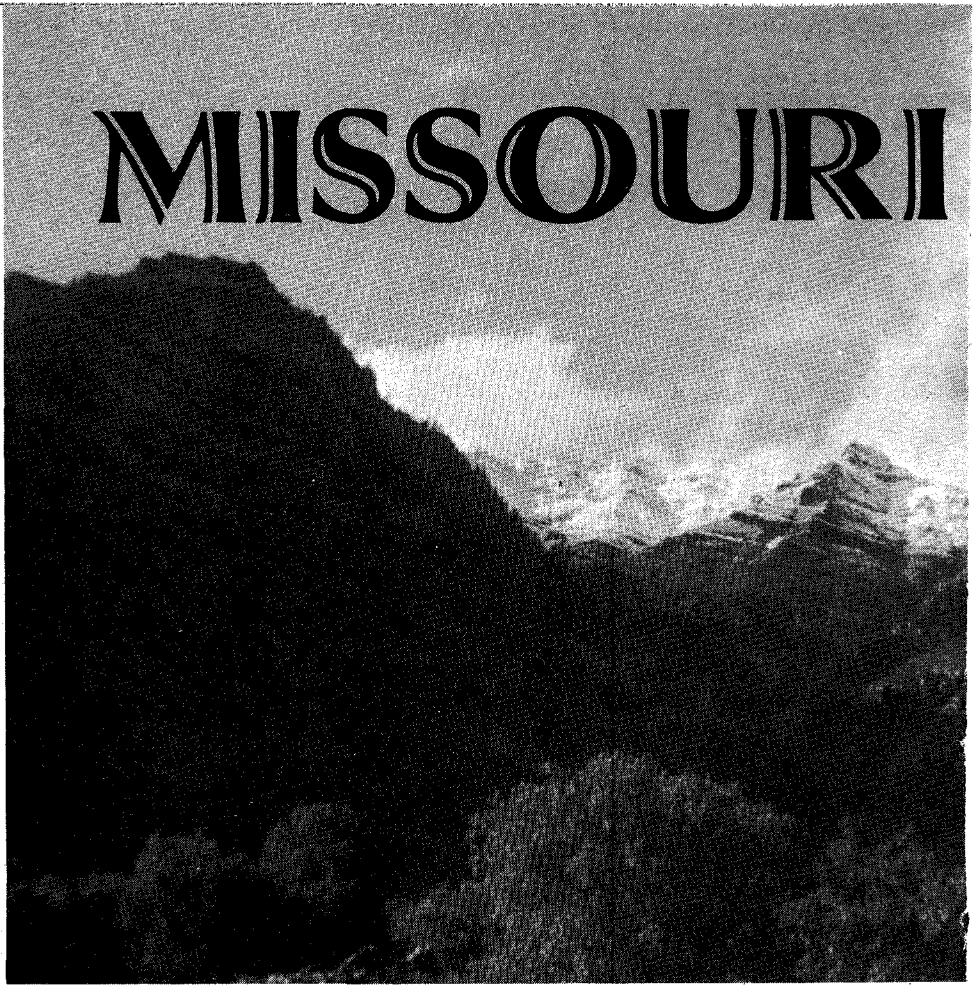
The lad was intent with his work when from out of nowhere a band of about thirty riders charged down on him. They were led by the hated Chiricahua, Geronimo. Calling little Jimmy a dumb Coyotero, Geronimo quirted him on the head, knocking him out of the saddle, and took the pony. The other Indians rode into the flock, caught six sheep, cut their throats, and gave the bleeding carcasses to the women in the band for their next meal. Jimmy was not too concerned over the loss of the sheep but he was heartbroken over the loss of his calico pony.

(Continued on page 40)

MISSOURI



Greyson Welsh, taken just before his death in Flagstaff, Arizona about 1920.



A distant view of the snow-capped Sierra Madre.

It's hard to imagine that a man of Welsh's time and place could live to be ninety. From age seventeen every day was a peril, and ravishment of spirit and body was commonplace . . .

IN 1847 I crossed the plains with the volunteers from St. Louis, Missouri, going to take part in the war in Mexico. At that time the Comanches were a power on the plains. The battalion I belonged to was attacked while in camp on the Arkansas River.

On the opposite side of the river were sand hills. Wood was very scarce in the region and on arriving in camp it was customary for a number of the most active young men to go out and search for fuel, mostly buffalo chips.

On looking across the river we saw five piles of what looked like driftwood. This had been placed by Indians as a decoy, but no suspicion was felt at the time as we had heretofore not seen any Indians and no one understood Indian tricks.

Some thirty men started in haste for the wood. Suddenly, about twenty-five mounted Comanches charged out at us, using their long, sharp spears as they would ride a man down, spear him through, catch him by the hair and scalp him without dismounting. Out of the thirty men, they killed and scalped twenty of us. Our company came to our rescue and the Indians fled, with the scalps of our comrades dangling in their hands. It took me several days to get over the shock, it being my first encounter with the blood-thirsty Comanches. At this time, in common with white men in general, I looked upon all Indians as fit only to be killed.

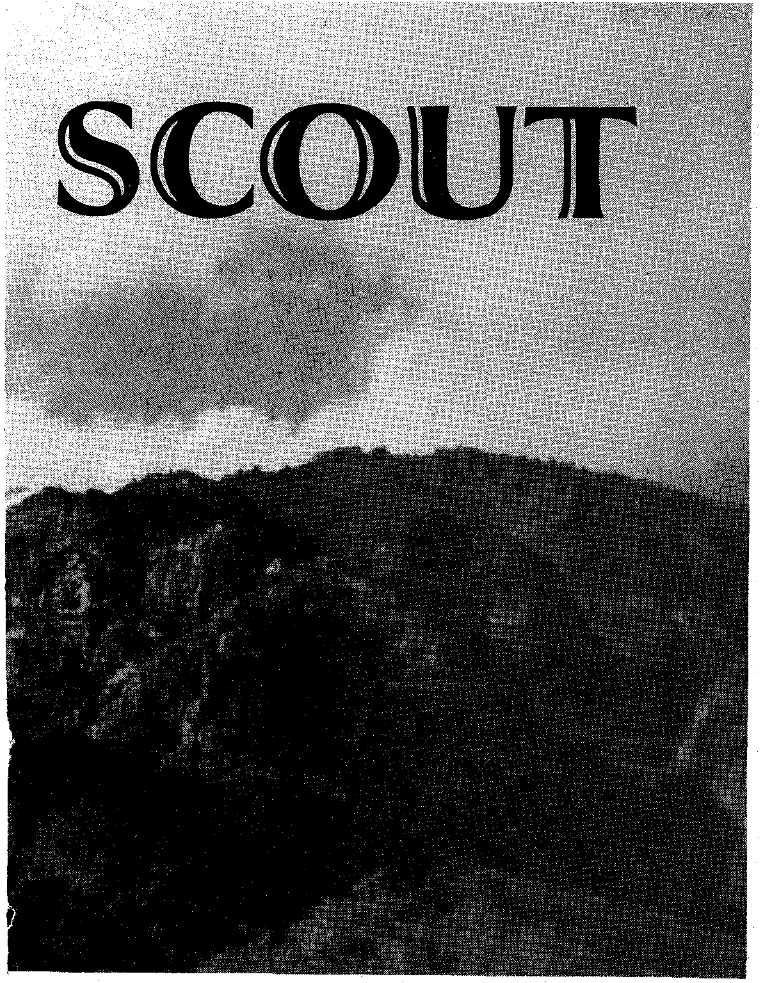
After the war with Mexico was over, I remained in that country. I found a kindly feeling toward many of the Mexican people, studied the Spanish language so as to read and write it and act as interpreter. My mind often reverts to those three years. I had been left an orphan at the age of twelve and I went into the world alone, probably as willful a boy as ever lived. No one could control me by any means other than kindness and this I did not meet with often. I often wonder how I made it. It must have been by the help of God.

In the summer of 1850 I joined a large company being fitted at Santa Fe, New Mexico, to go to California by the old Spanish Trail leading to Salt Lake, 'then upper California. The Salt Lake country was known as the Great Desert of America. The party was taking through some 6,000 head of sheep and 1,300 head of cattle. The old mountaineers prophesied we would never get across the Ute country; however, the owners concluded to risk the venture. Beef and mutton were very scarce at the gold mines of California and brought high prices.

At that time the Ute Nation extended from the settlements of New Mexico to the Utah Valley. Being a very proud and haughty people, they demanded tribute from everyone passing through their country. The Utes believed they would recognize one another in the next world by their hair and if they were scalped they would be strangers to their own people. They would run great risks to keep those killed in battle from falling into the hands of the enemy and being scalped.

When we reached the bend of the Dolores River, we were surrounded by 500 well-armed warriors. We numbered only 50 men, mostly American. The Chief sent us word that his son had died on the Mancos River near where we were camped and he wanted one man as a sacrifice—either an American or Mexican. He said if we didn't give up a man

SCOUT



Taken from the Journal of GREYSON WELSH
submitted by
DAN WOODS

Photos Courtesy Author

Courtesy Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation

The Ute above is typical of the tribe with which Welsh was left to recuperate.

he would declare war and we all would be killed.

Our interpreter seemed very worried and uneasy. He suggested to our Captain we might draw lots to see what man went to the Indians. But our Captain considered this an insult and sent word to the Chief that we had no men to give up voluntarily but we had plenty to fight with. We all loved our Captain for that. His name was O'Hagen, an old Irish boy, and he wasn't afraid of the Devil himself, let alone a common Indian chief.

As they came near us, 500 of them armed and on horseback, I could hear our brave mountain men mumbling prayers and the Mexicans crossing themselves and praying to the blessed Virgin. Captain O'Hagen called the Chief to come forth and parley. The Chief and five head men came out after a little while and the parley began.

They started at about two in the afternoon. At last, about dark, they decided on making peace and 500 Indians came into our camp of 50 men. There was much handshaking and exchanging of beads, paint, tobacco and many other articles. In those days before the white men taught the Indians to lie, their word was sacred.

ON December 15, 1850 we came in sight of Salt Lake. As we were crossing a high mountain on a narrow trail, the ground gave way under me and my mule, and we fell for almost a quarter of a mile. The mule was killed and both my legs were broken.

The men were all sure I'd die so they didn't do much for me. I had lockjaw for three days but I made up my mind I'd live so I gave them all a good cussing as soon as I could use my tongue.

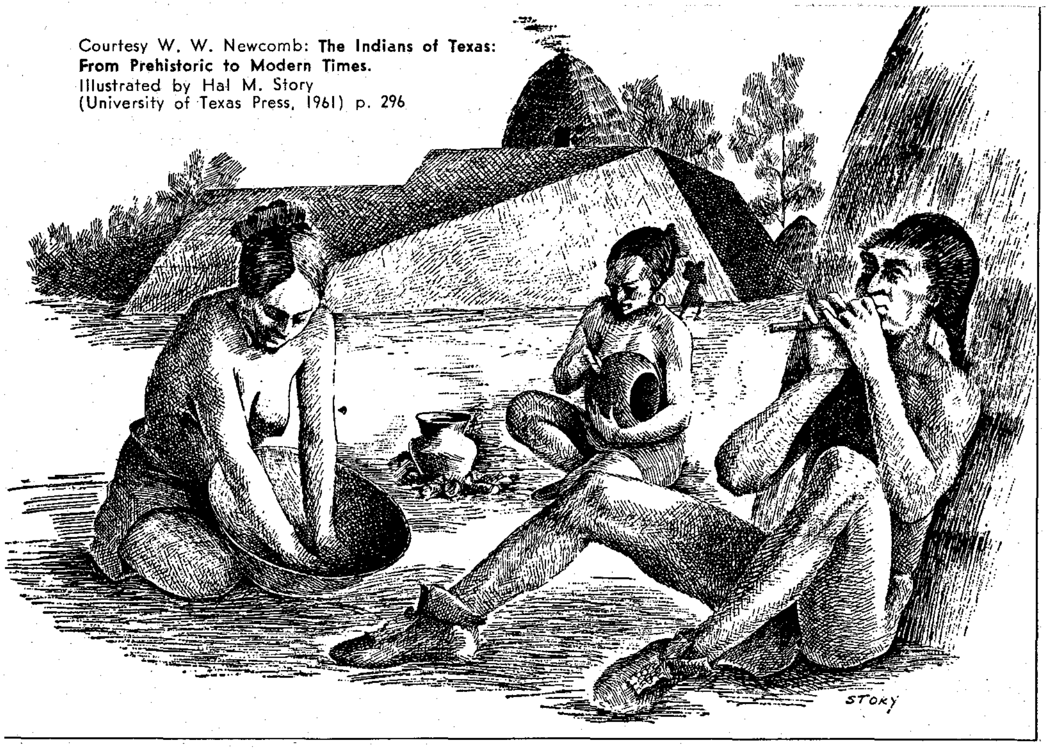
My leg bones were sticking through the flesh in several place, but after they were set by two men holding me down and two more pulling my legs back in place, I seemed to get a little stronger. My companions could not carry me with them any longer, however, so they left me with a band of Ute Indians. They were a Nomad tribe, traveling most of the time. I could not ride so they made me a frame, the foundation being a Mexican *aparejo*, or pack saddle.

They were very kind to me and doctored me with herbs and Indian medicine. I believe if I had stayed with my original party I would have died for sure. The Indians were very good doctors. They fed me nothing for weeks on end and I got so poor I was just a skeleton. But I had seen wild animals get hurt and hide for days without food or drink and come out well in time. I think the Indian medicine man knew this; my wounds, after awhile, dried up and got well, for they had nothing to feed on.

After I could hop around a little, the Indians took me into the high mountains. There white people came to trade with them. The Utes lived in the beautiful mountains in the summer, then in winter went to San Pete Valley.

While in San Pete Valley with some white traders, I saw a band of Indians with two white women, captured when they were little girls. Although they could not speak a word of English, the girls seemed to know I wanted to talk to them. The oldest was about twenty-five, I would say, and had two children, who looked like half-breeds, following her. The other white girl looked only sixteen or seventeen years old. They were

(Continued on page 62)



Courtesy W. W. Newcomb: **The Indians of Texas: From Prehistoric to Modern Times.**
Illustrated by Hal M. Story
(University of Texas Press, 1961) p. 296

Caddo Indians lived in the area of Potter's Point. The above illustration depicts a village scene.

Potter's Point

(Continued from page 30)

and seeing the number of the attacking men he said that the only thing for him to do was to get down to the lake where he would be safe as he was a fine swimmer. We had a cannon and plenty of firearms all loaded, and I reminded him that I could load guns as fast as he could.

"'We can defend ourselves,' I said. 'I will stand by you as long as we both live. If you will just kill Old Rose and Schott [the reference here to "Schott" evidently had reference to John W. Scott, grandson of Rose] the difficulty will be at an end.' But in the haste and excitement of the moment he paid no attention to the argument. Some weight seemed to be on his mind; something that he wanted to tell me.

"As he left the house he said, 'They cannot hurt you, anyhow.' I thought he meant the men in the yard, but I learned afterward that his words bore another meaning. He ran from the house and jumped the fence. Six shots were fired at him. Just by the fence stood Sandy Miller and Stephen Peters.

"'Why, these are my friends,' he called to me.

"'No! They are not friends!' I answered back, and as he jumped over the rails both men fired at him; the group who had been stationed behind the house yelled like Indians as they fired after Col. Potter's retreating form, and pointed the way he had gone. He ran down the hill and along the beach under the cliff unhurt by the bullets which whistled after him. We had cut steps down the steep bank to the spring, at the foot of which grew three magnificent cypress trees.

"Leaning his gun against one of the trees my husband sprang into the lake, and dived out of sight of his pursuers. Schott ran down the bank behind him, while Old Rose levelled his gun at me and ordered me to go into the house. What careless spirit could have entered my husband's mind and caused him to leave his gun on the shore is more than I could ever comprehend.

"Schott seized it, and as Col. Potter's head rose out in the lake HE FIRED! Old Rose, still with his gun drawn on me tried to force me to go in, but I told him that I would not move a step; nor did I.

"Presently Schott came up the bank and said to Rose, with some indignation, 'What are you abusing Mrs. Potter for? She has never done you any harm; come on, let's go. We have done what we came to do.'

"I thought they were just talking to annoy me, now that my husband had escaped them. But before he would go Old Rose determined to wound me in some way. Turning, he said with a cruel sneer, 'Now what do you think of your pretty Bobby?' Our small cannon loaded with buckshot stood beside me, but I had been unable to find the matches to fire it with.

"When Old Rose spoke to me I exclaimed, 'If only I had a match to touch off this cannon I would shoot your tongue down your throat!' What the wretch would have done, I do not know, but Schott said I was too brave a woman to kill, and took him away.

"The other men released the boy and my brother whom they had taken prisoners, and I went with George to see if Hezekiah was quite dead. We found him living and dressed his wounds, from which he finally recovered. [Although Hezekiah recovered, he was ever after known by the nickname—"Old Rose's Lead Mine" because of the number of buckshot he carried in his body.] When Hezekiah had been cared for we began to look for Col. Potter. He was not on the islands, nor on the shore; we searched all that day until I despaired of ever finding him alive and thought after all, Schott had killed him when he fired into the lake with his own gun. . . .

"In the morning we decided to take the cannon down to the lake and fire it across the water, so if Col. Potter had indeed been drowned we might recover his body. We had rowed about the lake all the day before, searching it well with a large spy-glass and nothing else was left for us to do. We got the cannon down to the place from which he had jumped into the lake, for his tracks were plainly visible, but there was no need to fire it—for there in the morning light lay my husband asleep upon the water.

"That was a terrible time for me; we carried him up to the house and found that he had been shot in the back of the head. In his trousers pocket was the match I had needed so sorely to fire the cannon upon his murderers. There were only two among all the men whom he had befriended who dared to come and help bury him.

"There was a beautiful knoll on the hill in front of the house where a clump of tall trees grew. My husband had often said when he died he would like to be buried there. So we bore his body to the grave beneath the clump of trees that he had loved, and laid it there to rest.

"Can anyone imagine what I suffered then? I had two little children and we could not tell when the Rose family would come to murder me because I was the only eye-witness to their crimes. Old Rose perhaps thought that I would not dare to say a word about it that would injure him, but in that he was very much mistaken for I intended to avenge my my husband's foul murder at all hazards. I knew I would have to use strategy in order to bring about my end, and that the utmost caution would be necessary so I stayed quietly at home with my little ones, and if anything were needed to strengthen my resolve, I had only to look at the clump of trees on the knoll that shadowed my husband's grave."

FOR many nights after the murder Rose kept spies around the Potter house trying to ascertain if Mrs. Potter intended to try to reach the authorities to file charges against him. She was alerted to this by the barking of the dogs and devised a ruse to allay his fears and lull the watchers into a state of imagined security.

According to her plan, she, her brother, and a Mr. Parsons discussed an imaginary visit to be made to her neighbor, Mrs. Swanson, who lived across the lake from the Potter house. The plans were overheard by Rose's spies and duly reported to him. Thinking the woman could do no harm in such an out-of-the-way place, Rose removed his men from the Potter land.

The moment the party knew the spies and sentries had been removed, they set about preparing for the trip. The trail lay directly by the Scott farm and they knew much depended upon traversing this dangerous section of the trail with-

(Continued on page 40)

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

GREAT WESTERN ART

Harold von Schmidt Draws and Paints the Old West (Northland Press, $40.00) by Walt Reed is one of the top books on Western Art in this or any other year. Much of the text is in Von's own words—just as he told it to Walt Reed—and this made it even more interesting to this reviewer. He was born and grew up in California and when he finally came East it was to study Harvey Dunn. But before that he worked under and with Maynard Dixon and had lent a helping hand to Will James. His home has been in Westport, Connecticut for many years and it was there that he founded the Famous Artists School but he has always considered himself a Westerner, and his art is primarily of the West. The book contains 220 illustrations of which 50 are in full color. In addition to Von's illustrations there are drawings by Dixon, Dunn, James and Russell and a photo of each of these artist friends and associates Harold McCracken, Dean Krakel and Reed pay tribute to Von in the opening pages of the book and there is a bibliography of the articles, stories and books that he illustrated. Big, beautiful and handsomely produced by Northland—highly recommended.

XIT REP

The Flamboyant Judge—James D. Hamlin (Palo Duro Press, Box 390, Canyon, Texas 79015, $10.00) is the Judge's own story as told to two eminent cow country historians, J. Evetts Haley and William Curry Holden. The dust jacket labels it "The story of Amarillo and the development of the great ranches of the Texas Panhandle" but it is much more. It is the completely fascinating and frank telling of his life story by one of the most colorful characters in Panhandle history—so frank, in fact, that the Judge provided that the story dictated in 1940s could not be published before 1970. This was not for his own protection but because he was just as frank on the foibles of his many friends and associates. Hamlin, a big handsome Kentuckian, arrived in Amarillo in 1897, en route to the Klondike gold fields—but he liked the country and even more the people and the exciting life on the last Texas frontier and that was the end of the Far North dream. After trying his hand in business, as a teacher, lawyer, newspaperman and promoter, Hamlin became the resident representative of the Farwells and the Capitol Reservation Lands. He was responsible for the disposal of their XIT range lands, for town, telephone lines and railroad development and he had many adventures during the forty years he served the Farwells. This reviewer particularly enjoyed the chapter "Scotsmen, Englishmen and Irishmen" (virtually a roundup of the managers of the big foreign-owned ranches in the Panhandle-Plains area) and "Libel Suit, Inlaws and Outlaws" (the story of Haley's first book, *The XIT Ranch of Texas and the Early Days of the Llano Estacodo*, 1929 and the libel suit which made it "rare" in a two year period). Holden was responsible for organizing Hamlin's manuscript for publication—Haley edited and annotated it; his footnotes, especially those identifying the individuals mentioned by the Judge, are highly informative. There are some good photos, an index and in a brief appendix, the complete text of Temple Houston's "Plea for a Fallen Woman." A wonderfully entertaining book—highly recommended.

PEACE OFFICERS

The Arizona Rangers had a short organizational life—about seven and one half years but what a job they did during that brief period! Their numbers were small (fourteen for a couple of years before being increased to twenty-six) but their leadership was great—Captains Burt (Cap) Mossman, Tom Rynning and Harry Wheeler. The bill that created the force provided that the personnel should be chosen from the pick of the cattlemen and law officers on the border. Skill in roping, riding, shooting and trailing plus a general knowledge of the country and a rigid physical examination determined the fitness of a man desiring to become a Ranger. Most of the Rangers were ex-cowboys—of the 107 men who served at various times sixty listed their previous occupation as "cowboy," "stockman," "cowman" or "cattleman." Thirty-nine of the 107 gave Texas as their place of birth. While biographies have honored two of the Ranger captains, Mossman and Rynning, and a number of novels have been written about the force, *The Arizona Rangers* (Hastings House, $8.95) compiled and edited by Joseph Miller, is the first book-length factual account of the services of this state force. The text, for the most part, was taken from the files of the Arizona newspapers of their period of service, 1901-1908. Miller also used the official reports and records, and although the accounts deal primarily with individual activities of a Ranger on a small detachment of the force, one gets a fair picture of the work of this dedicated group of peace officers. The concensus seems to be that the opposition of the sheriffs resulted in the legislature abolishing the Rangers, over the veto of the governor (1909). Episodic but informative and entertaining. Recommended.

LAND OF ENCHANTMENT

Echoes of the Past; New Mexico's Ghost Towns (University of New Mexico Press, $15.00) by Patricia F. Maleski brings a new dimension or at least an expanded interpretation into the usual treatment of ghost towns. Her "woman's touch" has resulted in more than a sincere portrayal of personal adventure, it has resulted in portraying ghost-town inhabitants as real-life, honest-to-goodness warm men, women and children. Primarily by using old newspapers such as *The Black Range* published in Chloride in the 1880s, the author portrays day-to-day human experiences—life, death, comedy, tragedy, hope, and dispair. Towns are treated individually or in groups, depending on relationships. Location, history, principal minerals and companies and unique features are recounted. The excellent photographs, the interesting text loaded with direct quotes, and the bibliography and index puts *Echoes of the Past* at the top of the reviewer's list as far as ghost towns are concerned.

Living Legends of the Santa Fe Country (Sunstone Review & Press, Inc., $2.95 paper) by Alice Bullock is a revised and enlarged "pictoral guidebook for those looking for the strange and wonderful in the land of enchantment." Alice Bullock is book editor of the Santa Fe *Daily New Mexican* in which some of the material in her book first appeared. Twenty-four stories about local legends of Chimayo, Nambe Pueblo, Santa Cruz, Black Mesa, and many other New Mexico localities will bring new meaning and warmth to the colorful local scenes. Each story is illustrated with one or more black and white photographs, and an index increases the book's usefulness.

DELIGHTFUL DRAWINGS

Swinney Switch, Texas and Other South Texas Scenes (Texas News Syndicate Press, P.O. Box 1414, Corpus Christi, Texas 78403 $2.95) is a picture book of an interpretive collection of original sketches by Gerda McMurry of Corpus Christi. The introduction and the short explanatory text is by Vernon Smylie. The artist is a native of Latvia who arrived in the U.S. in 1950—she studies art at the University of Texas and earned a bachelor of fine arts degree in 1956. The drawings are delightful and many of them are of historic importance in preserving the record of our past—and yes, there *is* a Swinney Switch, Texas—your reviewer was through it many times!

PICTORIAL HISTORY

Historic sites of Texas (Dean June R. Welch, The University of Dallas, Irving, Texas 75060, $10.95) covers 72 of the many historic places in the Lone Star State. It seems to have grown of a 1969 project in which Dean Welch was involved—the photographing of the 254 county courthouses. In the main, the 72

(Continued on page 64)

NUGGETS

CISCO

By Bruce Giffen

MUCH has been written about the building of the Central Pacific Railroad over the Sierra Nevada Mountains, but little attention has been given to the interesting towns and villages that sprang up along its route—Cisco, for instance.

Actually a small logging center existed on the site prior to the coming of the railroad, but whether it had a name at that time is not known.

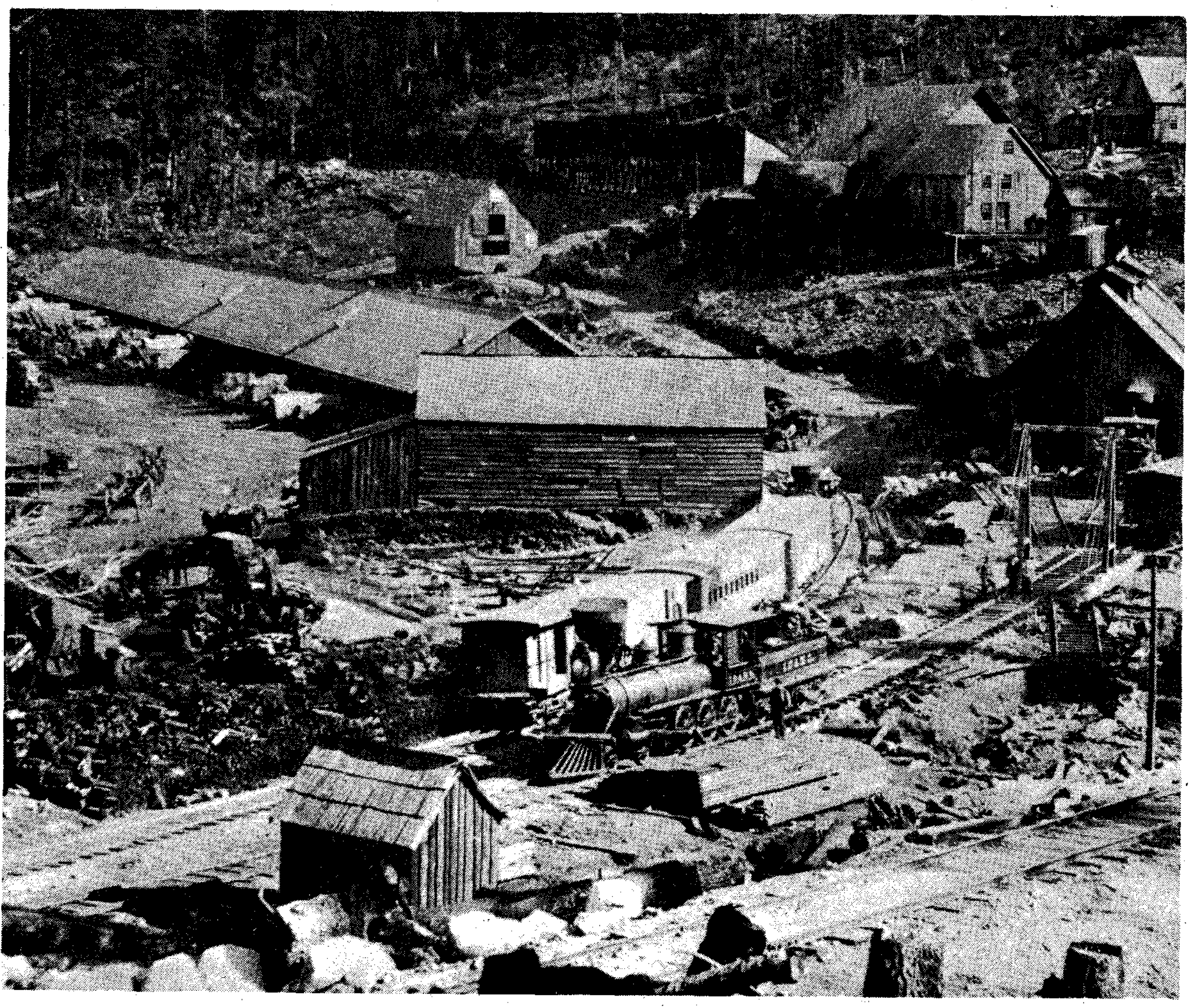
An advance construction camp was set up at Cisco in June 1865 by J. H. Strobridge, construction superintendent of the Central Pacific. It was undoubtedly at this time that the settlement was named for John J. Cisco, who was then Treasurer of the Union Pacific Railroad, and also serving as Assistant Treasurer of the United States.

By November 1866, Cisco had become the main terminus of all construction work on the transcontinental railroad. At this point there was a crew of 8,000 working around the clock. During the first eleven months of 1866 twenty-eight miles of track were laid at a cost of eight million dollars. Much of the construction was through solid granite with no more modern equipment than the pick and shovel. The entire line to this point, ninety-four miles from Sacramento, required a series of twelve tunnels varying from 800 to 1,650 feet in length. Quite an undertaking even with present-day equipment!

Cisco, at an elevation of close to 6,000 feet, soon became a tourist center, even though its main purpose was still as a construction center. Two scheduled trains made the 5½-hour trip to Sacramento each day, at an average speed of something like 16 miles per hour. The passenger fare was $9.40 per person.

General view of Central Pacific construction circa 1867.

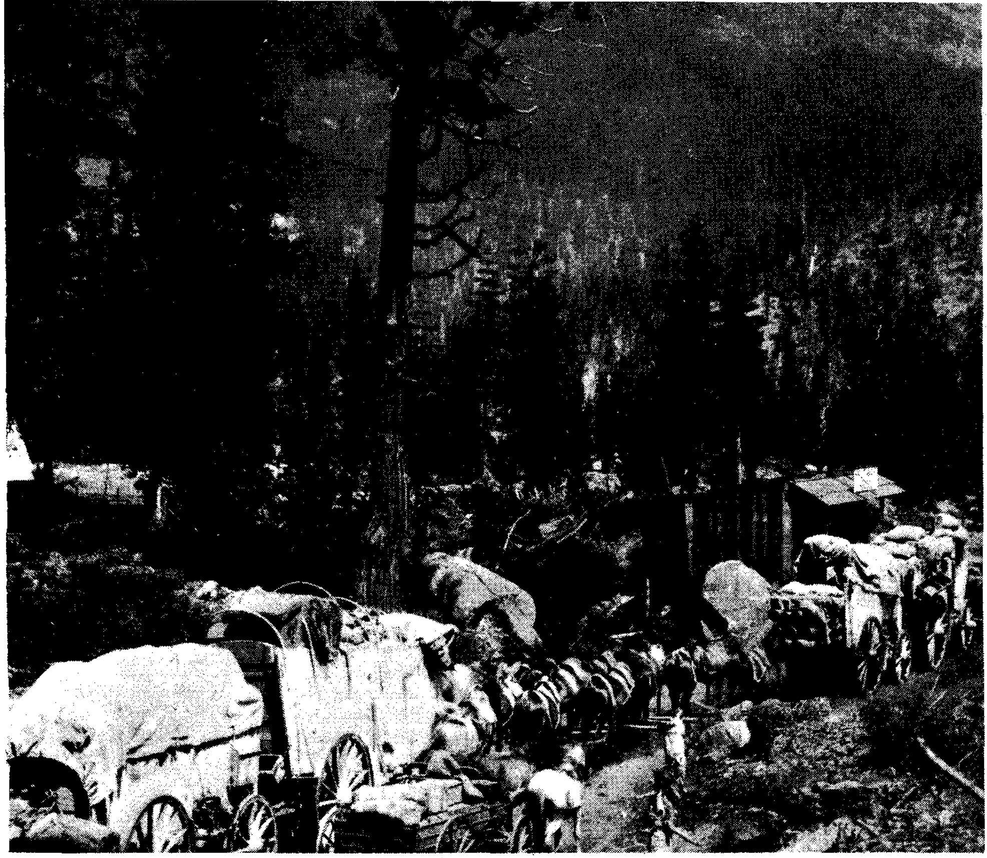
Photos Courtesy Author



For a short time Cisco was a mail pick up point for Wells Fargo; and an energetic gentleman, Jon Torsteinson Rui, who became affectionately known as Snowshoe Thompson, carried mail to Meadow Lake City, a distance of about eight miles on foot (and, of course, on snowshoes during the winter). He kept up a daily schedule for many years.

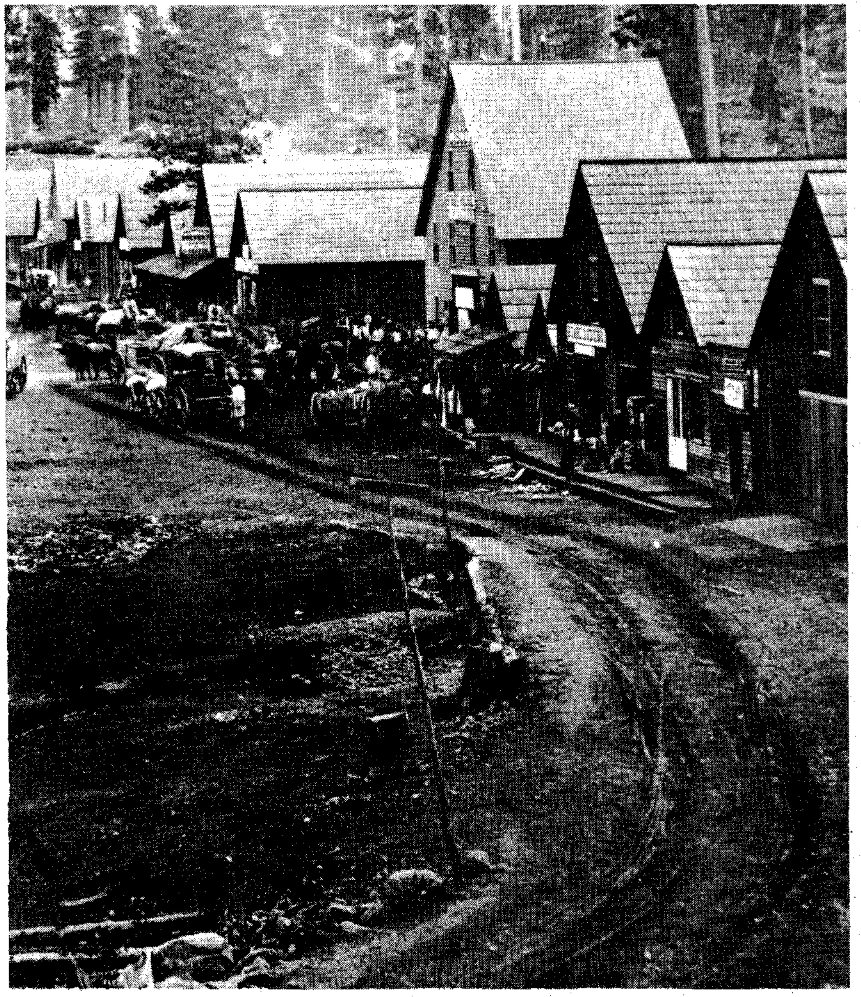
After a few years at Cisco the railroad crews moved on, only to be replaced by a crew of Pacific Gas and Electric Company men whose purpose was to enlarge a few of the company's reservoirs in the Cisco area. By this time the town had become a fairly popular resort town. One-half mile away is the Yuba River, which then had numerous campsites along its banks. Cisco also served as headquarters for guides and horses available for pack trips into the surrounding mountains.

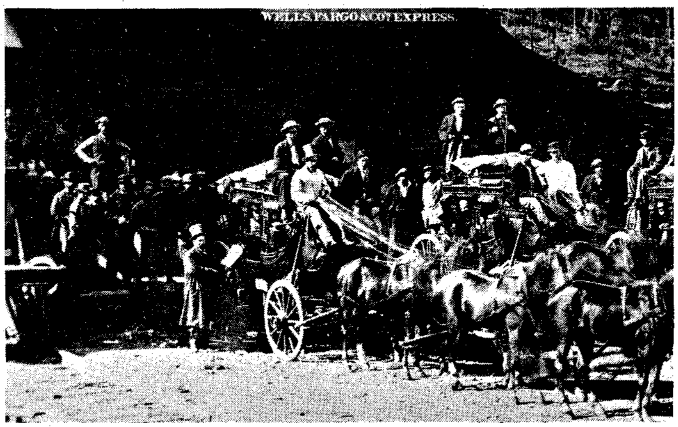
By 1922, however, Cisco's permanent population had dropped from several hundred to about fifty-four. In the mid-1930s it dropped even more though it still served as a stop for passenger trains, with a small restaurant and post office. With the completion of State Highway #40 the little town's importance waned further. By the early 1940s Cisco was a virtually unknown ghost town without even a good access road remaining.



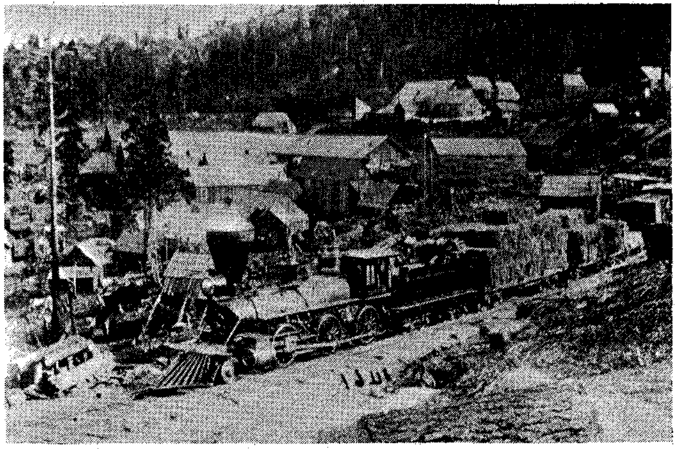
Teams hauling materials and supplies to construction crews in the Sierra Nevadas during the building of the Central Pacific.

Construction of the Central Pacific depot at Cisco.





Stage meeting a CP train at Cisco (above) about 1867. Stagecoaches carried passengers to the mining regions of California and Nevada or overland by the central route to the east. Central Pacific engine No. 13, "Hercules," at Cisco (below) circa 1868.



CHELAN COUNTY, WASHINGTON

By Mrs. Robert Smith

(Written in 1938)

I had never seen sagebrush and Indians and was appalled by the desert. I loved it from the start. Two of the families who had started West with us, went back. Mr. Smith was fearful lest I become homesick when I reached the wilderness and tried to persuade me to stop the winter in Ritzville and wait until he had built a house, but nothing doing. Captain Johnson drove me and the children over the mountains. He took us across the Chelan River in a boat and swam the horses. At the Columbia River he built a flat boat, and paddled team and all across.

Coming down a trail made by the soldiers, the captain tied a huge tree to the back of the wagon. Its branches acted as brakes. The horses were stopped to breathe. I looked up to see Cultus Jim's face peering into the covered wagon. Then, as now, I liked the Indians. They were true friends. The whites taught them all the trickery they knew. The priest had a little mission at Manson. He had the Indians trained into being good. Back of the altar were two pictures—one of Heaven and the other of Hell. The Indian took a look at Hell and was ever after a good Indian. The priest had taught them agriculture and the Indians' vegetables did his teaching credit.

My experiences with the Indians were varied. When my husband was away and not a neighbor for miles around, 200 Indians camped in my dooryard. There was no timber in Chelan, so there was no door in the house. The Indians tracked in and out as they wished. A papoose had a burned foot and the squaw brought in the child and dumped it in my lap for attention. I dressed the little foot and comforted the little savage. Where the Indians had been surly, they were now friendly. I did not sleep a wink the three nights the farm was an Indian tenting ground.

Later I made a frilly frock for Lucy, Long Jim's wife. Lucy was the prettiest and brightest woman in the country, and the shrewdest gambler. At the stick game she got all the Indians' money. Lucy had presented Long Jim with no children. Long Jim wanted papooses. He gave Lucy money and horses and she rode away out of the mountains and no one has seen her since.

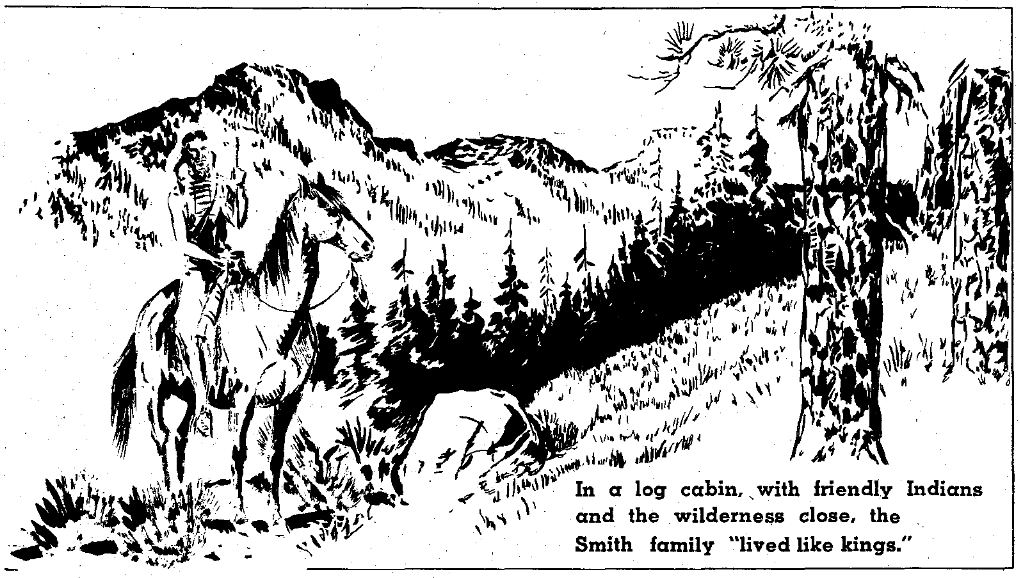
Long Jim got another squaw and had his papooses. The squaws loved their children and were good to them, but terribly mean to their horses. They were in the habit of beating the poor animals over the head with the bridles, bits and all. One could not make them understand the cruelty of it.

While our log cabin was being built, we stopped with the Captain Charles Johnson family, who were living in a dug-out. We slept in a tent, but cooked in the dug-out. Floors were a luxury, as there were no boards. Gravel was spread over the dirt. The women wore moccasins and their sweeping was done with a rake. They would ask each other, "Have you done your house raking today?" When they prospered and could afford a floor, Mr. Johnson threw down his hammer and danced a jig on it. The women put on shoes again. They stepped high and had to become accustomed to walking in them.

There were seven children in the colony. The first school was opened August 6, 1889.

When we added a clothes closet to our log house, Mr. Smith said it looked like a wart. Fifteen dollars worth of good muslin sheeting bought in Yakima finished the inside of the cabin. I picked snakes out of my dresser drawers, but there were pines at my front door and pines at my back door—nature in the raw. I carried water from the lake. The driftwood of ages, white as scrubbed pine, washed up on the beach for fuel. I was never homesick a day and lived every moment of my life. We added to our homestead. The first forty acres are known as Smith's Addition. We planted an orchard. Later, when the dam was built, this was inundated.

Mr. Woodin had his saw mill but was not selling lumber fast enough. He actually made the people believe that they could not get title to even a town lot unless there was a house built on it. The result was an overnight production of little shanties, which caused a tenderfoot child to ask his mother why there were so many privies in Chelan!



In a log cabin, with friendly Indians and the wilderness close, the Smith family "lived like kings."

IN September, a year from my arrival, my third child was born—the first white child to be born in the new town of Chelan. A physician from Waterville was to attend me. Mr. Woodin's son broke his arm, a messenger rushed to Waterville to summon the doctor, and I, conveniently, had my baby while the doctor was there. The fact that the young doctor had never before delivered a child did not daunt me.

On New Year's Day 1889, George Steward staggered into my house. I did not know him, save as a workman. He babbled of Texas and said Steward was not his name. I nursed him, but he died. There was an eclipse of the sun and George passed away while it was at its full. They buried him beside an Indian grave. This was the first death in the settlement. George Steward was one of those whose relatives would never know what had happened to them.

In 1891 the first newspaper was published. Dewitt C. Britt was the editor, printer and janitor.

I have to laugh today as I did fifty years ago, over the women who later joined the pioneers. They boasted of the luxuries they had left behind them in the East. One lady could not enjoy her meals because the bone dishes (semicircular plates, an affectation of the '80s used for holding small bones) had been forgotten. When she was not present people would hold out the picked chicken and say, "Dear, dear! What, no bone dishes? We won't come here any more."

"My father was a lawyer." "Mine was a physician—I came from St. Louis." "I came from Chicago," and so on—just as though we all hadn't had fathers and, Good Gracious, we all had come from somewhere!

With my home a log cabin and life as primitive as could be, I would pack up my children and ride with my husband into the wilderness "for a change." The children swam; the men fished and went deer shooting. There were huckleberries, bull trout, brook trout, ducks and venison. We lived like kings. I could never make my friends believe me in later years, but there were no flies in Chelan. In July one could hang a venison in the trees to age. The yellowjackets would swarm about it, but not a single nasty fly. The yellowjackets would crawl across my hands while I would be cutting a hunk of venison. I would brush them away and was never stung.

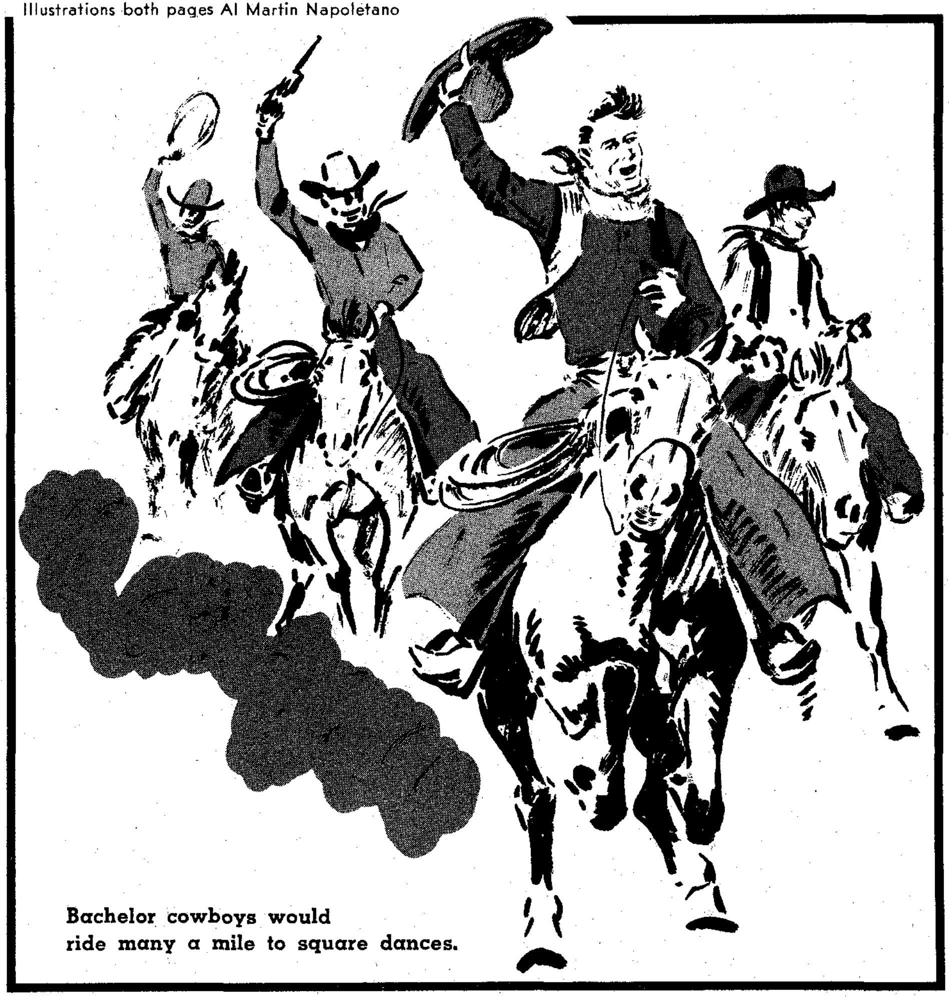
My sister and brother-in-law came to visit. They had braved the trip from Iowa to see me. The house was so small I put my guests in a tent pitched under a tree, thinking how much they would enjoy it. When I saw my brother-in-law's diamond shirt studs I had my misgivings, but there was nothing to be done about it. I recall overhearing, "This is pretty tough, roughing it like this."

The Ben Martin family arrived. Mrs.

Martin was an accomplished musician and had played the pipe organ in church in the East. She was a lively, cultured lady and lived in the liveliest log house in town. She gave music lessons to the children.

I pause to wonder at the cultivated educated people who lived in little log cabins, and later at what cheap people lived in the big houses. Only the strong and sturdy toughed out the early days. There was not a foreigner in the community. They were just people with vision and imagination who got as far as Chelan.—Taken from *Reminiscences of Pioneer Life in Washington,* Volume 2.

Illustrations both pages Al Martin Napoletano



Bachelor cowboys would ride many a mile to square dances.

WHEN THE COWBOYS PICKED THE BRIDE

By Agnes Wright Spring

ALBERT HIRAM (Bert) Bell came to Wyoming from Texas in 1884 when he was twenty-nine. For a time he worked for Frank Prager and batched at the Bar M ranch. Because mail service was intermittent, the ranchmen circulated a petition and a post office was established in 1890 called Toltec, with Bert Bell as postmaster.

Bert kept the office equipment and mail in an Arbuckle's coffee box. The mail was carried by horseback from Rock Creek twice a week in good weather and whenever convenient in bad.

In 1891 Bert Bell persuaded a friend, Fred Gibbany, to form a partnership and they located on land about three miles east of the Fetterman stage road and the old Thirty and Forty Mile Stage Station.

The two men purchased some calves, obtained a brand and began to build up a herd. They built a small log cabin, a barn and some pole corrals near a spring. Early in 1894, Fred Gibbany sold Bert his share of the cattle and returned to his home in Missouri.

Bert stayed on, and boasted that he could live on fifty dollars a year. He was a happy-go-lucky person who never worried and wasn't too particular about his housekeeping. When he made pancakes he greased the griddle with an old fork around which was tied a cloth. After greasing the griddle with bacon grease, Bert stuck the fork in a crack in a log near his cook stove, for future use.

Because Bert always demanded ten per cent interest on loans, he was referred to as "Uncle Ten Per Cent." He saved his money and prospered. With other bachelors Bert used to ride many miles to square dances where he served as caller. "Big toe up, little toe down; swing your partner round and round."

In the fall of 1897 Hattie Ewalt, a teacher from West Virginia who had completed her summer term of school in the Laramie Peak area, was in Laramie on her way home. Bert Bell and some of his friends had made a cattle shipment and were in town celebrating over the prices they had received. The "boys" met Hattie at the Kuster Hotel and decided that Bert Bell should have a wife. They persuaded Hattie to marry him. Alex Moore helped Bert obtain a marriage license and Neil Matheson ordered a big dinner, inviting anyone who came into the hotel that evening to join in the festivities. The next day Hattie and Bert went back to Bert's ranch.

The neighbors gave a charivari and took Hattie some wedding presents, among which was a kerosene lamp (Bert used a lantern); two kettles, as Bert cooked in tin cans; and two warm woollen blankets to be used instead of the heavy horse blankets. Hattie was pleased with the friendliness of her new neighbors, but when they departed after the charivari, she never saw any of them again!

WINTER began early; snow became deep. Hattie had no books or magazines. Bert rode to the post office twice during the winter for mail. The supply of coal oil gave out, and the only light in evenings came from an open stove lid, which caused the stove to smoke. The cabin had a dirt floor and only one small window. This would drift over almost daily.

Hattie tried to remain cheerful. She knew Bert had money enough to build a better home but whenever she suggested it, he assured her that the cabin was "good enough." When spring came Bert, after much persuasion, gave Hattie $50 and let her go to Laramie. She never came back to the ranch. After two years Bert obtained a divorce on the grounds of desertion.

In the spring of 1903 Bert Bell married Eva J. Kelly, a widow from Plainsville, Ohio. Eva Bell never forgot the long ride from Medicine Bow to the Marshall post office in a buckboard. It took all day.

Eva made more demands than Hattie. Bert had to build two more rooms on the cabin, put floors in all the rooms, purchase a heating stove and clean up the whole place. The griddle greaser vanished.

Mrs. Bell seldom saw a woman but she liked to read and sew. She learned to ride horseback and to drive the teams. She took part in all phases of the ranch work, even to helping drive the cattle to the railway shipping point.

Bert Bell was a friendly man and a good neighbor. He continued to prosper. Eva and Bert had three sons and two daughters and lived a happy life on the ranch until 1928, when Bert died and was buried on his land.

Five years later, Mrs. Bell divided the ranch properties among her children and spent her last years in Rock River with a daughter and her friends.

STEAMBOAT WRECKS ON THE MISSOURI

THE following information was taken from an article published in 1927 by Captain Hiram M. Chittenden of the U.S.

(Continued on page 50)

Geronimo's Long Debt

(Continued from page 31)

And Jimmy never forgot—Indians have long memories.

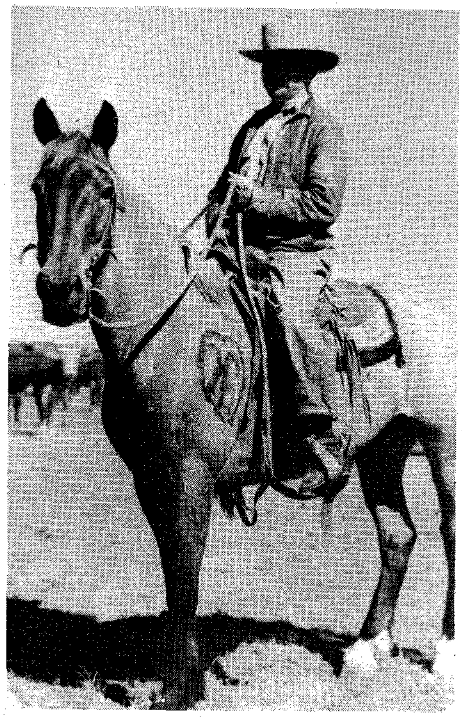
Several weeks later the Eureka Springs ranch was paid another visit. The riders were spread several yards apart, approaching at a trot, as if they were on a jackrabbit drive. When Geronimo signaled, each rider closed in on the woolly nearest him. The animals, kicking and bleating, were slapped across the saddlebows, and the raiders galloped off, whooping with glee.

In 1882 Geronimo pulled his third and last foray on the Stevens' ranch. George Stevens had hired a Mexican named Mestas to tend the sheep that summer while he and his sons—Jimmy and Willy—were engaged in hauling freight up from the new railhead at Lordsburg. Mestas, his wife and two small children, and ten herders were probably having their afternoon siesta when the dreaded raiders charged in on them.

The renegades slaughtered about forty sheep, along with one horse and several burros, and prepared a feast on the spot. When the gorging was finally over that evening (or earlier) the Chiricahui killed all of the Mexicans. Jimmy was with his father the next day when they arrived on the scene of devastation.

YEARS passed and in the autumn of 1886 the Apache wars were over and Geronimo and his followers were first imprisoned in Florida, later being removed to Fort Sill, Oklahoma. On occasion Jimmy Stevens served as official interpreter in matters concerning Geronimo.

On March 4, 1905 the Inauguration Day for Theodore Roosevelt was attended by notables from the world over, including the notorious Indian renegade. Jimmy sensed an opportunity and got himself appointed Geronimo's bodyguard. Dressed in traditional Apache kabuns, beaded jerkin, red headband, white scarf and blue himper, Jimmy rode a half-length to the left rear of Geronimo in the President's inaugural parade along Pennsylvania Avenue. Flanked on the opposite side was former Netdahe-convict, Kaah-Tenny—once one of Geronimo's most vicious killers, but now a bodyguard also. At the official ball in the Willard Hotel that evening, Jimmy sorrowfully got crocked along with Geronimo and others, although there was no love lost. The time for revenge was just not right.



Jimmy Stevens on Eureka Springs Ranch, circa 1935.

Geronimo was becoming famous—he had been *infamous*, now he was a great public figure. The management exploited him, the public adored him. Wherever he went white people flocked to him for his autograph on his photos; they bought (at exorbitant prices) beaded headbands, bows and arrows, and anything else that could be associated with him.

In the summer of 1905, the great exposition was opened in St. Louis, Missouri. Of course, Geronimo was invited, and the BIA sanctioned his appearance. Jimmy Stevens went along also.

At the grand party of over 5,000 people in the Riverside Park for the final event, Geronimo occupied the center of the stage. Jimmy Stevens, standing by his side, now saw his one big chance. He said in an aside to Geronimo: "You owe me $40 for my calico pony you stole from me at Eureka Springs. You also owe my father $680 for stealing his sheep. You also owe a hitch in Hell's fire for killing Mestas and his family and herders. Pay me now for my pony and sheep or right here in front of this crowd I will scorn you right into jail, you bloody sheep-skinner, you dumb Chiri-cow!"

Geronimo scowled, probably recalling those events, and actually paid Jimmy off!

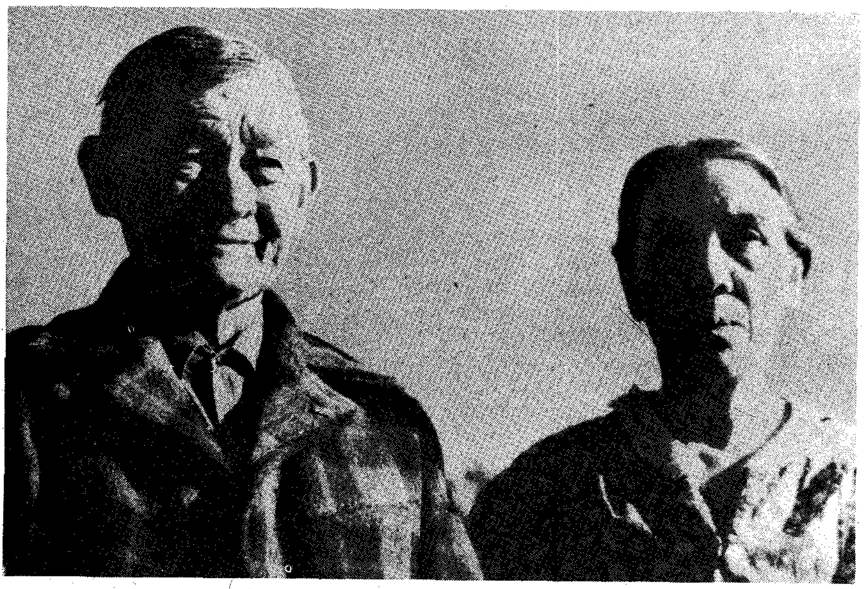
Harry, retired in 1964 after serving thirty-two years as an official in the BIA, on numerous occasions raised a chuckle over incidents that came up among his ancestors in the old reservation days.

Potter's Point

(Continued from page 34)

out being recognized. Mrs. Potter dressed in one of the servants' clothes and wore an old bonnet to hide her face. The men disguised themselves by wearing borrowed clothes, many times too large for them, and of a cut and style they would not customarily wear.

The horses were saddled, blankets and buffalo robes were rolled and placed behind the saddles for sleeping, a grub-



Jimmy and Margarita Stevens (above), January 1945, father and mother of Harry L. Stevens(left). Seated at his desk in Phoenix, Arizona, headquarters of the B.I.A., for the last time before retirement, 1964.

bag was packed, and ready at last the little party sallied forth on the dangerous journey. They rode boldly along the trail past the Scott place, and although they were seen by Rose and the other men in the early morning darkness, so well were they disguised, the men took them for new immigrants only lately come to Texas. Mrs. Potter and her escorts rode unmolested into Daingerfield and filed charges against the murderers with the local magistrate.

When the warrants were served, Scott, who came from a very influential family in the area, said the migistrate did not have the authority to arrest them, and if they were not released immediately he would file charges claiming false arrest. The frightened magistrate turned the men free without further ado, allowing them to return to their respective homes.

Undaunted by this setback, Mrs. Potter and her party pushed on to Clarksville where she enlisted the aid of a Dr. Gordon and a Mr. Ames. The sheriff at Clarksville was of a tougher breed than the magistrate, and within two hours he had organized a posse of twenty men to arrest Rose and his followers. Riding at breakneck speed, the sheriff and his men arrived at the Rose place before daylight and surrounded the house. Rose and his men were taken into custody without a shot being fired, and a short time later they were on their way to Clarksville under guard. Mrs. Potter had the satisfaction of seeing her tormentors marched through the streets of Clarksville with chains about their necks.

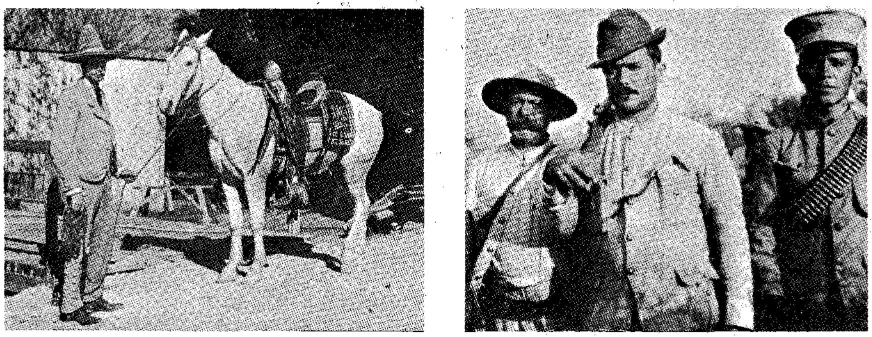
As no facilities existed there for holding prisoners, the men soon were moved to Nacogdoches. It was here during the trial that Mrs. Potter learned of her husband's infidelity. While in Austin he had engaged in an affair with the wife of an elected Texas official and had willed all of the land around Potter's Point to this woman. As if this blow were not enough, the court ruled the alleged marriage "by bond" between the Potters was invalid. The court also went on to state it did not believe that Colonel and Mrs. Potter had ever been married at all—by bond, common-law, or otherwise.

Disillusioned by the revelations of the trial—even though she had been told previously of Potter's horrible act of sexual mutilation against two men in his native state of North Carolina in an affair over his first wife—Harriet sadly began the journey back to the place which was no longer her home.

Her husband had been foully murdered and his killers set free by a biased court which had dragged her name through the mire of scandal at the hearings. Her beloved home had been willed to a strange woman who had never set foot on the land in question—and worse, this as a result of the treachery of a man she loved dearly. This would seem enough for any woman to bear, but the fates were in a dark and ugly mood during those bloody days.

When the returning party was within twenty miles of Potter's Point a neighbor informed Harriet's brother that Lakean, the beautiful little girl whom

THE MEMOIRS OF
EDWARD LAROCQUE TINKER



At left, Tinker is pictured in Mexico during the Revolution, 1910. At right is Colonel Alfaro Obregon and some of his officers, 1912. These are but two of the beautifully reproduced photographs from the Tinker collection included in the book.

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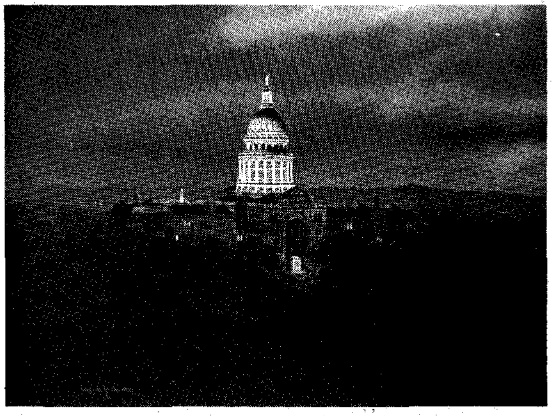

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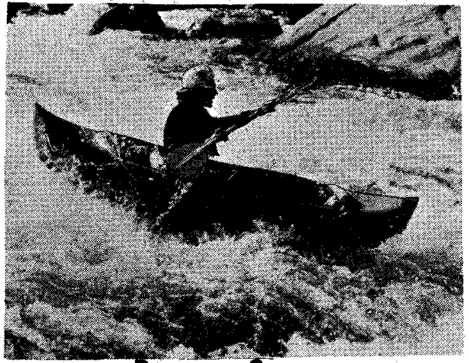

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Mrs. Potter had entrusted to a slave woman in her absence, was dead. She had fallen into a cauldron of boiling soap. The heartrending news was kept from Mrs. Potter as long as possible, but when she asked for her baby and received an evasive answer, she suspected the truth. Friends bore the grief-crazed woman to Clarksville so she could recover away from the scene of so many terrible memories.

Potter was assassinated March 2, 1842. Mrs. Potter and Charles B. Ames were married in September of the following year. Ames was Judge of Probate Court at this time and from all reports, a fine gentleman. Some time after this, the couple moved to New Orleans where they raised a family and were apparently very happy. From the yellowed text of her autobiography, which she wrote at the advanced age of eighty-three, it seems Mrs. Page-Potter-Ames found true happiness at long last.

Mud Glacier Gold

(Continued from page 13)

east. These men furnished meat to miners on Slate Creek. According to them a new placer had been discovered in moraines in Miller Gulch, a tributary.

Their description of Miller Gulch (a "gulch" in Alaska can be almost any cleft in the earth) caused the partners considerable uneasy discussion that night. It fit the place they sought and was hardly more than twenty miles away, from their reckoning of distances. In the end they stuck with Captain West's positive assertion that no stream ran through the mud glacier where he found the gold.

Fortunately they did not shift their course, and six days later made their find. They worked like beavers while the sun shifted its course steadily southward. Mid-September days were very short. By then they had packed, in animal skin sacks, all the weight in gold they could possibly carry out. Almost everything else was discarded.

Crossing the western ridge at an elevation above 5,000 feet they headed for Slate Creek and Miller Gulch. Easier to travel and more direct trails stretched from there to the coast. Later Marcum was to blame taking this route, instead of going over their back trail, for the disaster that followed.

MILLER GULCH was being abandoned when they arrived. On rugged Slate Creek miners were taking out ten to twenty-five dollars a day from small gravel beds. Most were even then cleaning their sluices, preparing to go outside. Only a few had built small log cabins to lay over during the long winter ahead.

Marcum and Lefferan proceeded to the main stream of the Chistochina River, constructed a raft and started poling. Below the foothills reaching to the Nutzotin Mountains they were surrounded by a dense forest. Only occasionally did a small clearing break the monotony of the living wall of trees. Indian trails led through them to the river's bank.

One night the partners pulled in against the shore, cooked their supper, and were settled down near the fire when the cry of a loon echoed off the river shore downstream. It was answered almost immediately from the adjacent timber. Marcum sat up quickly in alarm.

"Hey, Lafe!" he whispered, "We got Indians!"

Ordinarily Alaskan Indians were a peaceful and well behaved group. But lately the Tananas had been reported to be killing one and two, sometime three, miners on the out-trails for their possessions. When other cries sounded in the night, patently signals of redskins closing in, the two men slipped quietly aboard the raft. Cautiously they poled out into the current. Lying flat on the logs, they drifted west.

When the leaden gray sky, that passed for dawn, broke they were almost frozen. On down the river a few miles they found a gravel pit where they could go ashore and cook a meager meal.

Twice before reaching Copper River they saw Indians in clearings, but refused to pull ashore on their signaled behests. Continuing on the raft into and down Copper River from Gulkana they reached the mouth of the Tazlina, finding there a large encampment. Several parties on rafts and in boats had come to sudden disaster trying to run the dangerous rapids. Four men had been drowned.

Since Copper Center was only thirty miles downstream Marcum and Lefferan walked there, constructed another raft, and passed through to the coast. At a native village landing they caught a fishing boat to Seldovia where passage was obtained to Seattle.

Before Lefferan proceeded to his home in Minnesota the partners made plans to ship horses and pack equipment north in the spring. That winter Lefferan married, but forwarded his share of the necessary expense money. Marcum had procured the stock and supplies when Lefferan wrote him to go on to Valdez where Lefferan would join him later. The horses had to be shipped on a freighter leaving in early spring.

Reaching Alaska in June, Marcum camped just outside the hustling town on Valdez Bay. He learned that a new and better trail had been cut across the glacier to Copper River which would save quite a bit of time. Weeks passed and in late July Lefferan still had not arrived. There had been no replies to Marcum's letters of inquiry, so he imagined him to be on the way. However, unable to wait longer because Alaskan summer days were growing short, he moved on to Copper Center, left two horses there for Lefferan's use, and set off for the headwaters of the Chistochina.

On reaching the east fork he followed a new route through the mountains that army engineers assured him would lead directly into the desired area. Unfortunately, Marcum became tangled up, missing Slate Creek and Miller Gulch. Retracing his way partly, Marcum rode north to where he figured they had hiked across the mountains, rivers and glaciers from Mentasta Pass. But time was too short and late September brought snow and gale-force winds.

Badly disappointed and quite puzzled because he had failed to reach the gold discovery by dead reckoning, Marcum retreated down the Chistochina. Many a night he sat awake by firelight pondering just where he got off on the wrong course, and what mistakes had been made.

On the trail one day he discovered the fresh sign of two men hiking ahead. They were good travelers and making rapid time. One morning after breaking camp near the junction with Copper River he rounded a forested bend onto the ashes of their previous night camp. A few minutes earlier he would have encountered them there.

Marcum rode on, his pack horse bringing up the rear. Suddenly bullets began whistling around his ears. Rifle crashes echoed from a riverside windfall just ahead. Astonished, and thinking the two might be Indians after all, he slid from the saddle snaking the rifle from the scabbard. As his frightened stock dashed back on the trail he dropped to safety behind a log. More lead whistled close.

Thinking that perhaps they had downed him, the riflemen exposed themselves when they came out to investigate. They were hairy-faced, booted prospectors.

Getting to his feet Marcum called angrily, "What do you think you're doing?"

That act almost cost him his life. Both burly men promptly opened fire again. Shooting from the hip, Marcum sent one sprawling down and wounded the other, but while doing so took a bullet in his left shoulder high up. Weak from shock, Marcum leaned against the log.

From higher up the trail arose the clatter of several horses. Five riders, driving Marcum's horses before them, cut into view on the trail. They were miners coming out of the interior on that dull gray stormy day. When they inquired as to the cause of the shooting Marcum replied, "I don't know. I was waylaid."

The party advanced, discovered the dead man, and the survivor only partly conscious. After Marcum's wound was bandaged and his arm put in a sling, he rode with the miners on to Copper Center.

JACK JONES, part-time deputy U. S. marshal there, took charge of the case. The packs of the two attackers, when searched, revealed more than a hundred pounds in nuggets and dust. A doctor who had come north also looking for gold, cared for both Marcum and the tight-lipped survivor. It was then into October and a howling storm closed off Copper Center from the rest of the world.

Jones advised Marcum, "You could file charges of attempted murder against this one who calls himself Alfred Cummings, but it's a waste of time. Weeks would be spent going to federal court and back to here—when and if you can."

"I wonder why they tried to kill me. It wasn't robbery—they had plenty of gold of their own."

"For a very good reason, according to the wounded one," Jones chuckled. "At least they believed it to be a good one. You see, they brought that gold out of Canada!"

In the Klondike miners were levied a tax of one-fifth of the gold they found. Because of this many scurried west across the border into Alaska rather than pay what they considered an unjust assessment. Safely across the international border on the U. S. side they could claim the gold was mined in Alaska where there was no tax. Not infrequently a Canadian officer chased after miners suspected of smuggling out gold. The exact location of the line was uncertain since it wasn't marked except above Chilkoot Pass.

The two miners had believed that Marcum was an officer pursuing them and that they were liable for arrest and having their gold seized. At least that was the story the surviving partner related before he mushed out with a party using dog teams. Marcum remained at Copper Center where his horses were kept with the stock of a professional packer holding a contract with the U. S. Army.

Passage out was most infrequent, necessarily between storms. However, Marcum managed to dispatch two letters of inquiry to Lefferan. In April he received a reply from Lefferan's widow. His former partner had died suddenly just a few days before he was to depart for Alaska.

JIM GERMANSEN also wintered in Copper Center that year. The lanky Scandinavian, a veteran of the Union Army in the Civil War, had been in the Yukon and Alaska since the early 1870s. This honest, trustworthy man and Marcum became close friends. Gradually the latter confided his problem.

On long winter nights Marcum had gone over in his mind every detail of his trip with Lefferan to the mud glacier gold. The entire chain of landmarks on the route was firmly fixed in his head, or so he imagined.

Gradually, as details about them came out, Germansen shook his head with a rueful smile. "That is the trouble about distance up here in the north country. The great landmarks are definitely fixed, but there lies all that great mass between them—areas that are confusing. And when a man dwells on them too long the glaciers, rivers and creeks all begin to look alike. A man thinks this one spot is so familiar that he must have been there before. The risks are that he probably never set foot on that site before. The mystery of Alaska is its bigness!"

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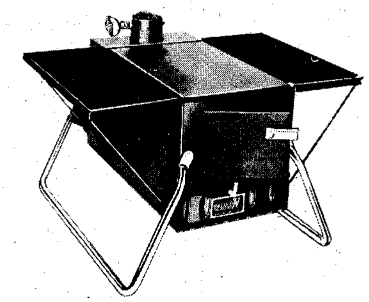

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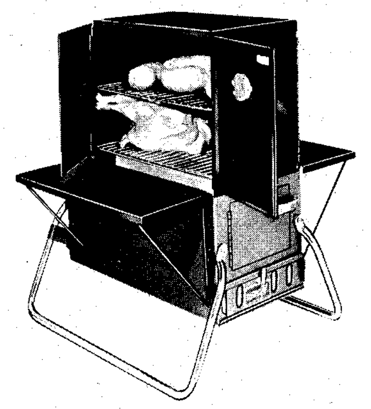

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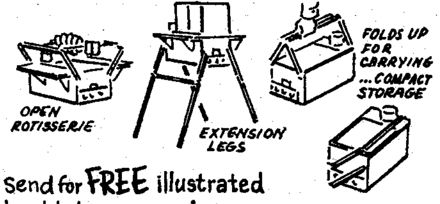
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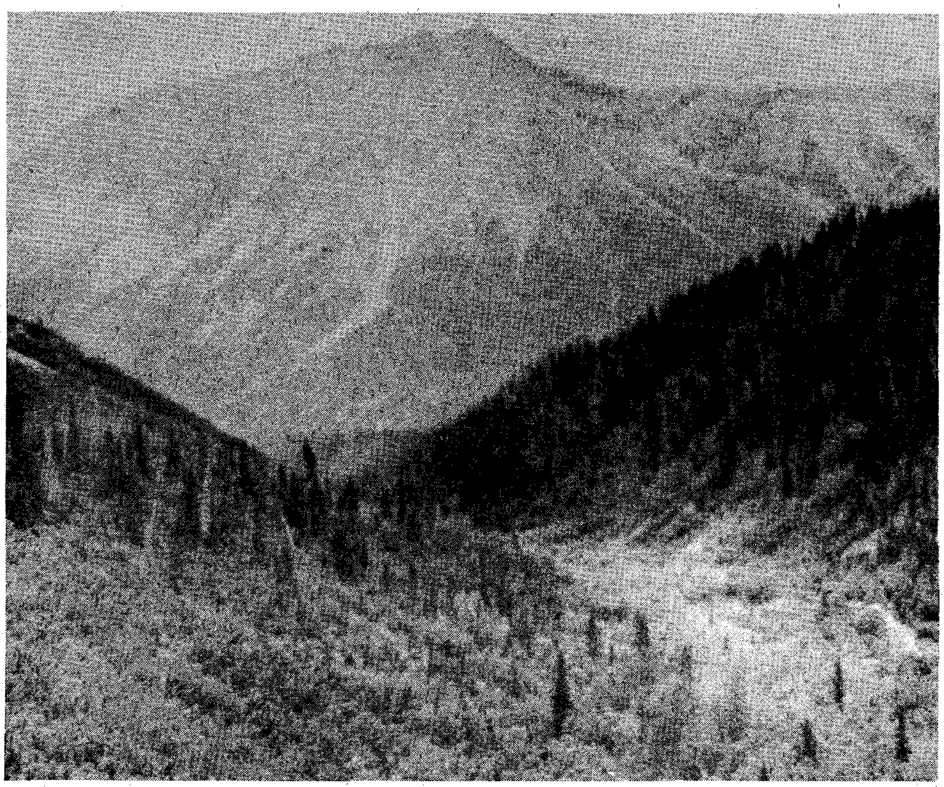
To Marcum it was all confusing beyond belief. He could find no plausible explanation why he failed to relocate the mud glacier gold. He thought perhaps that if he had come out before over the course he and Lefferan used going in, his memory would not have failed him.

Germansen had known Captain West in Alaska. It was his opinion that Marcum and Lefferan found the lost gold off either Hoolana Creek Gulch or the Little Tok River. Marcum's description of the surrounding country convinced him. Also Germansen declared that going through Mentasta Pass was the much longer way into the area.

Having made a good strike, Germansen was impatiently awaiting the spring thaw so he could return to work. For this reason he could not accompany Marcum on his second expedition. "You should be able to find your claim," Germansen declared. "This time go up the Nabesna to the grave of John Stehn. Turn north in the valley between the next range of mountains. Soon after you should spot some prominent landmarks to guide you."

The Alaskan Range, backbone of Alaska, 1905.



Together they pored over the primary map a captain of an army signal corps detachment had been three years making from explorations and the findings of contract surveyors. The army captain obligingly made Marcum a map of the area he believed the gold to be in.

When ice went out of the streams in the spring Marcum set forth, riding one horse and packing two. There was still ice and snow on the ground when he reached the Stehn grave.

In the spring of 1899 Stehn, from Benicia, California, had accidentally shot himself. His companions had buried him on their campsite, marking the grave with a headboard in which his name and the date were inscribed.

Swinging generally north from there Marcum took what he thought was the unnamed pass marked on the map. It did direct him through to Slate Creek and Miller Gulch, then it played out. Again Marcum found himself stymied by too many intervening glaciers, mountains and streams. He was forced to take Germansen's advice to quit pondering too much on once-seen landmarks between the largest ones—to approach the matter with a clear mind. Yet try as he might, three times he failed to arrive at what should have been the right spot. Finding a running creek of water through the moraine deposits disillusioned him.

Retreating to creeks running into the Chistochina from the east he started a new route, and in a small stream stumbled onto nugget gold visible in the clear icy water. Tracing it to where it was brought down by spring thaw, he panned a large amount of gold.

But Marcum was intent on the mud glacier, the quest nagging him constantly, so he broke off to go on searching east and north. The days settled into the long cold nights and the first big storm of winter laid down.

LOATHE to admit failure, he started back to civilization. By that time he was subsisting wholly on wild game, without salt. His boots were in shreds. In this condition he started across a glacier in the Nutzotin Mountains, inching his way through blowing snow and particles of ice.

When the storm grew so bad his horses refused to face it any longer, Marcum led them down a vast ragged ridge of ice. Suddenly his saddle horse jerked free and wheeled off to the right. The pack horse followed, both slipping and falling on the sea of ice. Their mishap raised a cloud of dry snow into which they disappeared. As Marcum stood stunned, a crash echoed upward. Both horses had disappeared into a bottomless crevasse. The prospector was left with only the gold in his clothing, a pocket knife, and a rifle.

Moving on, he got off the glacier in the semi-darkness and managed to build a fire. Once his stiffness eased, he started on south, moving against the combined stalking of time and death. Yet luck was with him. He found a snowed-in trapper on the Chistochina trail and spent the winter with him.

That spring he proceeded to Copper Center. Still suffering from the privations of his last trip, Marcum did not resume his search for the glacier gold that season. Instead, he returned to the small creek where he'd found the nuggets, and made himself richer by $20,000 in the space of two weeks. This time he took no chances on storms, leaving well ahead of freeze-up.

The magic of the northern lights had definitely enfolded Marcum. He would never leave them again. Continuing to prospect in summers, he made several small strikes. Germansen grubstaked him the year he hit a pocket off the Tanana that solved all his future financial problems.

During the succeeding years Marcum located and worked out other placer claims, all the while never once forgetting the mud glacier gold. Every two or three years he would embark on a fruitless search. That he could never find the moraine again just didn't make sense to him. It became an obsession of sorts as it would for others.

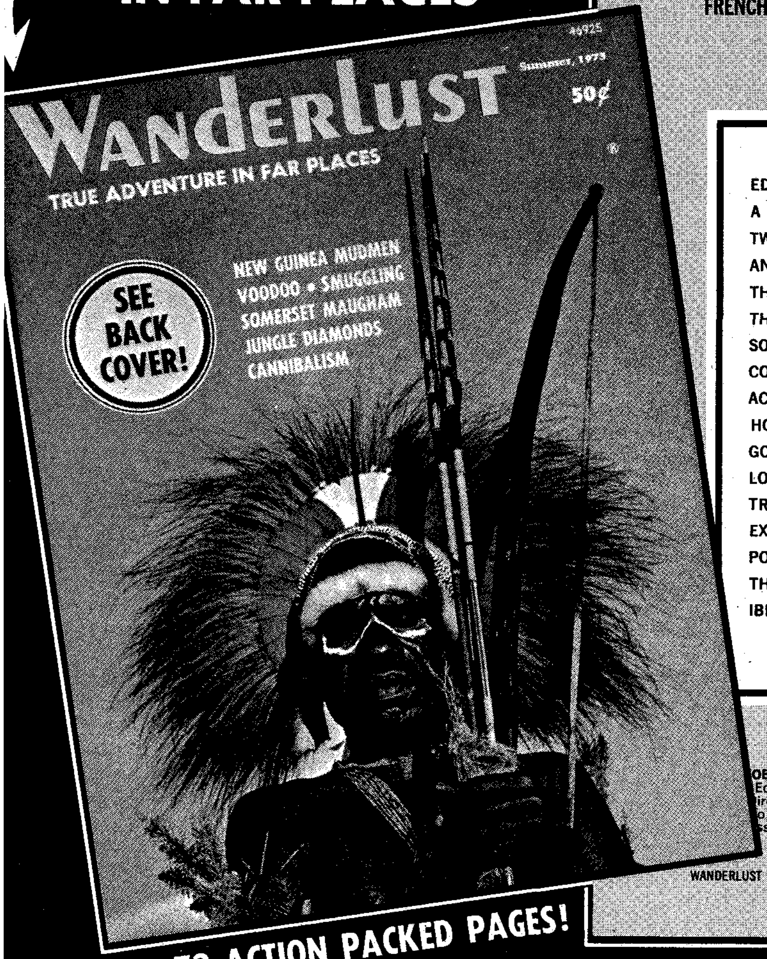
In 1910, old and feeble, he based at Seldovia, making his summer expeditions from there. The cost of wilderness privations began taking its toll. At last he moved to Juneau where he died in 1938.

Today from Ketchikan to Point Barrow old sourdoughs with a far-seeing expression in their washed-out eyes recall old tales of the mud gracier gold. It is most often referred to as "Marcum's lost gold." Few of them are aware that Captain West was the first discoverer of this natural wealth that became the hopeless dream of so many men.

Today searchers leave the Richardson Highway that leads to Fairbanks, for the Glenn Highway, traveling it to Slana Road Junction. From there they take a forty-eight-mile dirt trace to the abandoned Nebesna Gold Mine property. This is their jumping off point into the Mentasta Mountains. They are convinced that the mud glacier is somewhere on the eastern slopes of that range. Perhaps it lies in a wilderness valley that through the ages has grown over with timber.

WANDERLUST #2

TRUE ADVENTURE IN FAR PLACES



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VOLUME 1, NUMBER 2

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COVER: A warrior displays his bird of paradise headdress at a Goroka Sing Sing, New Guinea.
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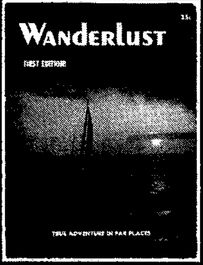

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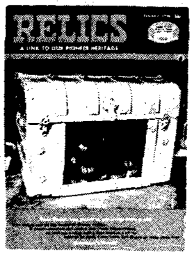

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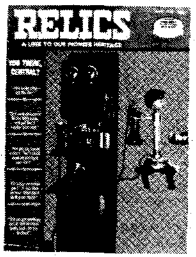

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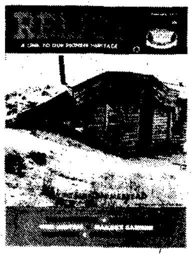

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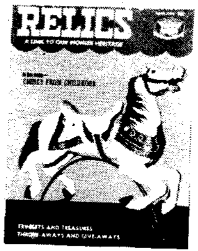

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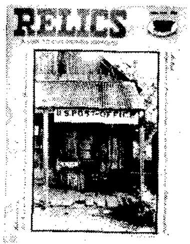

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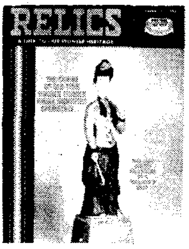

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Battle of Prairie Dog Creek

(Continued from page 24)

trains of Powers and Newman, hauling freight to the besieged fort, were attacked by 400 Indians at Monument. Pond Creek, the stage station near to Wallace, was burned the next day. Then on August 1 with insolent daring the railroad grading party of Campbell and Clinton, seven in number, was attacked at dusk within ten miles of Fort Hays. All were massacred. Captain Armes with forty-four of his Brunettes was ordered in pursuit. He saw those seven bodies, scalped, frozen in the ungainly attitudes of sudden death.

After a twenty-five mile ride Armes overtook the war party, seventy-five in number, armed with Spencer carbines and commanded by two whites or half-breeds. Dismounting, he made a stand in timber on the Saline. At the first cruel onslaught Sergeant Christy was killed outright. Hard fighting continued all day and at nightfall a ring of fire blazed from the tops of the high bluffs surrounding Armes' force. In the darkness Armes' command retreated fifteen miles, leading their horses through the canyons and brushy gullies of the Saline. By dawn 200 more Indians appeared. Armes' only chance was to make a dash for it. Alerted, the enemy followed for fifteen miles firing at least a thousand shots. Armes was born lucky for he brought his men out with only six horses killed although he lost Christy and sustained a painful hip wound himself. Six of his men, ill with cholera, he strapped to their horses.

Upon his return to the fort, Armes, unable to ride, was driven out in an ambulance after a party of raiders. To encourage frightened workmen on the railroad he patrolled along the track. "I have not been able to assume command of my company. Colonels Wicks and Sharp came from their camp thirty miles west of this post, and requested help to go after the Indians who stole thirty-eight of their horses and mules yesterday. No one can be spared from the post at present. My wound is much better tonight, and I am anxious to get out with a good command of cavalry large enough to whip the red devils. . . . Major Moore, with four good companies of the Eighteenth Kansas Cavalry, are ordered here to protect this line. The hospital steward came over to dress my wound today, and I am much better. . . . I am determined to run some risks without regard to consequences," so wrote Armes that hot August of 1867.

Cheers and whoops went up when the 18th Kansas Volunteers arrived. Armes was given command, in addition to his Company F, 10th U. S. Cavalry, of two good companies of the 18th, the B under Captain Barker and the C under Captain George Jenness. Although later accused of cowardice and cashiered out of the Army, Armes was now at the pinnacle of his career. With hustling enthusiasm and perhaps a stab of vengeance for Edward, as well as for Sergeant Christy and his own aching hip wound, Armes planned his coming campaign. Major Moore with two companies of the 18th Kansas, A and D, was to swing to the northwest and he, Armes, would arc to the northeast. The two forces were to close in and meet at a point on the Solomon.

Setting forth at once he marched his joint command of 164 men rather wildly, sixty miles northeasterly in twenty-four hours. No Indian signs were found. They ate buffalo meat. They zigzagged all over the prairie and on the 17th they discovered the trail of a great body of Indians forty miles from the fort. Wisely Armes decided to send back for five wagons of rations and forage and reinforcements. He made the trip himself, riding the ninety-five miles there and back.

He met Major Elliott at the fort with six companies of the 7th Cavalry and Elliott agreed to go north and meet him on the Republican River. Armes was delighted with this splendid strategy he had planned. What luck! With the three commands joining forces, the Indians would be wiped out.

FIRST he had to locate the Indians. Not wishing to be delayed by the slower traveling wagons, he made his first mistake. He divided his command. On the 19th of August, picking out seventy-five of his best men and horses, he followed the Indian trail leaving Lieutenant Price and sixty men in charge of the wagons to follow him. Apprehensive, he hid his men during the day, advanced during darkness.

The night of the 20th he encamped north of the Solomon. A bright light in the east disturbed his men so he sent Captain Jenness, Sergeant Stringer, and Corporal Campbell to investigate. They found nothing more than a burning log but became lost in the dark. About two a.m. Armes advanced to the vicinity of Prairie Dog Creek near the present town of Long Island. At first light Si Miller, a picket, rushed into camp highly excited. He has been fired on by a lone painted Indian who had just killed a buffalo and taken away everything but the head.

Armes sent Sergeant Carpenter of the 18th Kansas, Sergeant Johnson, a Negro, and one other man back to head off Lieutenant Price and his troop. By daylight Armes' main force was trailing the lone Indian. Six hours of sweating in the saddles produced no sight of Indians. They rode on until three that afternoon before the enemy, hundreds of them, were seen some distance away.

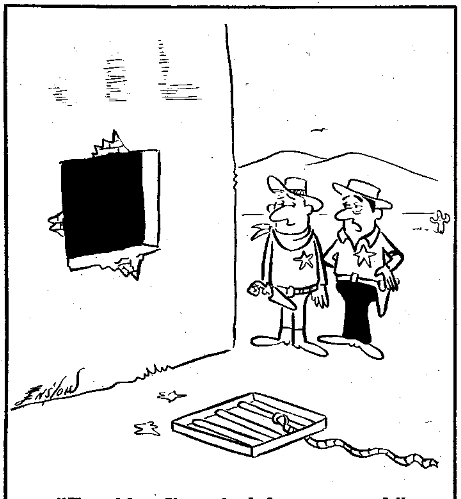
With ample time and without firing a shot Armes fell back into a deep ravine protected on three sides. "Lie low and fire only when the Indians draw near," he ordered. Highly-painted, waving blankets and streamered lances, and whooping wildly, eight hundred savages drew up and rode around and around the ravine, making charge after charge with no letup. Leaning to the sides of their horses, the Indians fired under the necks of their mounts.

Dust and sweat, acrid smoke and whine of lead, horses neighing, the tattoo of hoofs, entrails trailing from wounded beasts, stiff trigger fingers, the plop of a bullet hitting its mark—six hours of this they endured until nine that night.

"Sa-tan-ti, in full uniform, on a beautiful gray horse, sounded the charge with his bugle at least a dozen times, whooping and yelling and endeavoring to get his men to charge into the ravine, but only getting them near enough to have at least twenty of his saddles emptied at a volley and a dozen ponies killed and wounded," Armes wrote in his report. With eleven of his men wounded he moved on ten miles during the night, anxious to locate Lieutenant Price or Majors Elliott or Moore.

What of Jenness? Captain Barker of the 18th offered to go to his rescue but Armes threatened him with arrest. To Armes' credit he had sent out a scouting party to look for Elliott and Moore.

Jenness and his party had wandered about lost, but on the morning of the 21st reached the river. After some time they sighted Lieutenant Price's camp, which gave them some comfort. There they breakfasted and were joined by young Tommy Masterson who had just brought the mail in from Fort Hays. Pushing upstream they found Armes' abandoned campsite and went on. Early in the afternoon they met the Negro sergeant and his party, sent out by Armes that morning. Since it was a cloudless hot day they took off their coats, put the three men up behind them on their horses and jogged along on the prairie.


"Frankly, I'm glad he escaped."

Suddenly they were startled by the unearthly yells of several hundred Indians swooping down on them not a half mile away. Before they could collect their wits, a miracle appeared—twenty-four of Armes' scouting party riding toward them from the opposite direction. Terrorized they galloped toward the cavalry. For seconds the doomed twenty-nine huddled together in fear. On that flat prairie not so much as a buffalo wallow offered them protection.

Jenness ordered them to dismount, lead their horses and form a hollow square. Wheeling the horses Fours Right into columns they advanced slowly on foot, keeping up a continuous fire.

COMPLETELY encircling them now, Indians whooped and waved blankets to stampede the horses. An unending hail of bullets and arrows slashed into the hapless twenty-nine. Rather than stop to die they continued to creep forward, firing constantly. Occasionally they had to halt for a moment's rest. During these breaks the Indians dismounted and, ducking behind prairie dog hills, poured wave after wave of arrows into the vulnerable square of men and horses.

One thing was good. Each of the soldiers had two hundred rounds of ammunition and they were excellent shots. Many of the Indians could be seen to topple over backwards, later to be tied to their mounts.

As the Indians circled, every other warrior would wheel within the circle, charge toward the square and fire. At intervals the enemy rallied in squads of a hundred, faced the whites and came riding straight for the square of men. To reinforce the threatened side each alternate soldier from the rear of the square ran to the front; all then dropped to their knees firing the full seven shots of their carbines into the attackers. Repulsed, the Indians, staggering, braking and retreating, rode off after each shelling with fury. Then they would parley, evidently considering the repeated shots as a form of magic. One chief on a magnificent white horse dashed straight through the square of men waving a revolver in each hand, shooting constantly. (Although fifty shots were fired at him at close range, he was not touched.)

Through two deadly hours the slowly moving square of soldiers had been able to advance only about a half mile. Many of them had been wounded. The horses, bullet-riddled and bristling with arrows, rearing and neighing, had become uncontrollable, Yet in their quivering nerves and strained sinews these men still had hope—in Scout Allison Pliley, a most resourceful man. Looking through his glass, Pliley sighted more Indians up ahead. Upon his advice Jenness now attempted to wheel his columns to the right, heading for some cottonwoods more than a mile away.

In deploying, the soldiers had great difficulty with the wounded horses trying to break away; and taking advantage of their plight the enemy redoubled his attack with telling effect. At dusk only four horses and fourteen men were not seriously wounded. The saddle bags containing ammunition had to be lifted off the pain-crazed animals and slung around the necks of the able men, after which the poor beasts were turned out of the square and shot. At this bad moment their first man fell dead, the Negro sergeant from Armes' 10th. Corporal James Towell caught seven shots but somehow crawled forward. Young Masterson was mortally wounded. Sheer instinct for survival carried them toward the sparse fringe of cottonwoods. There behind a crude breastwork of logs they at last found refuge.

Scout Pliley found a fine spring. Like animals those who could walk ran for the water as the groans of the nine severely wounded echoed from the stunted growth of willows. Mercifully the fighting stopped at dark. Lifting the wounded off the horses Jenness washed and bound their wounds with torn shirts and blan-

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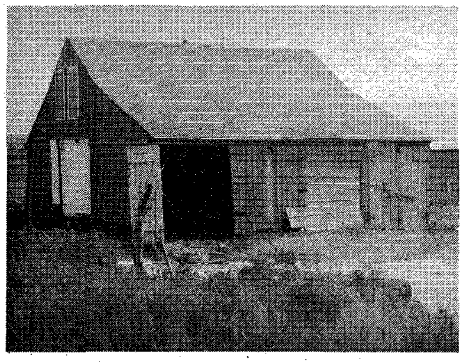
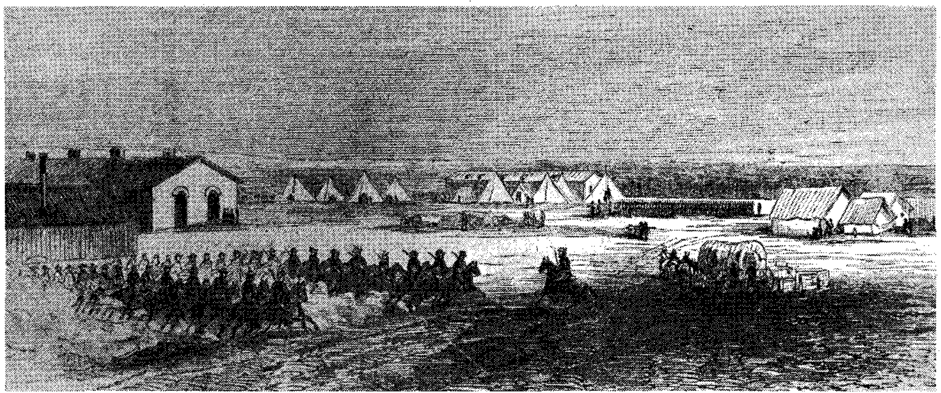


Pond Creek Stage Station (top) was the site of attack on grain trains en route to besieged Fort Wallace (bottom).



kets. His boot oozed blood. A large ball had penetrated his right thigh so he applied a tourniquet devised from a scrap of blanket and a gun wiper. Pliley had been shot twice in the left leg. Two sergeants bore arm and shoulder wounds. Fourteen of the besieged could still shoot.

Yelp of coyote and hoot of owl, Indian signals, sounded eerily in the gloom. One daredevil defiantly shook the dead Negro's scalp in front of them screaming in English, "This is the way we will serve you all. We have killed the balance of your men and propose to have you." Then there was quiet and they rested until ten.

Their position was not tenable, Pliley knew. He found a buffalo path leading through thick underbrush and stone banks to a small stream. That way must lead to the river, to Price's wagons. That way they must take although the shadows of the Indian videttes could be plainly seen above them. Hoofs of the four horses were muffled in pieces of blanket and the white horse was covered. The wounded must not moan in pain, the footsore must not falter, the cowardly must conceal their fears.

Thus the strange procession of these desperate men passed along the shadowy trail. Leading were Pliley and Jenness, supporting each other, each using his carbine as a crutch. Next came five men, then two horses each bearing three wounded, then one horse carrying two wounded. Young Masterson was loaded on the last horse. The rear guard followed. Only the brushing of branches and muffled footfalls broke the silence. After two miles they thought they had passed the Indian videttes. Cheerfully they whispered and even Tommy Masterson brightened up.

Crossing the Solomon, they bedded down in a small canyon and tended the injured. When they had gulped down the few scraps of food in their haversacks just one man could keep awake, Sergeant Carpenter who stood guard.

These men were resolved not to die here. The best man, Pliley, must go for help on the best horse. If Armes or Price could not be found Pliley must go on to Fort Hays. Before dawn, Pliley rode out, eluding the enemy. Twenty minutes later the beleaguered force was once again surrounded by Indians. Holding them off by fire at close range, these worn men holed in.

On the high ground to the south they saw a column of men they first judged to be Indians, but at the sight of two cavalry guidons their spirits lifted. Hopefully they waited.

ON the same night that Jenness' party had reached the river, Armes' camp was in near panic. The 18th Kansas men were muttering "coward." Winded horses, with no water, no forage, canteens empty, no decent meal for the men in two days—Armes' ability was held in grave doubt.

Captain Armes was bewildered and despairing. Where were Majors Elliott and Moore? Where were the supply wagons? What had happened to the scouting party, to Jenness, to Sergeant Johnson? Under pressure the young officer bitterly realized that his fine strategy had brought him to a blind end. Well, his sullen group of thirst-crazed men were safe for the moment. As for the Indians—he had surely found them.

Shots echoed from a distance. Price must be near. After dark Armes ordered his command to head toward the stream. They must have water before all else. At four a.m. they reached Prairie Dog Creek, watered and rested until sunrise. Still they found no wagon tracks, so continued downstream for two miles. The demoralized men then took heart for they found Lieutenant Price and his wagon party safely encamped in a narrow valley but surrounded by Indians in groups of fifty or more trying to starve them out or charge and run off the horses. Armes made an unsuccessful attempt to drive off the attackers.

At mid-morning Pliley rode into Price's camp, less than a mile from Jenness. Back slapping and shouts of cheer went up at the news that their comrades were still alive. Armes' men then drew off the Indians, making a sortie in the opposite direction while Jenness' badly used force was rescued from the canyon and brought to the safety of Price's camp with only minor skirmishing. More cheers went up, but the sight of the sorely wounded saddened the men. A half hour after their arrival Tommy Masterson died. His comrades dug his shallow grave with sabers.

Armes, somewhat encouraged, threw up a line of picket skirmishers and sniped away at the circling Indians until late afternoon. Then he gathered his forces for another charge, forcing them across the creek.

After two days of almost continual fighting in the August heat Armes' command was extremely vulnerable but instead of charging at this point, the Indians drew off, appearing only in small groups. Soon after, several of them came forth waving a white flag. Armes sent out his half-breed scout Charley Cadaro, with a white handkerchief tied to a stick. Calling Cadaro by name and cursing him, other Indians then ran forward waving a red flag and firing. Cadaro fell to the ground and fired seven shots into them. One fell and they then drew off. Cadaro recognized Satanta, Roman Nose, Charlie Bent, and other prominent chiefs.

By the next morning the Indians were gone. Armes, Jenness, and Barker with their men returned to Fort Hays on August 24 leaving three men dead, forty horses dead, thirty-six men and several horses wounded. They were wildly welcomed and praised, but took little pleasure in their citation for gallantry and perseverance. Later Corporal Towell died. The wounded all recovered.

Three weeks later Armes was arrested for the eleventh time for disobeying orders but that did not prevent him from serving as judge in a $300 horse race.

On October 8 the Union Pacific, Eastern Division, laid its rails into Hays.

Three days after Satanta went to Fort Dodge to procure arms and ammunition to hunt with, he attacked a wagontrain killing four men. Yet late in November he was given a large presidential medal at the Medicine Lodge Treaty.

The Battle of Prairie Dog Creek was a minor engagement. Nobody won. It was a draw.

Author's Note: In the interest of historical accuracy, I would like to mention that there are differing versions of the battle descriptions and dates of the Battle of Prairie Dog Creek. I have used as my sources the Leavenworth *Daily Conservative* for the year 1867, as well as Lieutenant George Armes' book, *The Ups and Downs of an Army Officer.*

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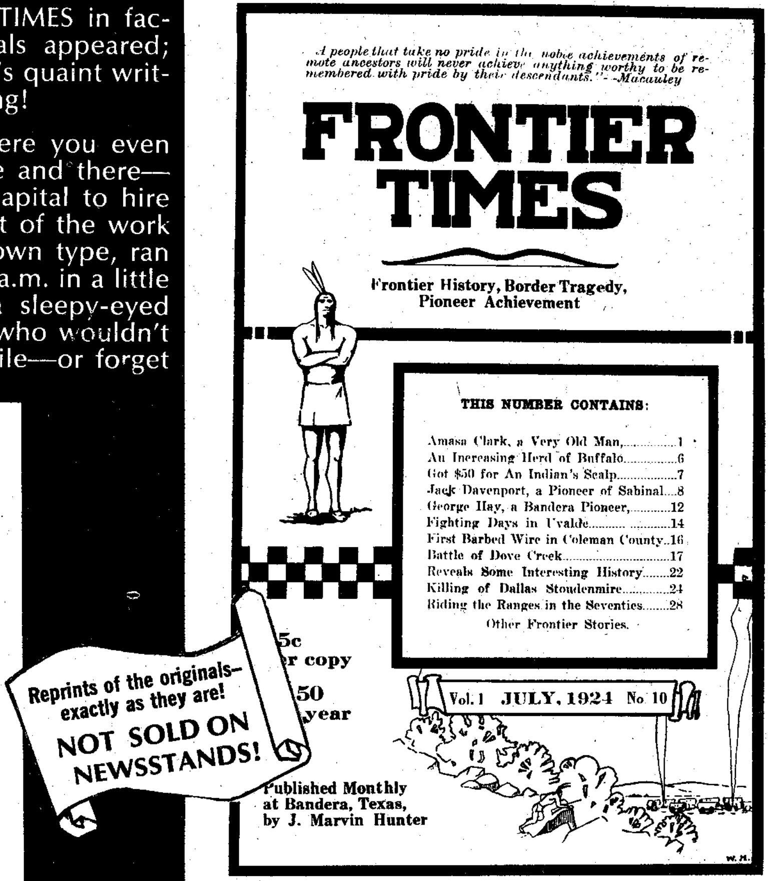

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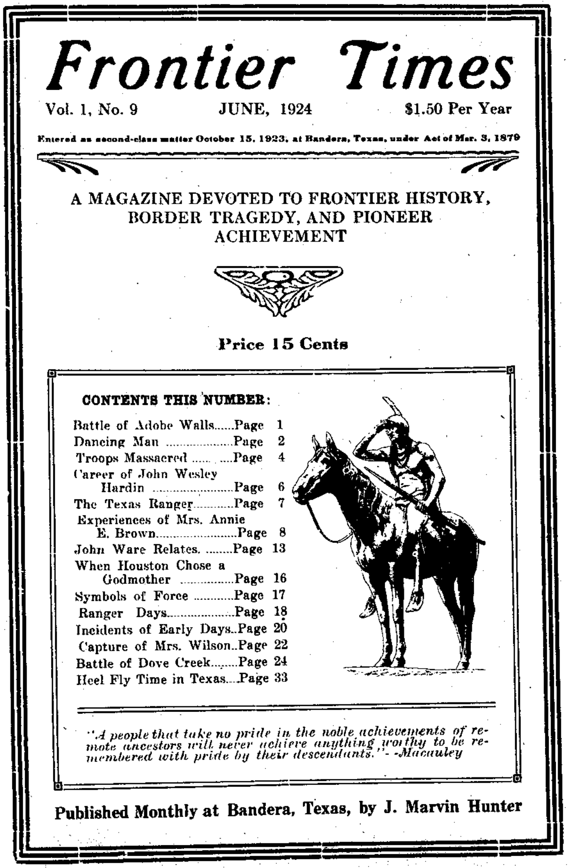

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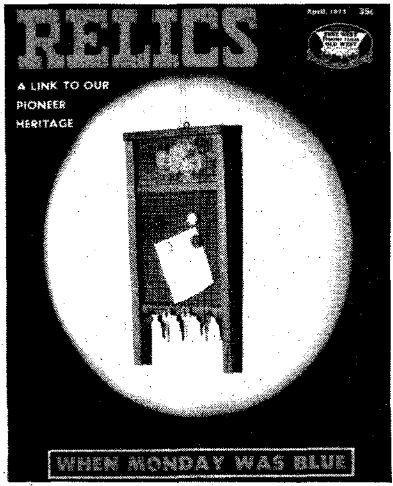

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Nuggets

(Continued from page 39)

Engineers regarding boats which came to grief in the Nebraska area.

The total number of wrecks embraced in the list is 295, distributed according to cause of wreck as follows:

Cause of Wreck	No. of Boats Wrecked
Snags	193
Fire	25
Ice	26
Rocks	11
Bridges	10
Explosion of boilers	6
Sand bars and falling river	4
Ran into the bank	1
Storm and wind	2
Collisions	1
Overloading	1
Swamping in violent eddy	1
Unknown	14
Total	295

The figure 295 includes 6 boats wrecked twice and finally lost, 1 boat wrecked three times and finally lost, 12 boats wrecked once and saved, and one boat wrecked twice and saved. This reduces the actual number of boats lost to 273. Obviously the greatest menace to safety of navigation on the Missouri River has been the snags and rocks which abound in its bed.

The next most important cause of wrecks has been fire, in the majority of instances due to sheer carelessness, as in the cases of the *Butte* and *Chippewa.* The carrying of candles into the hold, the overturning of lights, and other similar negligences, explain many of these disasters.

Accidents from steamboat explosions were very common, and of appalling fatality in the early history of steamboat navigation. In Lloyds' *Steamboat Disasters*, published in 1856, out of a total of 213 wrecks given, 124 were from this cause, and of the 2,035 lives lost, the greater part were on boats so wrecked. Though this record is probably not to be relied upon strictly, for the sensational tenor of the work indicates that special attention was devoted to the more terrible disasters and other early records do not corroborate its statements, after making due allowance for exaggeration it is nevertheless true that in the early steamboating days boiler explosions were both frequent and terribly destructive of life and property.—*Courtesy Nebraska Historical Society, Lincoln.*

The Solid Muldoon

(Continued from page 25)

Missouri who was well qualified in legal matters. In 1879 they heard of a press for sale (a newspaper had failed at Lake City) and even though Ouray already had one newspaper, Fletcher and Day bought the press.

Then came the question of naming their new paper.

At that time Bill Muldoon was quite a well known prizefighter in the West. Often he was referred to as the "Solid" Muldoon.

"That's the name for our paper," Day declared. "We want a solid newspaper, as solid as Bill Muldoon."

The christening was badly timed. Some con men arrived in Ouray, displaying what they declared was a petrified man they had dug up in the Arkansas Valley. Their man was also named "The Solid Muldoon"!

This was too good for Ouray's rival editor. He began taunting Day that the paper must have been named after the petrified man, and wondered if perhaps Day's paper, too, might not turn out to be a hoax.

David Day rose to his full height, and gave his rival the kind of look he might have inflicted upon a moron. "If you care to do a little research," he said icily, "you might learn that the word 'Muldoon' is the Zulu name for virgin." He waited, his mustaches quivering, the scar on his right cheek—caused by a colt's kick—a deadly white.

Thus Day was launched on his path of literary audacity—and his one-liners could be devastating. "One of our pure and pious city officials continues to contribute to the support of a leading bawdy house."

When an aspiring congressman drew a rebuff from Day it might run like this: "Is that a Sandy Burro? No, it is Jim Belford. See, little children, how easy it is to become mistaken?"

During a presidential election he wrote: "How would this do for 1888—for President, Grover Cleveland; for Vice-president, George William Curtis; for platform, egotism and striped underwear."

These irreverent paragraphs were placed at random in the columns of the four-page newspaper. The *Muldoon* was a weekly but Day was such a passionate Democrat that during the election of 1882 he put out the paper daily. When one of his candidates or causes lost, Day would write, "The *Muldoon* has abandoned politics. We may rise up some day in the future and attempt to paralyze some particular candidate, but right now we are carrying the largest stock of disgust in the West." (This noble intention usually lasted until the next page.)

SOMETIMES Day's bizzare copywriting paid off heavily for the advertiser. When Sam T. Jack was bringing his touring theater company, headed by Jennie Lamb, through Ouray, Day wrote:

Oh, Jennie Lamb is coming,
She is flying o'er the track
With twenty lovely Jennies
And a solitary Jack.

The opera house was packed for the performance.

The controversial little paper in its thirteen years helped David Day toward buying a ranch; for, regardless of his many libel suits, he usually came out winner.

Even legal notices printed in the *Muldoon* departed from customary style: "A novel suit will be tried before Justice Cobb on Saturday. A former landlord sues one of the scarlet daughters of prosperity for a month's rent and she brings a contra bill for wear and tear. This is getting to be as hard a town as Silverton."

With such editing it is little wonder that Day was shot at from ambush at least half a dozen times on his daily drives from his ranch to Ouray.

In 1887 he decided to visit Queen Victoria. He begged his wife to accompany him but she refused to take the children out of school at Denver, so Day sailed alone.

The Queen received Day, but few believed his account of the Queen flinging herself on his manly bosom and begging him tearfully to mail her the *Muldoon* regularly.

"God Save the Queen," the *Muldoon* proclaimed in a rare front page headline. "Physically and financially we are unable to render her royal nibs any assistance." But he did send her the paper.

Of this unique paper the Dolores *News* once said, "The *Muldoon* sticks to the mind, indelible and fixed, like a plaster to a poor man's ribs."

When David Day moved the *Muldoon* to nearby Durango it was the beginning of the end. He changed the paper's name to the Durango *Democrat* and turned it into a daily with an entirely different flavor. Eventually it disappeared—but it was Solid for thirteen years!

Village of My Red Brother

(Continued from page 16)

burned limbs, stems, and leaves of a herb which grew in the vicinity, then boiled the ashes in water with their blue corn meal to get a thick porridge which was spread very thin on a hot rock to cook. The resulting bread, peek, was blue in color, with a distinctive flavor.

The missionaries traded their belongings for food, beginning with a tent Hamblin had left them for that purpose. That was soon traded away, but fortunately they discovered that the villagers coveted ladders such as the ones they had made for themselves. During their stay, Haskell and Shelton constructed many of the crude cottonwood ladders, receiving dried peaches or peek in exchange.

By the end of December they had cut up their bed tick and traded it for beans. In addition they traded some of their clothing, although the Oribes wanted a shirt for a quart of beans, a greediness which irked Haskell.

The missionaries were invited to eat with the Indians fairly often, however, going into the places Haskell called "shops," each one of which apparently belonged to an individual family. Haskell spoke of melons and, several times, "little wads of dough done up in corn shucks," but perhaps the most exotic native dish he mentioned was "panther soup"—although he didn't appear to be impressed by the novelty of the dish or its flavor.

THOUGH guests of the Indians, the two white men were expected to care for their own physical needs, to heat their own shop by carrying firewood from where trees grew sparsely on distant hills, and to hunt when there was any chance of bagging antelope or rabbit. They also had to care for their personal property, and although what they had was little enough, that care gave them problems.

"Several days ago," wrote Haskell, shortly before Christmas, "I took our shirts and garments to old Thur's wife to wash as she understood that branch of the business. They was brought home in due time in a sad condition. She had merely rinsed them out in dirty water and they were if possible several shades blacker than when we took them. I pact water and Shelton rewashed them not having a very exalted opinion of the Oribe ladies."

Haskell noted, on a number of days, the way in which they had to improvise. On December 27: "Got leather off my saddle and halfsoled my shoes. Made a pair of bullet moles out of sand rock and run some balls for my yauger."

January 1: "Took a wash in the snow from head to foot."

January 6: "Most of the day working on a wolf trap. Next day spent in the shop pounding rawhide for mocason soles."

January 14: "Mended clothes which was quite a trick for not acquainted with the business."

With gentle complaint he wrote, too, about stripping off his clothes to spend time in the "highly respectable and exciting sport of louse hunting." He admitted he captured several, adding that he and Shelton found it impossible to keep free of the lice.

Though a frontiersman, accustomed to discomfort, the young missionary still found living conditions in the Indian village miserable, the shops cheerless places to be, evidenced by the fact that he so often wrote of going "into the rocks" to read, to study the Oribe language, or to write in his journal.

The young men, too, suffered periods of boredom. On one such occasion Shelton fixed up a fiddle he had brought with him, and the two went around from shop to shop in the village, with Thales Haskell singing and Marion Shelton fiddling, a performance which Haskell says "amused the Indians a great deal since they had never seen a fiddle before."

The village itself Haskell never described in any particular, although he frequently identified shops such as the "Wecoluppi" and the "Werohipy" where the two men visited individual families, as opposed to "workshops" where they attended gatherings or "feasts."

Throughout the winter the Indians held ceremonies which seemed to mark special occasions, mostly religious. Haskell merely reported the ceremonies he saw, making no attempt to guess what they might represent.

The first of the dances they witnessed took place about two weeks after they had taken up residence among the Oribes. "November 26th," wrote Haskell, "went down to old Thuringwas shop to see the

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Indians dance as it was a day set aside for that business. The Indians formed a half circle around food and danced while old Thur drummed. Shortly he hit the drum a hard lick, dropped it, and all hands pitched into the provision."

On another evening, the Indians painted and rigged themselves out with rattle boxes which were made of gourds and turtle shells, the latter tied to the right leg below the knee. Haskell said the shells had sheep hoofs attached to them so that "every time the person steps in dancing they rattle scandilous."

He explained further that the dancers held the gourds in their hands and sang and danced for some time. Haskell must have decided the dancers were trying to raise a snowstorm since the ground was very dry, because next day he made the cryptic entry, "Cloudy and snowing. Indians seemed to have succeeded."

ON THE DAY after that ceremony Haskell, taking some ammunition he hoped to trade for salt, went into a workshop where Indians were preparing for still another dance. Although Haskell didn't stay, Shelton went in later and reported to his companion that the dance was "a very mysterious operation" involving four Indians. "Three seated themselves and one went to digging dirt away from around a rock which formed part of the floor. The Indian raised it, threw some feathers in the hole and sprinkled in some meal. The rock was replaced and the four Indians left."

In mid-Janaury another dance was held in which the participants wore masks, several of the dancers pretending to be Navajo warriors, the rest Apache. Haskell's brief comment about that dance was, "They yelled and danced and sung and drumed and hopt about till out of breath and reeking with presperation then went back up the ladder feet foremost, which they seemed to consider quite an exploit."

Haskell was very interested, on a later date, in wooden images about six inches long, which he saw the men carve out of wood, then paint with vegetable dyes. He seemed to be of the opinion that the images were made to serve as "gods" who would prosper the tribe in hunting, oversee the weather, or control the grinding of meal.

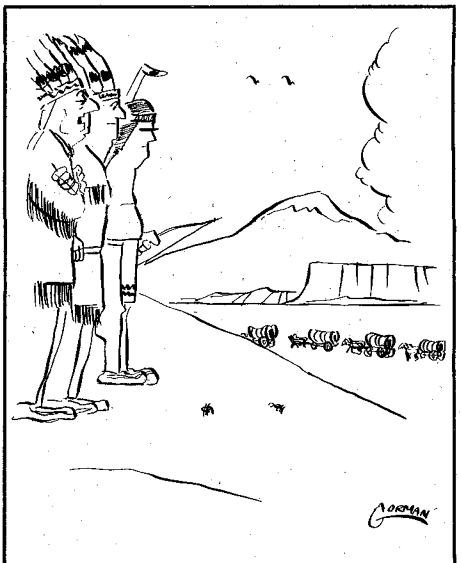
The Oribe Indians needed all the help they could get, according to Haskell, as in his opinion where the Indians had their village was as desolate and "heart sickening" a place as he had ever seen.

Oraibi, however, did not appear to be off the beaten track. A number of times Paiutes came to the village to trade, and several times Haskell spoke of Ute visitors. Navajo Indians apparently wandered in and out of Oraibi at all seasons, although the Haskell journal indicates they were not welcome.

Comments made by Haskell concerning Navajos were candid and usually critical. For example, toward the end of November, he mentioned that a number of Navajos had "dropped by" to tell the two Mormon missionaries they had "come 4 sleeps" to see them, that they had spent time in an American army camp, but wouldn't trade with the soldiers there because they were friends to the Mormons. It was Haskell's opinion, incidentally, that the Navajos were "a pack of liars."

Remarkably light-fingered, the visiting Navajos apparently picked up anything left lying around loose in the village—as well as articles that weren't—because Haskell related how, on a day in December, a Navajo brave rode into town, snatched a bolt of red cloth from a squaw and rode out again. The squaw raised a yell. "An Oribe called Twebi," wrote Haskell, "took off after him and twisted the cloth free from his hands, much to my satisfaction, for the Navajos consider themselves uncommon smart."

THE Oribe Indians seemed to be intimidated by their warlike neighbors, although Haskell and Shelton had no fear of the cocky Navajos, as evidenced by the time there were Navajos in town "who," Haskell admitted, "proved too sharp for us and stole the last bit of flour and our axes." The two white men immediately "went through their luggage for our stolen property but couldn't find it."



"Well, there goes the neighborhood."

The Navajos didn't take kindly to being subjected to a search. Even though they did nothing at that time, Haskell related that a short time later, "A Moquis Indian came to tell me Navajos hanging around town intended to kill us the first good chance they got, said we had better not be caught out of the village alone or they would scalp us sure. Said he had come on purpose to tell us. I tell them we do not shake hands nor smoke with those who steal from us. This makes them [the Navajos] wrathy but we do not ask nor expect any odds from them. The Oribes seem to be the true friends to us."

Moving warily in their encounters with the Navajos, the Oribes were not so timid with the less aggressive Paiutes. On a day when there were a number of those Indians in the village, something took place between the two tribes which Haskell called "an excitement." He went and had a talk with both sides, concluding they were equally to blame for the misunderstanding, and advised them to make up their differences—that it was better to live in peace.

By the middle of January, Haskell and Shelton, weary of guarding their property against theft by visiting Navajos, abandoned housekeeping and went to live with the Oribes. "It was either that," complained Haskell, "or stand guard over our belongings with a pistol."

The Oribes were gentle and friendly, but intensely curious about the two white men who came to live with them. In exasperation Haskell wrote, "A warm day. Went to the top of the hut to write in the journal. The Indians trouble us a great deal as they want to see everything we have at least a dozen times a day."

But the Oribes obviously liked and respected the two young men. Haskell soon had a nickname which he acquired one day while helping to repair a workshop. When it was noted that Haskell could easily outlift any of the Indian men, they gave him the name of "Konesoke," which meant "bear claws."

Haskell and Shelton studied constantly, from the first day, to learn the language of their Indian hosts, and they seemed to feel they had found a tribe worth teaching. On December 12, Haskell wrote, "Spent part of the day in workshops of the Indians seeing them spin and weave. It looks curious to see naked Indians spinning and weaving so patiently from morning till night when all the neighboring tribes get their living by hunting, fighting and stealing."

Marion Shelton, for his part, felt a deep concern for the poverty of the tribe. Shortly after he began his stay in Oraibi, Shelton wrote a letter to a church leader, George A. Smith, which he sent out with a group of Paiutes.

"These people need spinning wheels and looms very much," Shelton wrote, "and a small horse Mill would be an advantage to them. They lay out a great deal of labor in grinding their corn on a stone. They twist their yarn on a stick with their fingers and weave blankets with a few strings and a stick. You would have to see it to understand it. These Indians," he concluded, "are very anxious to have us stay and have furnished us a little house to live in."

The Oribe Indians did, indeed, appear anxious to have Mormons as friends since, some time in February, they guided Haskell and Shelton about thirty or forty miles south to a stream where, said the Oribes, they raised cotton. They seemed to feel the location would be ideal for a Mormon settlement, and for a mill.

But by March 8, 1860 (far short of the year they had planned to be in residence in Oraibi) the two young Mormons began to fear they might "overstay their welcome." Accordingly, they made arrangements to leave the village.

They packed their belongings, grown both scarce and shabby, and set out for home, after cautioning the Oribes to beware of the Navajos and live at peace with the Paiutes.

After a difficult, but uneventful, trip they reached their destination on the Santa Clara on March 27. Haskell closed his journal with the cryptic comment, "Found my family all well."

Perhaps his feelings about the long trip, and many others he was to make later, were expressed best in the last stanza of a poem Thales Haskell wrote about 1865:

I wish I had a clean shirt
I wish I had some shoes.
I wish my old mule was fat
And I didn't have the blues.
If ever I get home again
Contented I'll remain
And never go exploring
Till called upon again.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 17)

be near where we were working, so we found ourselves boarding with farmers native to the area.

On one particular occasion when we were boarding with a couple, the lady of the house, upon learning that my name was Ogden, informed me that she had a large volume dealing with the name of Ogden, from A to Z. The lady was entirely correct, for the hardback contained about 50,000 words and started out by giving the origin of the name of Ogden in the early days of England when people lived in communities called clans and all members of a particular clan were called by the name of his or her clan. In other words, the name of the clan was the family name of all the people who lived in the clan or community.

It turned out that the name of Ogden came into being from the fact that a certain clan of people lived in the valley of large oak trees and were known as Oakdens. Contractions and variations finally terminated into Ogden.

I would highly appreciate any reader who could steer me to where I might obtain a copy of this book.

My grandfather was William Riley Ogden and was a captain in the Confederate army. After the war he traveled extensively over the western part of the United States with a string of race horses.

I have been an avid reader of your magazines for a number of years, and have lived at many of the sites of the stories and known quite a number of the personalities in them—I have lived a number of years in Oklahoma, New Mexico, Arizona and California.—David W. Ogden, Route 1, Box 221, Cove, Arkansas 71937

Huskey

I would like information about my great-great-grandmother, Dorothy Trotter Huskey, who lived near Sevierville, Tennessee in the 1830s. She and my great-great-grandfather, William, had a large family. I would like to know where they are buried and more about her family.—Clarence Fennell, 4314 McDowell, Phoenix, Arizona 85008

Boone

I would like to find out who the parents and grandparents of Frederick Boone (Boon) were. Frederick was my great-grandfather. He died January 29, 1879, the second day after arriving in Texas

(Continued on page 64)

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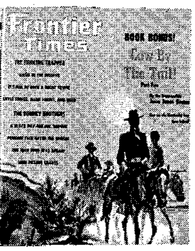
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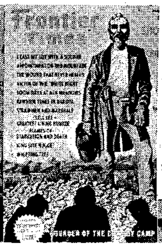
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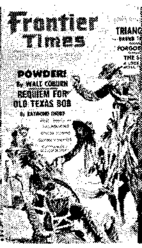
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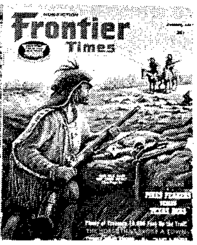
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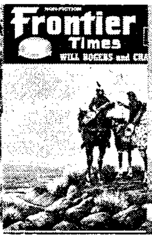
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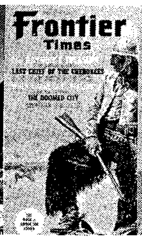
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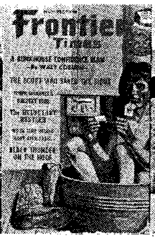
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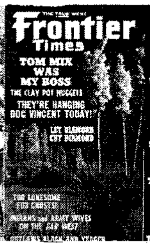
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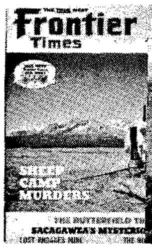
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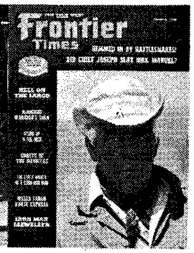
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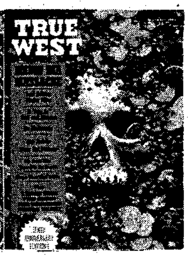
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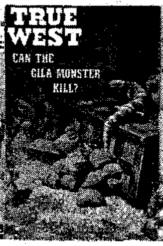
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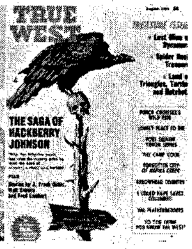
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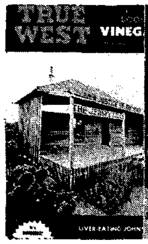
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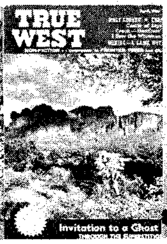
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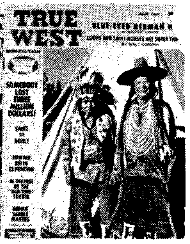
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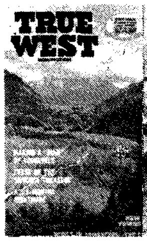
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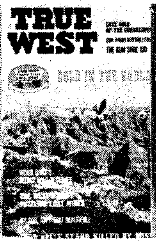
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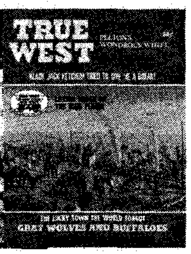
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Coal Oil Jimmy's Gang

(Continued from page 29)

cash box, the stage line and the passengers found plenty to rejoice about that day. Among the well-heeled passengers were Chief Justice of the Territory of New Mexico, Joseph G. Palen, and Congressman Col. J. Francisco Chaves. But perhaps the most grateful of all was Mr. Alderete, a traveler from Chihuahua, Mexico who was carrying $1,500 in bank notes and drafts on his person.

Unlike previous times, luck was with the sheriff's posse that pursued Buckley and Taylor that day. By nightfall the lawmen had surrounded the cabin of Jack Booth who unwittingly was serving up dinner to the wanted men, thinking that they were no more than weary travelers.

With the meal completed, the unsuspecting pair emerged from the house to be on their way once more when a volley of small arms fire splintered the walls around them. Had it not been for those first hasty and poorly aimed shots from one of the possemen, the capture might have been made then and there. But now the alerted outlaws scrambled back into the house for cover. Seconds later they reappeared holding their hapless host, Booth, in front of them as a living shield. "Follow us—and old Jack Booth is a dead man!" Buckley shouted in a shrill voice.

The posse held its fire. And so, in quiet and suppressed desperation the long-suffering hunters were forced to watch their elusive quarry escape once more. Disappointed and dejected to the man, they mounted and turned their horses back to Cimarron.

LONG HOURS and some twenty miles distant in the opposite direction, according to Jack Booth's later testimony, the outlaws pulled up their horses for a rest.

"What we gonna do with him?" Taylor asked with a nod toward the bound hostage.

"Shoot him!" Coal Oil replied matter of factly. "Then he won't be no trouble."

Two days later, the frightened Booth reported to authorities in Cimarron that he'd kept his mouth shut and prayed while Taylor talked quickly to persuade Coal Oil to wait at least until the following morning if he was intent on murder. "Then," Booth continued, "when it was Taylor's watch and Coal Oil fell asleep, why, Taylor set me loose."

As the news spread through town that Booth was safe, a clamor arose for pursuit to be resumed. Indeed, the lawmen were as anxious as anyone to see Coal Oil Jimmy and Tom Taylor behind bars, but it remained for two cowboys named McCurdy and Stewart to collect the reward.

McCurdy and Stewart had been acquainted with the wanted pair earlier in Cimarron and had even downed a few glasses with them in Calhoun's Saloon. Learning of the outlaws' hiding place, McCurdy and Stewart let them know that they'd like to team up with them. Coal Oil was the talk of the whole territory, they explained, and they didn't care to punch cows all their lives when there was the kind of easy money Coal Oil was getting.

Courtesy Denver Public Library,
Western History Department

Governor Marsh Giddings of the Territory of New Mexico (1871-75) and the Maxwell Land Grant Company offered rewards totaling $1,200 for the capture of highwayman Coal Oil Jimmy and his partner.

Flattered by the seeming adulation of the two, Buckley accepted and proclaimed that henceforward they'd be known as "Coal Oil Jimmy's Gang." Their first job would be to get fresh mounts by raiding Colliers Station about six miles from Fort Union. "They'll be sorry they ever treated Coal Oil Jimmy like they did," the new gang leader crowed.

It was Halloween night when the four men camped in the mountains near Colliers Station in supposed preparation for a pre-dawn visit. A fire was started and Buckley lay down near it for a rest. While Taylor stood chatting across the blaze to Stewart, McCurdy moved stealthily around the fire for the showdown that only he and Stewart knew was coming. Taylor had just lifted a tin cup of coffee to his lips when McCurdy's six-gun exploded, blasting a hole in the back of Taylor's head. Even before the cup could dump its boiling contents on the ground, Stewart had pulled his own gun from its holster and wheeled on the sleeping Coal Oil Jimmy, pumping several loads into the man's midsection. It was over in an instant and when the sounds of the shooting abated, the two wanted men were dead.

There, in the mountains where they'd fallen, they lay in the grotesque positions in which they had died. On the following day, in front of the Cimarron jailhouse, residents of the town would view the ghastly remains and breath a sigh of good riddance. Stewart and McCurdy would collect the reward from a grateful coachline and a relieved governor while the Cimarron *News & Press* announced the story to the nearby communities. "Road Agents Tom Taylor and Coal Oil Jimmy," the *Press* reported, "have come to grief and for the future will let the mail coaches pass along the highway unmolested."

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 5)

the late Texas author and poet, Robert E. Howard, whose heirs I represent. Quite a bit of his papers have been lost since his death in 1936. I am now trying to locate any of his correspondents. Accordingly, I would appreciate any information on the present whereabouts of the following known correspondents; the city given was where they lived circa early 1930s: Earl Lee Comer, Dallas; Alvin P. Bradford, San Antonio; Mrs. A. M. Blackburn, San Antonio; Percy Houghton, New York City. I am also very interested in locating a photograph of his father, the pioneer Cross Plains, Texas physician, Dr. Isaac M. Howard. —Glenn Lord, Box 775, Pasadena, Texas 77501

Fifteen-year-old Cowboy

In looking through the January issue of FRONTIER TIMES, I see some of the old boys' experiences on the range, so I thought I would add a little of my experience. It was in the spring of 1907 in Wyoming.

The boss caught up with me and told me to go over and put the range bulls back in the mountain pasture. Someone had left the gate open or the fence was down. I got them all in and looked back. I saw one left standing on a hill. Away I went. Took down my rope, got him started toward the other bunch riding as close as the hair grows, hitting him over the rump. We went about thirty yards. The bull turned and the horse turned. I grabbed the saddle horn, lost my hat, my rope, and also my stirrups and bridle reins. The bull would hit the horse in the rear. Took us back from where we started. The old horse threw his head to one side, got the bridle reins from under his feet and got away.

Well, after the excitement, I picked up my hat and rope, got my feet back in the stirrups and looked all around to see if someone was watching. I saw no one and gave the bull his sweet time on the way back to the herd.

The boss told me when I got the bulls in the pasture, he had nine head of horses in the corral at the ranch, to take them and go to the roundup. They were camped on Box Elder Creek. You can imagine how a fifteen-year-old boy felt being a cowboy. That is where my experience started. I was riding up a draw one morning looking for strays. My horse's front feet hit a bog hole. I didn't want to go down with him so I started to get off. The horse floundered around and got out. He went up out of the draw with me hanging onto his bridle reins with one foot caught in the stirrup. I managed to pull his head around and got hold of the saddle horn to get back on. No harm done, except I was awful scared and won't forget!—C. H. Hagins, Bull Shoals, Arkansas 72619

Seattle's Dynamo

(Continued from page 21)

dences of the Seattle elite, the rich and the influential. Most of those great old residences are still there, as is Highland Drive. Each has a view of the city and of Puget Sound with the Olympic Mountains, snow-covered under the setting sun, to the west.

Pederson found an empty block on the north side of West Highland Drive at a spot where the drop-off of the hill was too steep on the south side for anything ever to obstruct the view. He built the Victoria Apartments in the shape of a large open square with a vast evergreen lawn fronting toward the drop-off. The apartments remain today as desirable, exclusive, and almost unobtainable as they were when built fifty years ago.

Pederson had already completed the enormous Westport and several other apartment houses on lower Queen Anne when he suddenly was presented with a new challenge.

On the view side of West Highland Drive, a half block eastward from the Victoria and, in such a position as not to interfere with that apartment house's outlook, there was a worthless vacant lot. This lot dropped all but straight down from beautiful West Highland Drive which was then, as it is now, part of a boulevard system running around Queen Anne Hill. From any part of this boulevard the panorama is such that sightseeing buses are using it regularly today just as they did when they were wearing hard rubber tires and before that, when they consisted of beautiful carriages drawn by spirited horses.

This one particular lot was a constant hazard to the boulevard. In every rainstorm, the slippery clay edge of it slid down onto improvements which were a distance equivalent to three full stories almost straight below. The lot was 120 feet long, with 80 feet or so of frontage on West Highland Drive; the south edge was 90 feet below the north edge. It was impossible to stand or climb on any portion of this lot, even in dry weather, without clinging desperately to the scrub brush and blackberry bushes which tried to grow there.

The city asked Pederson if he could do something about this lot that would prevent Seattle's most beautiful and exclusive boulevard from sloughing onto it. Pederson, like the little toy steam engine, said, "I think, I think, I think I can."

He hired a steam pile-driving outfit that had been constructing ship piers on the waterfront. It was transported to the top of Queen Anne Hill and, under Pederson's direction, began driving creosote piling and railroad rails into the slanting hill. This was followed by numerable tons of concrete and, in a remarkably short period, the Narada Apartments, a beautiful brick building, with five stories above West Highland Drive and three full basements below, was refusing tenants because of complete occupancy—before it was completed. The Narada is as firm and solid on Queen Anne Hill today as the day it was finished. It has the enviable record of having stood longer with a lower vacancy rate than any other apartment house of which I have knowledge. It is one of few apartment buildings in the world which have three floors below street level with an

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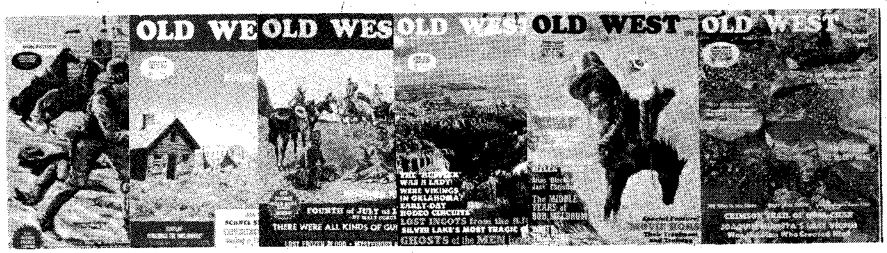

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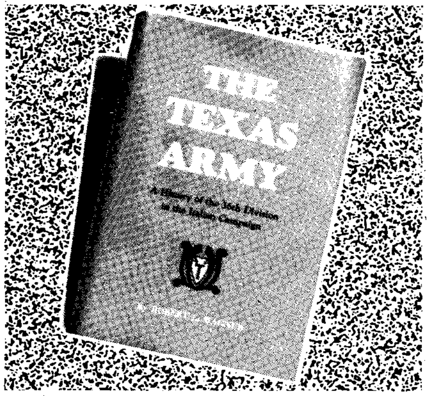

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unsurpassable view from every apartment. It had a waiting list for occupancy all through the Depression.

A present-day reader might scoff at what Pederson did and say, "There is nothing new in driving piles and rails, then dumping concrete to hold a foundation." But such a reader is talking out of context. Pederson did it in a day when other contractors and the city had given the lot up as worthless—and there is a similar lot nearby which no one seems to care to tackle even yet.

PEDERSON went on building apartment buildings: The North (later renamed El Capitan), Ben Lomond, and dozens of others whose names I have forgotten.

He was interrupted briefly in 1925 when the Long Bell Lumber Company, oldest and biggest outfit below the Mason-Dixon line, suddenly appeared in Washington with the idea of building a city. With cooperation from Weyerhaeuser Timber, almost an eighth of the uncut tree land in the state came under their control. The level sandy delta of the Cowlitz River, where it joins the Columbia, was chosen as the site of the town, across the Cowlitz from the ancient town of Kelso, fifty miles downstream from Portland.

Logging railroads slashed into the forest. The town of Vader and Ryderwood materialized. The fabled Ape Man of the Cascades retreated to a secret lair on Mount St. Helens and the mighty Columbia became resentful of the intrusion. The river began to tear at its own million-year accumulation of sand where the Cowlitz emptied into it.

There had to be a permanent landing alongside the great new sawmills for ocean ships. While the model town was being laid out and the Monticello Hotel was rising, it was rumored in Seattle that Hans Pederson had undertaken a job at Longview. The hotel, built by the lumber company as a first priority for those who came to build the town, was just completed and, as one of its earliest guests, I was thoughtful enough to snap a picture.

The Pederson legend suggests that a start in the attack on the Columbia was made with the iron frame of an old flat car. When this grabbed a temporary hold in the sand, enough broken slabs of concrete and boulders were tossed into the swirling current to have repaired the pyramids. In his own quiet way Pederson suggested to the Columbia as he previously had suggested to the Cascade mountain, "Now you roll along gently and stay where I put you." The Columbia did, and mighty ships slipped in for cargo.

When the Depression came, Pederson was in his sixties. The Viking, the Westroy, and the Iris Apartments were under construction in 1931. The market slump of 1929 and a complete stoppage of money, which had left houses standing half-completed in several parts of Seattle, had not stopped Pederson.

But the banks finally did. A friend of mine, an officer of one of Seattle's large banks, told me what happened, thereby confirming what Pederson's bookkeeper, a man named Stahl, had already told me. The Viking on 14th Avenue North, and the Westroy and Iris, next to each other on West Roy Street in lower Queen Anne, were all nearing completion when Pederson's bank told him, "We can't advance more money."

Pederson asked for a conference. He sat down in the bank with three executives and told them, "I started these buildings with the understanding that you would advance the money to finish them."

"We could not see then what was going to happen. No money is being advanced to any builder."

Pederson said, "You men know me. You have never changed your minds before when a building was not finished. The Bering is all ready except installation of the elevator, the laying of hall carpets and some painting."

"We are sorry, Mr. Pederson. We simply cannot advance any money."

"Nothing can be rented in the buildings the vay they are," Pederson said.

"We know that."

"You want to get back the money you already loaned me?"

"Of course, we know you will pay us."

"You ever been in the apartment house business?" Pederson asked them with a slow smile. He knew these bankers better than they thought he did.

"No, we have never been in the business."

Pederson rose and turned to go. Back over his shoulder, he said, "I pay all I owe you right now—with three unfinished apartment buildings." He glanced at the clock. It was ten minutes to twelve. "From noon your bank is in business. In case you should want a good contractor to finish some buildings, I will bid on the job but my bid will have to be higher than the amount I wanted to borrow."

By twelve o'clock the bankers were smiling and Pederson had his money exactly as had been originally promised. The Viking, The Westroy and the Iris were speedily finished.

IT WAS THEN I learned what it was that really made Hans Pederson click. One day I entered his office in the Washington Mutual Savings Building. His flat old-fashioned roll-top desk sat just inside the door. Pederson was seldom there, but this day he was.

I first saw only the top of his head with its plentiful thatch of white hair. His head was thrust forward on his outstretched arms, his face buried. His shoulders were moving with slow, irregular motions as if in slow, silent convulsion. Otherwise he neither moved nor acknowledged my entrance.

I slipped quietly into the tiny office adjoining where Stahl, the bookkeeper, was working. I knew Stahl well. He would not stop work to talk to me or to anyone else. He had a gift of talking and working simultaneously. His individualistic personality tied him to Hans Pederson as faithfully as iron chains moor a ship. Even in Seattle, where rain is frequent and winds often chill and blustery, I never saw Stahl wear a hat. I had met him on the street many times, always walking rapidly like a man who is afraid the bank will close before he gets inside. His greetings were invariably brief, always without a smile, but unbelievably friendly. We had had talks and had shared small confidences, but never with his letting his mind or his hands detract from the work at hand.

The fellow was meticulous. He wrote personally by hand all the checks which Pederson unquestioningly signed. Before handing such checks to the "Old Man," as he called Pederson, he would take a sharp lead pencil in his right hand and lay the pile of checks beside his left. Lifting them separately he would rapidly place the point of the pencil on each letter and figure and his lips would move as the pencil point hopped from digit to digit. In a low, rapid voice, if standing close, you might hear him whisper, "J-U-N-E-7 comma 1-9-3-1." That was the date: June 7. 1931. "P-I-O-N-E-E-R S-A-N-D-A-N-D-G-R-A-V-E-L-C-O-M-P-A-N-Y." That was the payee: Pioneer Sand and Gravel Company. "Dollar sign 8-4-7-period 3-0." That was the amount $847.30. And so on with each letter and digit on the check. His handwriting was block style, almost like square printing. I have mental images of checks received from Hans Pederson's office. Anybody could easily read them. I never heard of a mistake.

This day I said to Stahl, "What's the matter with Pederson?"

"He's bawling." Stahl never stopped his figuring.

"Something gone wrong?" Our voices were held low because Pederson was still sitting, face down on his desk, just around the corner past an open door.

"The banks won't lend him any more money. We've got some lots he wants to build apartment houses on."

I didn't quite see why this should make the old contractor cry. Stahl glanced at me as if not understanding my puzzlement. "His men keep coming in," he explained. "They're out of work. Most of them are married men with wives and kids and some of them owe bills they can't pay. If the banks would just loan the Old Man some money he could put them back to work."

This took a little digesting. I don't think I was exactly inexperienced but I had never before seen anyone sobbing over this kind of a fellow man's misfortune. In fact, I had never seen a man of Pederson's age actually sobbing. His organization was almost like a big family. Many of his employes were Scandinavians. Many had been with the contractor almost from the beginning. I had never heard of a strike, a labor problem or even a minor discontent on one of Pederson's jobs.

It had not occurred to me to wonder if the men belonged to unions. Most of Pederson's work was done before unionization became such an issue and I rather suspect that if one of Pederson's carpenters had objected to joining a union and had come to him about it, Pederson would like as not have made him a superintendent or vice president and sent him back to do the same work as before.

How could a labor leader quarrel with a man so engrossed in the welfare of his employes that he cried over their troubles as if they were his own? Indeed, I likely am one of very few who ever knew about this incident.

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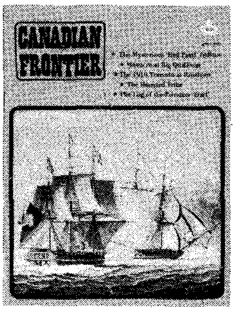

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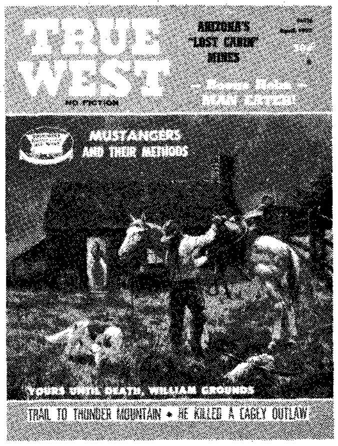
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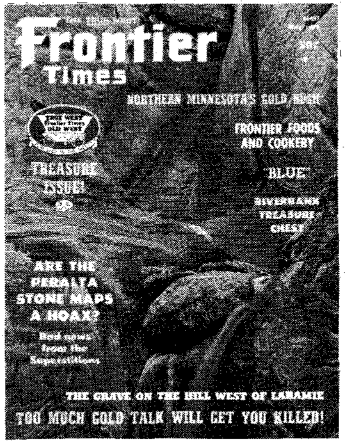
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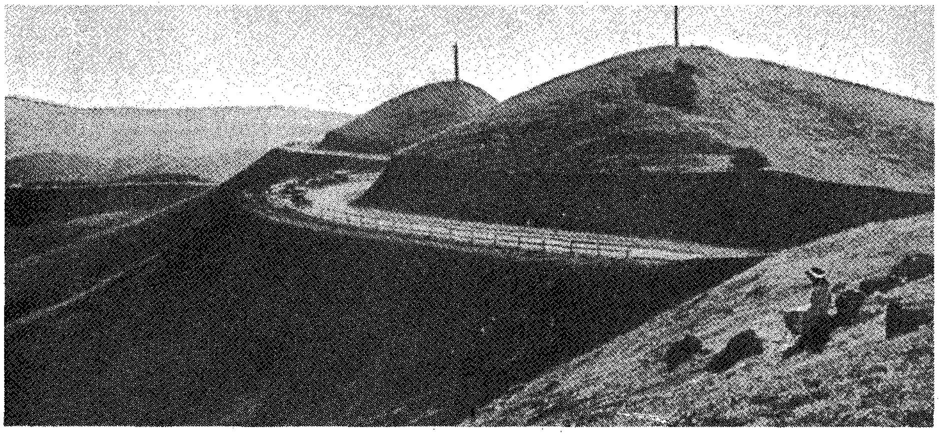
AS TIME PASSED, money got even tighter. There was no building in Seattle; not more than five or six private dwellings went up in one entire year. Folks who had purchased Pederson's apartment houses felt the pinch. His office was forced back into the rental business. He hired managers to run some buildings, took in the rents, and dispersed the money to the mortgage companies. Tax delinquencies accrued interest to be paid later. The bookkeeper, Stahl, Pederson's faithful architect-draftsman, and a carefully moving non-antagonistic lawyer, superintended the operation which moved to the Prefontaine Building because the city had gone northward and this was less competitive and less expensive space.

The Hans Pederson story was fast moving toward an ending never quite imagined. While spending a week-end on a country place near Seattle, still agile and aggressive at seventy, Pederson climbed into a tree to pick cherries. He fell and suffered a rupture which put him in the hands of doctors for a considerable time and slowed him down. He snapped back, however, only to suffer a stroke, which partially disabled him again.

At the time Hans Pederson was preparing to build the street car tunnel under Twin Peaks in San Francisco, they looked about like the photo below.



In order to try to overcome this condition, Pederson went to Soap Lake, Washington where a well known sanatorium was using the lake's mineral waters for baths and rub-downs. The location presumably also took advantage of the extremely hot and dry desert air.

What happened next I relate from a conversation with Mr. Stahl when I had stopped on business shortly after I had seen a brief mention in a newspaper to the effect that Hans Pederson had recovered quite completely and had returned to Seattle after marrying his attractive nurse. The girl's age was not half of Pederson's. The item was in the business section, not on the society page. I asked Mr. Stahl about it.

Stahl said, "Gosh! (he had a habit of using that word) I didn't know what to do. Pederson just walked in one day and said 'Good morning,' to me and stepped over to the safe. He kneeled and spun the combination. I couldn't imagine what he wanted. There was *no money* in the safe. But he knew what he was looking for and where to look. He removed several life insurance policies. I just stood watching him—looking, I guess, as if I thought he was doing something he shouldn't. But I thought, Gosh! Those policies were his; the office was his. He had carried a lot of life insurance for years, just for the banks. He seldom gave a financial statement; they loaned him money entirely on his word and his contracts, so it was only right. Pederson agreed. They should be sure of getting their money if anything happened to him. But now we didn't have any contracts. Pederson never intended to do any more building. I finally got the nerve up to ask him, 'What're you going to do with them, Hans?'

"He grinned at me like a happy kid. 'I'm going to cash them in and go on a honeymoon.' "

Stahl said he just stood there gaping while Pederson stuffed the policies in his pocket. At the door, he said, "You fellows can vind things up better than I can anyvay. There's nothing more to build and I vouldn't touch any money in the business till things get straightened out."

What Pederson did was totally in character. His honesty would not let him draw money from a business which had uncertain assets and numerous liabilities. His wife was young and capable and had evidently been told what he intended to do.

Pederson seldom came into the office after that. When I stopped by there I always talked and joked with the men of his organization whom I had come to know so well. They told me many interesting things. For example, they claimed a building the size of the Alaska Building could not be built either faster or better in the late '30s than in 1904. "The only thing modern men and machines do faster is dig the basement. That was slow with horses and scrapers. But above that, there's so much red tape, labor segregation (as to the crafts) and cheap substitute material, that everything is always being held up for inspections, loans or something or another. No wonder we're in a Depression."

LATER, when the Northwest was shaken on April 13, 1949 with an earthquake practically as intense as the San Francisco quake of 1906 (except that there was no fire), I made it a point to ride the elevators to the top floor in both the Dexter Horton Building and the Alaska Building. Then I walked through all the halls and down the stairs. The reinforced concrete Dexter Horton Building, built twenty-five years after completion of the Alaska Building and less than a hundred feet distant, directly across Cherry Street, had visible cracks on the outside directly even with each floor, and plaster had cracked or sifted onto the floor in many offices and hallways. I could not find even one slight evidence of damage in the Alaska Building. Hans Pederson's plaster was still smoothly in place except where offices or halls had been rearranged in the intervening years by remodeling.

I would always ask the boys about Pederson. He and his wife were living in a snug and comfortable apartment in lower Queen Anne. I suggested once, "I've heard people who don't know anything about it say such a young girl must have married him for his money."

"He didn't have any and hasn't got any," they all agreed. "We all know her and she's about as lovely a human being as anyone ever met. She knows her business, nurses and fusses over him unbelievably. Did you ever know anybody who didn't love Hans? We're all genuinely jealous of the Old Man."

Pederson was not seen around town any more. I never met him personally again, but his unbelievable accomplishments were not yet over. Two or three years after their marriage, his wife went to the hospital and brought home a baby boy.

A couple of years later, when the office had moved again, from the Prefontaine Building to another small accommodation in the Haight Building to be nearer the apartment house district, I stopped and asked about Pederson.

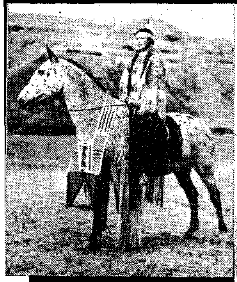
"He's getting along fine," they told me. "Mrs. Pederson brings the boy in once in a while. We all love the kid and he looks so much like the Old Man, we're just waiting for him to grow up and take charge."

Meantime the Second World War was looming up. Seattle apartments filled. Rent controls began. The Pederson buildings gradually got their indebtedness under control and their taxes paid. My contact with the office became less and less but I knew about it when Pederson died.

His estate was more than paying its way and I heard indirectly that a nephew, who received a small amount, was the closest blood relative. The increasingly valuable remainder went to Mrs. Pederson and the boy. I heard they moved from Seattle to New York where she had relatives but the final settlement is hearsay on my part and I cannot vouch for it.

Hans Pederson's accomplishments received so little publicity that I doubt if there are a dozen people who know as much about his career as I have related here, or if all the newspaper clippings and library books would reveal as much.

WESTERN COLOR PRINTS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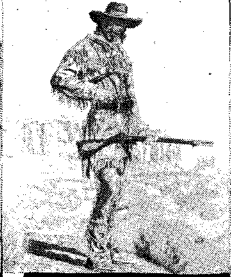
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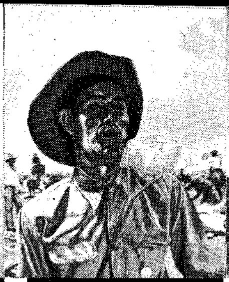
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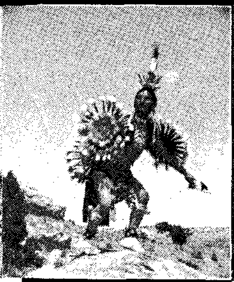
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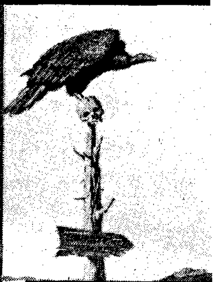
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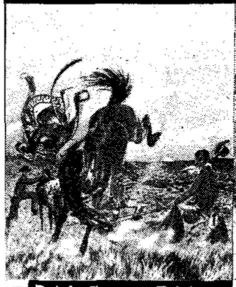
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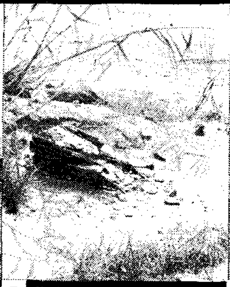
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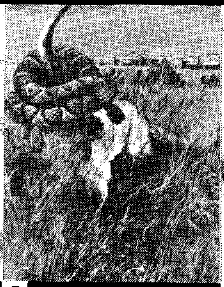
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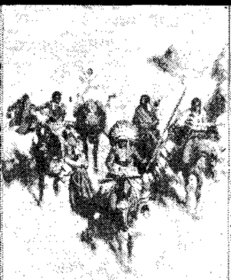
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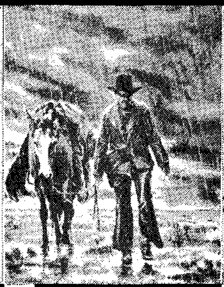
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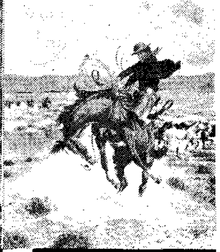
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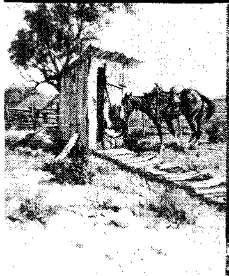
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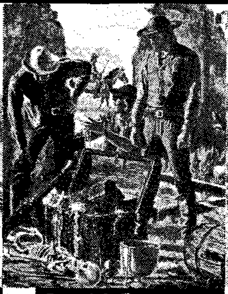
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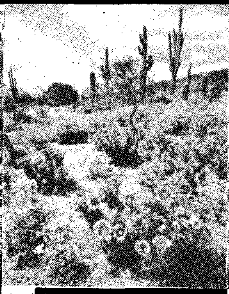
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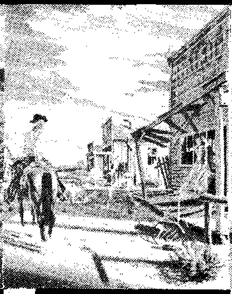
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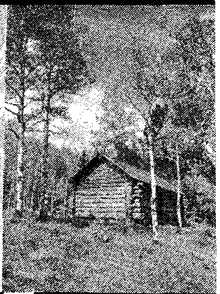
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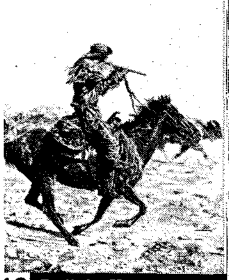
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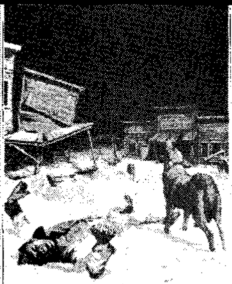
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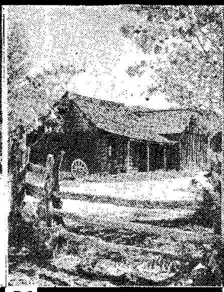
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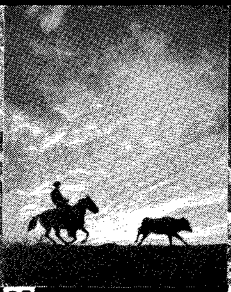
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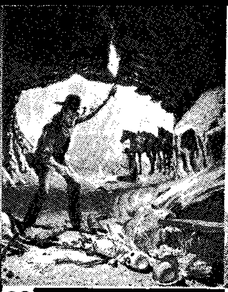
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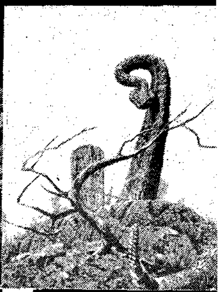
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SEE PAGE 45

Missouri Scout

(Continued from page 33)

real dark from the outdoor living, and their hair was long and matted. The hair of the Indian does not mat because it's so coarse and straight and oily. It seems the Indians are designed for rough living. The white women also had rough peeling skin—quite different from the Indians' dark oily skin but you couldn't change their eyes. They were pale blue and contrasted with the rest of their faces.

I went close to the younger one and to my great surprise she was stone blind. She only followed the other ones by sound. The old storekeeper told me those same Indians came every winter and an old Indian had told him that the young girl had tried to escape and the Indians had held a hot iron near her eyes and made her blind so she would not try to escape again. Her eyes had white scars right on the pupils so I guess he was right, although another Indian told me she had lost her sight by looking into too many Indian campfires. He said a white person's eyes could not stand the Indian's campfire for too many years.

Anyway, I felt so sorry for the girls, so I had an interpreter ask them if they would like to come back and live with the white people. They looked at me so pitifully and tears came to their eyes, but they said not a word and turned and left with the Indians. It brought to my mind the Old Testament where it says, in the Book of Ruth, Chapter 1, Verse 16, "For whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge and thy people shall be my people and thy God shall be my God."

It left me very sad to see them go back to the high mountains to live forever with the Indians.

AT this time the old storekeeper, a Mr. Hampton, contracted with me to take a group of people and go down into Mexico. He was interested in putting up some trading posts in that part of the country.

We started out from San Pete Valley with six men and saddle and pack animals. We went to Kanab, Utah and crossed into Arizona. Arizona had only been explored by some men working for Mr. Hampton a couple of years before, but they could not find water twenty miles beyond the Colorado River so all returned. He instructed me to explore Arizona and go on into Old Mexico through Sonora and down into Chihuahua. I kept a book and took notes on everything we saw and he was planning to put in some trading posts and stage stations there. In Arizona we found very little water and also very little grass. We bought some corn for our stock in the Salt River Valley. The grass was sacaton grass, a very coarse and dry grade of hay.

Ice caves in the top of the Sierra Madre, near the Takeche Indian village where Welsh found help.

In the earlier days, men exploring the Southwest depended solely on grass, but cattle had grazed it off during the years and we had to supplement it with corn. We had one span of pack mules who were determined to go back to Utah. Even when we hobbled them, they would travel fifteen or twenty miles in a night. We tried in many ways to hamper them—side hobble, cross hobble, etc., all to no avail. Then we tied them to one another's tails. They would circle around a while, then fill up on grass and lie down.

As we went into Sonora, Mexico, we met many fine people and everyone helped us. There were many robbers and warlike Indians, but we were lucky and had very little trouble.

One night as we were traveling by moonlight, we sighted a group of warlike Yaqui Indians. We hid in a little draw and were quiet. With us we had a little Mexican burro that always brayed when he saw something. We tied a rock on his tail—when a burro brays he raises his tail but with a rock on it he will not bray. Well, this burro got so insulted he didn't bray anymore on the whole trip!

One time after traveling all day, we came to a waterhole and one of the men tried to push this same animal in the water. He got stubborn and wouldn't drink, so two men picked him up and threw him in. He just raised his little head and walked out without touching a drop. An old Mexican with us said, "If you want a little burro to do something, never tell him; it will only hurt his feelings." I guess he was right.

From Sonora we went into Chihuahua. We met many different kinds of Mexicans, Spaniards and Indians. The Mio Indians were a very smart race of people living in the high mountains of Chihuahua. They were very light and had blue eyes.

One night as we were camped in the high cold mountains, I felt my blanket leaving me. I lay very still for a second, then jumped up and grabbed a Mio Indian. He was cold and returning home from town; it seems he'd lost his blanket betting on a cockfight. Well, I always did like a good sport, so I got up and we made up a big fire and I fed him and sent him on home. The next day, when we came to his town, the people there welcomed us and we stayed and visited for several days.

We were on our way to a little town in the high mountains of Chihuahua when one horse fell and cracked his hoof, splitting it so badly he couldn't even stand. We couldn't travel without him; he was our "kitchen horse," the only one that was gentle.

We were wondering what to do when a little Indian came up and told us to burn some cowhorns and put it on the hoof and then wrap green rawhide around it snugly and nail it on the horse's shoe. The next morning he moved out with our kitchen in fine shape. When we took the rawhide off 600 miles later, he was perfectly well!

One time we were exploring high in the Sierra Madre Mountains and we ran out of food. We were away from civilization and it was too cold and there was too much snow for us to be able to find any game. I have been told a man cannot get hungry as long as he has gold in his pockets but I don't know; we had plenty of money and we got awful hungry! A man can live on very little but we only had some salt and a bit of coffee. We were snowed in and our outlook was pretty dim.

WE boiled rawhide and ate it and drank the juice. Raw leather has so much glue in it we had to boil it then let it set until it got cold and formed gelatin. Then we salted it down and ate it.

We waited for the snow to freeze over so we could travel on it. One night it became so cold we knew we would die if we went to sleep. We were so weak and exhausted we could not even chop up wood for a fire. Tears came to the men's eyes because we knew we were finished. The cold days and lack of food had used up our energy and burned all the carbon from our bodies. We had voted not to eat our stock because we knew if we were ever going to get out it would be on our horses and mules.

At this time I had an idea and we tried it. We boiled all our coffee—two pounds—and drank it. We became kind of intoxicated so we chopped up a whole tree and made a big fire and warmed up real good and all went to bed. We awoke refreshed the next morning and packed up to try and move out. The snow was frozen to make traveling a little easier.

I felt so sorry for our horses and mules. They lived on what little bark they could chew off the stunted trees. Our little camp dogs lived off the manure of our horses. We were indeed a sad looking group as we came down from the high mountains on the frozen snow. As we neared the valley, we had one horse die from cold and exhaustion.

We cut him up and cooked some of the meat and ate it but it gave us no strength at all. You cannot gain strength from eating poor meat. Also it gave us dysentery and we were real sick. We left the remains for the wolves that always howled

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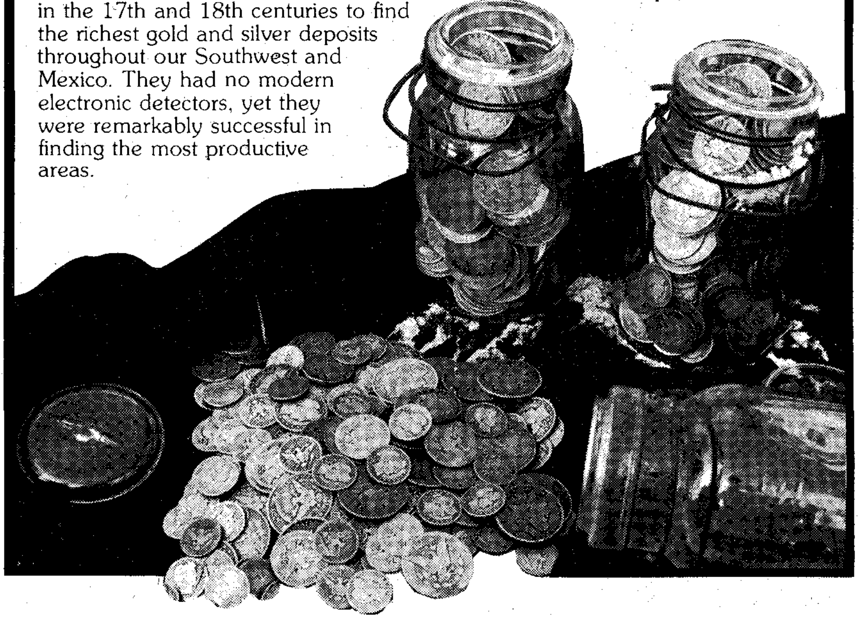

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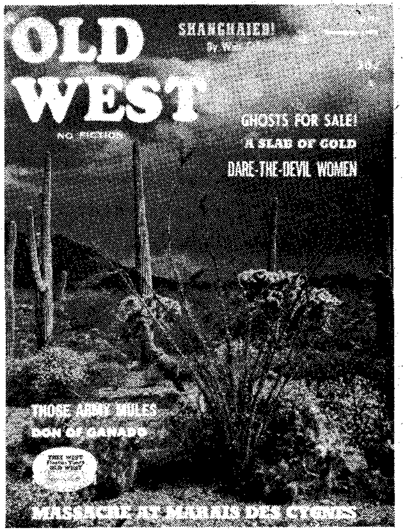

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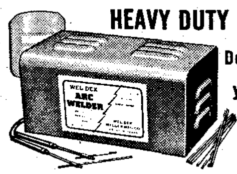

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near our camp. That night they came in real close so we moved out and left them the remains of the poor horse.

The next night when we were about ready to give up, we saw a light. It was like the farthest star, and was so dim it seemed to come on and go out but I knew it was a village. In that high mountain valley we found some Tapeche Indians, a remnant of the ancient Toltecs who were mound builders. They were very friendly and took us in and fed us. They gave us ground corn and boiled venison. That night we slept with them in their village. I have never forgotten that simple meal.

After resting up a few days and letting our stock get strong again, we bought supplies for our homeward trip. We had traveled over 3,000 miles and I had taken many notes for Mr. Hampton. We were anxious to get back to Salt Lake before winter set in.

On the fifteenth of February we said goodbye to our Indian friends and headed our little band of stock homeward. The mules seemed to know where we were going as they switched their little tails and moved out. We crossed the state of Sinaloa and came up the coast route through Mexico to Punto Lobo, then turned north toward old Tucson in Arizona Territory. The nights were just beginning to get frosty as we reported back to Mr. Hampton in Salt Lake. We had traveled over 6,000 miles with the same stock and they were in fine shape when we arrived home.

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 35)

photographs are very good and reproduced quite well—the text is informative. Most of the sites included were of importance in the Spanish-Mexican, Revolution, Republic and early Statehood periods of Texas history. Among the last ten, however, are such unrelated sites as the LBJ Library in Austin, the Texas Theater in Dallas where Oswald was captured, the Monsanto plant at Texas City destroyed by the explosion of the French freighter *Grandcamp* in 1947, the house in which President Eisenhower was born in Denison and the like. It is all history, of course, but this reviewer was a little confused with the mixture of old and new.

PONY EXPRESS

Saddles and Spurs; The Pony Express Saga (University of Nebraska Press, $1.95) is the Bison Book edition of the book by the Settles, first published in 1955. The authors' goal was not to publish just another book on the Pony Express, but rather to place this epic undertaking in perspective and to show the relationships between the founders, the on-going stagecoach and freighting business, the development of the transcontinental railroads and telegraph, and to document these actions with photographs. In spite of these lofty goals which are largely fulfilled in the text, the lusty excitement and the courageous performances of the riders are projected. Another notable achievement of the book is the effort to present as complete a roster of the riders as possible. As a result, the names of 120 young riders were compiled from various lists, resulting in what is probably the most accurate list yet available. The factual information about the founders, the organization, roster of riders, photographs, and bibliography make *Saddles and Spurs* one of the most complete treatments of the Pony Express saga.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 53)

from Mississippi. Our records show he had moved from Tennessee to Mississippi.

My grandfather Frances Ebenezer Boone was born June 15, 1852 in Mississippi. They emigrated from around Corinth (Alcorn County) Mississippi. Also, does anyone know the names of Squire Boone's sons? Squire was Daniel Boone's brother. Thanks to anyone who can give me information.—Clara Morgan, 439 Sunset Lane, Pueblo, Colorado 81005

Cox-Rouse

I would appreciate any information concerning Abe Cox who married a girl by the surname of Rouse. Abe moved from Kentucky to the Little Blue River near Dewitt, Nebraska sometime prior to 1854. My grandfather, Henry William Cox, was born to this couple on the Little Blue River on October 14, 1854. There was a son born in 1844 who was killed by the Indians during a raid on Fort Lincoln in 1858. Also, would like the first name of Mrs. Cox and any information concerning her. Could she have had Indian blood?

William Henry Cox married Zoa Amanda Sellick July 26, 1879 at Wells Post Office, Adams County, Nebraska.—Marjory F. Thorp, Box 26, Indian Valley, Idaho 83632

Rostad-Nielson

My grandparents were Paul J. Rostad, born 1862 in Trondjiem, Norway and Christina Margarita (Nielson) Rostad, born 1872 in Norway. Paul came to Galesburg, North Dakota (near Fargo) in 1885-1890 where he met and married Christina in 1893. In 1905 they brought their family to Canada and homesteaded near Melville, Saskatchewan, Canada. Christina had no brothers or sisters but Paul had several of each, who all remained in North Dakota. Paul and Christina had nine children who are living in Saskatchewan, Canada.

We have been well acquainted with the descendants of Paul's brothers and sisters but we have recently heard that some of Paul's cousins and their descendants are living in the United States. We would appreciate hearing from anyone with any knowledge of any relatives, or information from people named Rostad or Nielson. Nora Rostad, my mother, was their oldest child.—Mrs. Hugh Wotherspoon, Box 818, Melville, Saskatchewan, Canada

Young (Younger)

I am interested in hearing from anyone knowing or descending from the family of William J. Young of Missouri. I understand the name could have been Younger. This man was lynched in Clark County, Missouri.

A story was written either in a western or detective magazine entitled "What A Great Man My Father Was" by Rufus Hughes. Would appreciate any information concerning this.—Mrs. Leslie Boynton, Route 3, Box 149, Emmett, Idaho 83617

Norris

I would appreciate any information on an aunt and two uncles of mine. Beckey Lizzie Beth Norris was born August 18, 1920; Claudie Lee Norris was born December 31, 1923; and Charles Franklin Norris was born December 31, 1925. They were children of Lizzie Beth and George Norris and were all born in Swifton, Arkansas. After their mother died in June 1926 a family named Gay took Beckey Lizzie Beth and Claudie Lee and moved to Texas. The Gays said they would call Beckey Lizzie Beth, "Jessie" so I guess she would be known by that name today. A family named Watson took Charles Franklin Norris. We have not heard anything from them since they left Swifton, Arkansas in July 1926.—Mildred Freeman, 22 South 93rd Street, Mesa, Arizona 85208

Houston

I am seeking any information concerning my great-uncle, Matthew (Matt) N. Houston. He was born in Laclede County, Missouri in 1850. In 1874 he lived in San Antonio, Texas; then near Medford, Oregon in 1879.—R. H. Minetree, Jr., 904 Cynthia Street, Poplar Bluff, Missouri 63901

Hewlett

I am searching for Flossie Hewlett. I think she was adopted by my uncle, William A. Hewlett and his wife Mat, or Mattie. They came to Stephens County, Texas in a covered wagon, to the home of William's sister and brother-in-law, in 1919. William was blind and feeble. Flossie was about sixteen years of age then. She helped care for William but he died in 1920 and is buried in the Necessity Cemetery in Stephens County with marked headstone.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Trammel lost contact with my Aunt Mat and Flossie after William died. I was about nine years old at the time. I would appreciate hearing from Flossie or any of her relatives or anyone knowing about her.—Mary Emma (Hewlett) Covington, Box 926, Albany, Texas 76430

Hays (Hayes)

I would like to hear from anyone with any information about my grandfather John Thomas Hays (Hayes). If living, he would be about eighty-five years old. He was last heard from about 1927. His wife was named Beulah Irene. They had seven children—all living except one—Mamie. They are J. B., W. T., Gladys, Henry, Melvin and Oval Nell. There was a divorce and John later married Effie Buckner. They had at least one son whose name is unknown. I think he may have been a barber.—Mrs. Tommy Burleson, 1304 S. Bowie, Abilene, Texas 79605

Grumbles

The stories of the Lost San Saba Mines tell of a Moses Grumbles. Moses Grumbles escorted a *Comanchera* from San Antonio to San Saba to let her show him the mine site. The morning after they arrived, he was shot down and she beat a fast trail out of there. Can you tell me which tribe Grumbles came from, who was the gunner and the Mexican woman?—Terry N. Grumbles, Box 2001, Austin, Texas 78767

James-Scott-Armstrong-Creekmore Peck-Persons

William James was born in Virginia in 1780-1790. I would like to know who and where his parents came from and in what part of Virginia he was born. He moved to Tennessee and married Nancy Scott. They had thirteen children, all of whom married and had children. Of the children, John Scott (1812-1887), Calvin (1814-1860), and Wiley (1826-1908), I have a very interesting history. Of the other ten children I have only the following: Clark, born 1816, married Augusta Jane Evans, sister of John Scott's wife, Rebecca Caroline Evans. They were nieces of novelist, Augusta Jane Evans, who wrote stories of the Civil War. Clark died in 1896. Jennie married an Armstrong; Mary married Ed Creekmore; Malinda married Jake Peck. The rest of the thirteen children were Alfred, Blackburn, Rufus, Horace, William and James Scott. Does anyone have any information regarding them?

Also would appreciate any information about Oscar Julius Persons, "O.J.," born May 13, 1871 in New York. He had a daughter by one marriage, named Mildren. He married Martha Loy James July 4, 1905 at Trinidad, Colorado. They had two daughters there about 1914 to 1918; they lived in Ketchum, Oklahoma and had three more children. O. J. had two brothers, Art and Rob, and a sister Minnie. He was in El Cajon, California and Yuma, Arizona about 1928 to 1931.—Mrs. Dorothy L. Rogers, 1056 E. Washington Avenue, El Cajon, California 92020

Neilson

I am interested in any information on my father, John Oliver (Jack) Neilson, who disappeared sometime in 1930, the year I was born. He was born in Webster Groves, Missouri around 1909. He worked as a male nurse in mental institutions and was also an amateur boxer. When last heard from, he was supposedly going to California.—Mary Neilson Baker, 795 W. Jackson Street, Marshall, Missouri 65340

Meek

I was at the townsite of Roansboro, Texas the other day. I read part of the history on the historical marker. It gave the number of sawmills at fifteen, ten stores, two churches, a school, hotel and bank. It named one of the mill operators as a fellow named Meek—no first name. Back in the early thirties I met an elderly man named Meek in the Rio Grande Valley around Donna. I don't recall his first name. He owned an orange and grapefruit grove out in the country and a nice home. I remember him speaking at Roansboro. He was a member of the Church of Christ. I would

(Continued on page 72)

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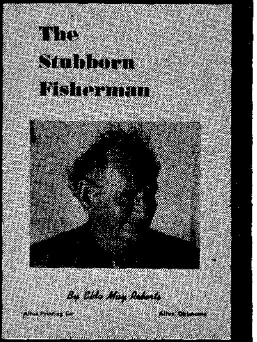

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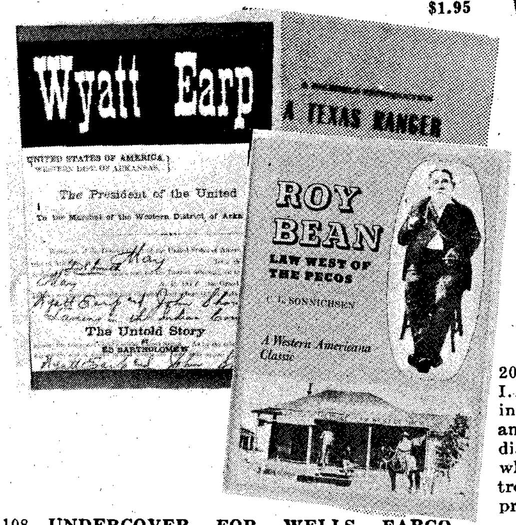

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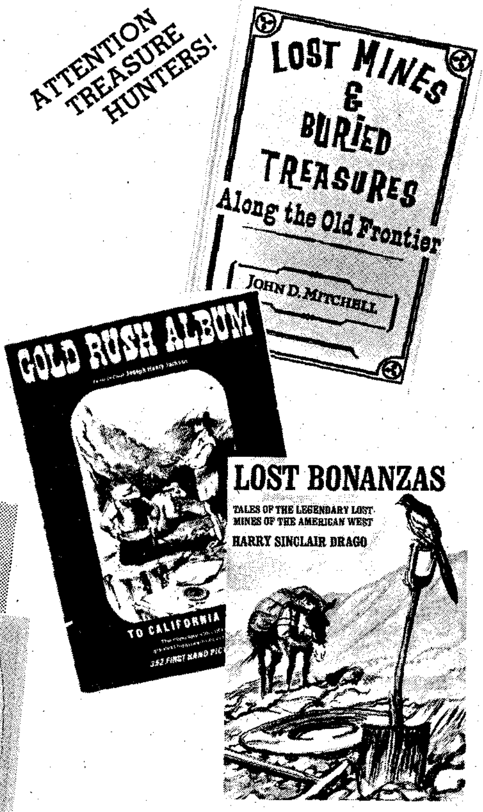
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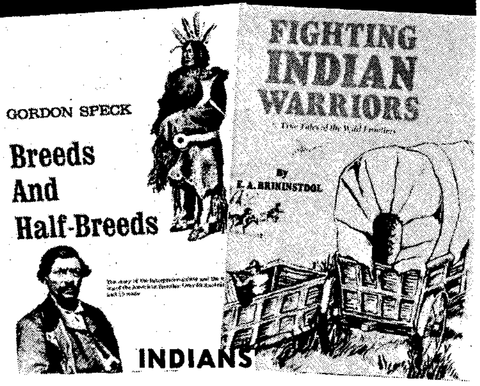

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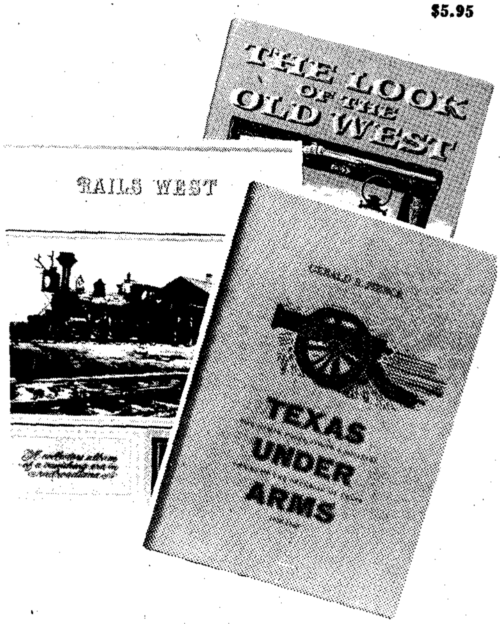

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Ghostly Fort Dilts

(Continued from page 27)

even at a time when many other men were accomplished along this line.

The train moved on for ten more miles that day, with the Indians watching from buttes and hills too close to the wagontrain for comfort. Many of them seemed to be drunk from the whiskey they had stolen, and some tauntingly puffed clouds of smoke from big black cigars which they had confiscated from the drug wagon earlier. It would have been funny under other conditions.

No Indians were seen that night, and the train went on the next morning, skirting the extremely rough parts of the terrain—ravines, buttes, and cutbanks. To enter the breaks would have been madness, in the opinion of Captain Fisk, who assuredly was feeling the strain of his great responsibility. A decision had been taking form in his mind to turn back, but not before he had sent for help from Fort Rice. That afternoon when Fisk selected a level piece of ground that gave plenty of room for a good corral of the wagons, and one that was adequate for defense, he stopped the wagons for the last time on the westward journey.

It was a place where low, grassy hills almost encompassed the area at a distance of about a mile, giving the defenders ample time to see any advance of the Indians, who sat on top of the highest points and watched the whites construct a sod stockade around the wagons, corralled near a good spring.

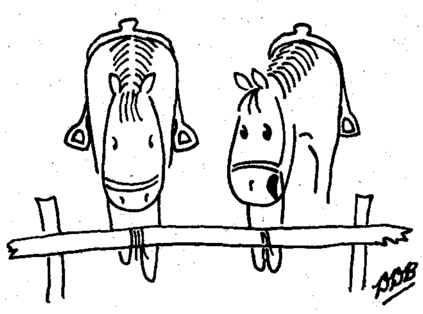
The men, women, and the soldiers in the escort, all worked. Teamsters used the ox-teams to plow up strips of sod, which others cut into 3′x2′ rectangular pieces. These were used to make a 7′ high embattlement, 2′ thick in a circular area 300′ in diameter. Port holes were made in the sod, and guards were at the wall night and day. Inside the stockade the cattle and the soldiers' mounts were kept in the outer circle, the wagons in an inner circle. In the center of the corral was space for the immigrants to do their cooking at campfires, and tend the wounded.

Corporal Dilts and two soldiers, wounded in the Deep Creek battle, died after the permanent site was selected and the fort was well on its way to completion. They were buried within the corral. Others who had been killed on the outside on scouting trips were buried there also. Those buried were William H. Chase, Company D, Brackett's Minnesota Cavalry; Theodore Rosch, Company K, of the Minnesota Infantry; Joseph Delany, Company I, 8th Minnesota Infantry; Augustine Carpenter, Company G of the 8th Minnesota Infantry; Ernest Hoffnaster, Company A, Brackett's Minnesota Cavalry; Marma D. Betts, Company F, 6th Iowa Cavalry; Thomas C. Williamson, Company A, 6th Iowa Cavalry; and Corporal Jefferson Dilts of Company C, 1st Minnesota Cavalry, in honor of whose bravery and determination to defend the fort at all costs, the site was named.

IT WAS the black night of September 5 that Lieutenant Smith gave his troops into the hands of a junior officer and left the stockade under cover of darkness to make the trip to Fort Rice for help. He expected it would take him a week to ride that distance, mostly at night, and another week for rescue troops to make the return journey. He had seven men with him, but they became separated in the dark and lost the trail. The next night six came straggling back into the stockade. One had been killed by the Indians.

The red men soon made another attack but were careful to stay out of range of the sharpshooters and the cannon. One afternoon the soldiers, tired of seeing the Indians peering down on them from a high hill, went out in force and drove them away, but feared lest the attackers had gone for reinforcements.

The end of a fourteen-day period of anxiety for all concerned finally arrived with the appearance of Colonel Dill who had been dispatched from Fort Rice. It had taken Lieutenant Smith three days and three nights to reach the fort on the Missouri. With Colonel Dill came 55 infantrymen, 300 calvarymen and a con tingent of the artillery to rescue th immigrants and escort them safely bac to Fort Rice.


"I hate payday."

One day before Dill's arrival, a ban of Indians watched the fort for a lon time from the top of their favorite hil They finally withdrew, after leaving pole stuck into the ground on whic Captain Fisk found a note scribbled o brown wrapping paper, by the use of lead bullet. It said, "Makatunka says h will not fight wagons, but they have bee fighting two days. They had many me killed by the goods." [This referred t a box of food that had been poisone with strychnine and left on the trail Deep Creek crossing, where the India picked it up and ate it. Several of the died, and the rest of the band want revenge, naturally.] The note went on say, "They tell me what to write. I do n understand them. I was taken by the July 12th. They say for the soldiers give forty head of cattle. Hehutahun says he fights not. But they have bee fighting. Be kind to them, and try free me for Mercy's sake." It was sign by a Mrs. Kelly, a captive white woma

Captain Fisk, to bid for time, tried placate the Indians at Fort Dilts a rescue Mrs. Kelly if possible. He offer the hostiles three horses, some flou sugar and coffee, but they refused t deal. Then came days, several of them, when no Indians showed up at all. They were displeased at his offer and were pouting, and left notes demanding ammunition, horses, wagons, knives and axes, which he dared not make available to an enemy even if he'd had them to spare.

There was a merry feast in celebration of the arrival of the military rescue party at Fort Dilts, and the women did their part by baking bread and making doughnuts and other sweets for the men. Everyone was so relieved that while preparing to depart for the long strenuous expedition that would take them home, there was an air of exhilaration among the immigrants. Some, of course, felt very disappointed at having to give up their chance of riches in the gold fields and returning home with less than they had when they started out on the journey. From Fort Rice a few waited and took steamboats that were going upriver to the mines but the majority went back east the way they had come.

Fanny Kelly was later freed when this band came to Fort Sully in early December and one of their number called "Crawler" swapped her to a post trader for food. (Congress awarded her $5,000 for her timely warning on one occasion that Fort Sully was to be attacked, which saved the fort and its inmates from a tragic end. She also wrote a book about her captivity among the Indians, which was popular in earlier times.)

Fort Dilts is now protected by the State Historical Society, which has had constructed a high net fence around the site. A monument has been made of native agates and agatized wood of various colors, embedded in the front of which is a plaque showing the arrangement of the original enclosure. The 7′ sod block wall has dwindled to about 3′ in height and is overgrown by weeds in places. To the right of the monument are five white headstones, and a few paces in front of the monument four more stand, bearing the names of those who died there.

There is something weird about the place, its solitary loneliness miles from any sign of habitation or routes of main ravel. Only a dusty little trail of a road winds over the rolling hills to the ite. The feeling of impending doom, or at least uneasiness, strikes one while tanding there thinking of the abject error of those unfortunate people bliged to spend two weeks on the lonely pot. Because it is situated about four miles off the main highway in the very outhern corner of North Dakota, few eople have ever visited Fort Dilts, and ome don't know there is such a place. t has been mentioned in history books, ut briefly, and no one thinks of it as till standing in part, or remember those who gave their lives to protect it.

Today, also, it seems queer that the he-men" of that early time, who reutedly felt a great protective instinct toward the safey of their womenfolk, would have been so foolish as to deliberately expose their wives and children to such an horrible ordeal, just to satisfy their lust for gold.

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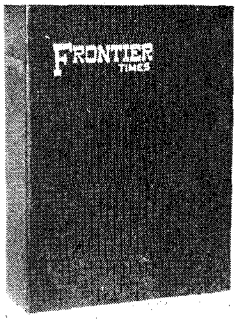

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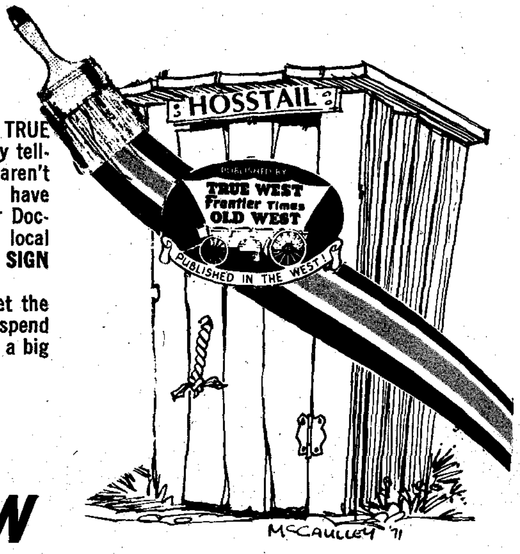

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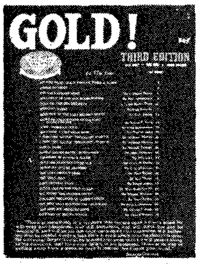

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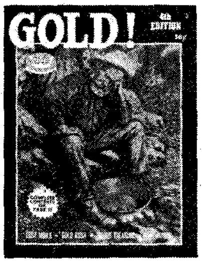

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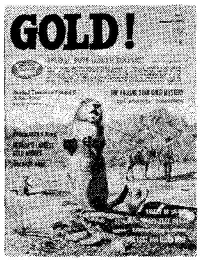

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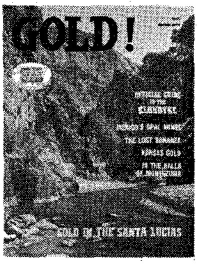

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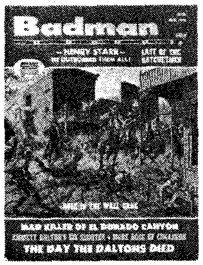

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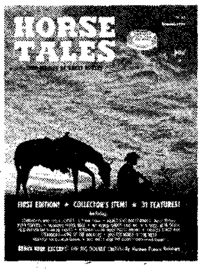

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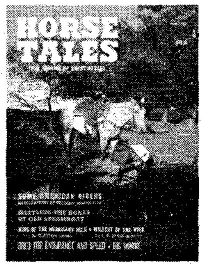

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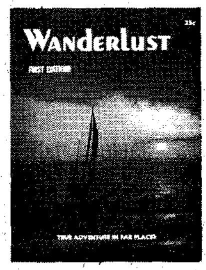


WANDERLUST #1

SPECIAL ANNUALS

WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 65)

appreciate anyone knowing the Meek family writing me.—E. T. Hill, 405 Warren, Terrell, Texas 75160

Gambetti (Gambetty)

Would appreciate any information on my two brothers and sisters. They were adopted out about twenty years ago, when our mother had a nervous breakdown. Their grandfather came to Potlatch, Idaho from Italy in the early 1900s. He was a barber there for many years. The boys are Gary Edward and Larry Gene Gambetti. The girls are Sherry Lynn and Melody Kay. The two boys were born in Vancouver, Washington; Sherry in Bend, Oregon; and Melody in Newburg, Oregon. Our parents were Edward Oscar and Doloros Emily Gambetti. Please write.—Carolyn Earley, 28 Sullivan Place, Bend, Oregon 97701

Dickey-McCall

I would appreciate any information at all on Tartas or Tartus Dickey, Richard Dickey and one other brother whose name is unknown. They went west to Iowa from Gallia County, Ohio following the Civil War and homesteaded land.

My grandfather, Leroy Dickey, accompanied them but later returned to Ohio. He died August 1926 at the age of eighty-seven and was buried in Dickey Cemetery in Gallia County. The family originally came from Washington County, Ohio and Jefferson County, Pennsylvania.

Also would appreciate information about Willie McCall who went to Beatrice, Nebraska, probably in the 1880s or early 1890s. He had a dray service, hauling baggage from the railroad depots as well as regular freight. I believe his wife's name was Clemita or Clemmie Trotter McCall. He is supposed to have left children, all boys, I think, and they would be my first cousins.—E. L. Dickey, R.D. 1, Lake City, Pennsylvania 16423

Pierson

Would like to hear from anyone knowing the whereabouts of David Gilford Pierson, born in Missouri, in Liberty, Clay County, December 17, 1945. His father was Fred Gilford Pierson, born December 1, 1898 in Turney, Missouri.

David was last seen in St. Joseph, Missouri in 1955. Any information will be appreciated.—Margery Pierson, 503 East Virginia, Anadarko, Oklahoma 73005

Jones

I am looking for descendants of my great-great-great-grandfather, William J. Jones of Wittsburg, Cross County, Arkansas. About 1848 he bought the Wm. Strong house-hotel on the Military Road from Memphis to Arkansas Post. Later, he became a representative to the state legislature where he was instrumental in the formation of Craighead County in 1859. In appreciation the people named Jonesboro in his honor.

He and wife, Lucinda (Harris?) had children: Mary Elvira who married James B. Meek., planter; Lucy Ann who married Richard T. Saddler; John; Stephen A.; Stanford L., and William. Mary Elvira's daughter, Martha Frances, married my great-grandfather, Tandy Trice Breezeel, who went to Arkansas for bear and returned with a "dear." When did Wm. and Lucinda die and where are they buried? Are they up on Crowley Ridge? When I visited, no one would allow me to go there because of the rattlesnakes.

What happened to the over 1,000 acres Wm. bought with the house-hotel? (Can't locate deeds.) What happened to James B. Meek? Did he marry again to Mary Wommack and then to Jane Williams? Where did they go? Wittsburg, once the farthest point a steamboat could go upriver, has completely disappeared. Does anyone have any pictures of old Wittsburg, the Wm. Strong-Wm. Jones house or the old cemeteries, churches on Crowley's Ridge, or of State Representative Wm. J. Jones? I'll be glad to pay for reprints of photos or have them printed and return the originals unharmed.

I think Wm. J. Jones might have died around 1870, but Lucinda was still living in 1880. John, Stephen, William and Stanford would all have been young men during the Civil War. Did they, too, go west? I will answer all letters.—Mrs. Charles E. Lewis, Route 6, Box 95, Benton, Kentucky 42025

Wright

Can anyone help me locate the manuscript written in Woodland, Illinois, 1906, by Rev. Fred N. Wright on the Wright family. Wrights mentioned are David, Senior and Junior, Oakley H., Ania, Caleb, Polly, Henry Carmain, Jacob Derixson, Harriet Cobb, Randolph Marsteller, Jabez, Leander, James Romine, John M. Spencer, Sarah, Rhonda, John, Aaron Hyer, Isaac Carman, John M. Depoy, Joel Shepherd, Preston Dark, George Daniels, Lafayettee Frazee, William Denny. A lot of these people ended up in Missouri. Any information will be greatly appreciated.—Dr. Fred A. Rowden, 1222 Park Avenue, La Junta, Colorado 81050

Holmes

I am searching for any information concerning the father of Albert Sheridan Holmes, born in Jackson County, Ohio about 1869. His father, however, was from Clay Center, Kansas. His brothers operated a number of businesses, including a barbershop, up until about the turn of the century.

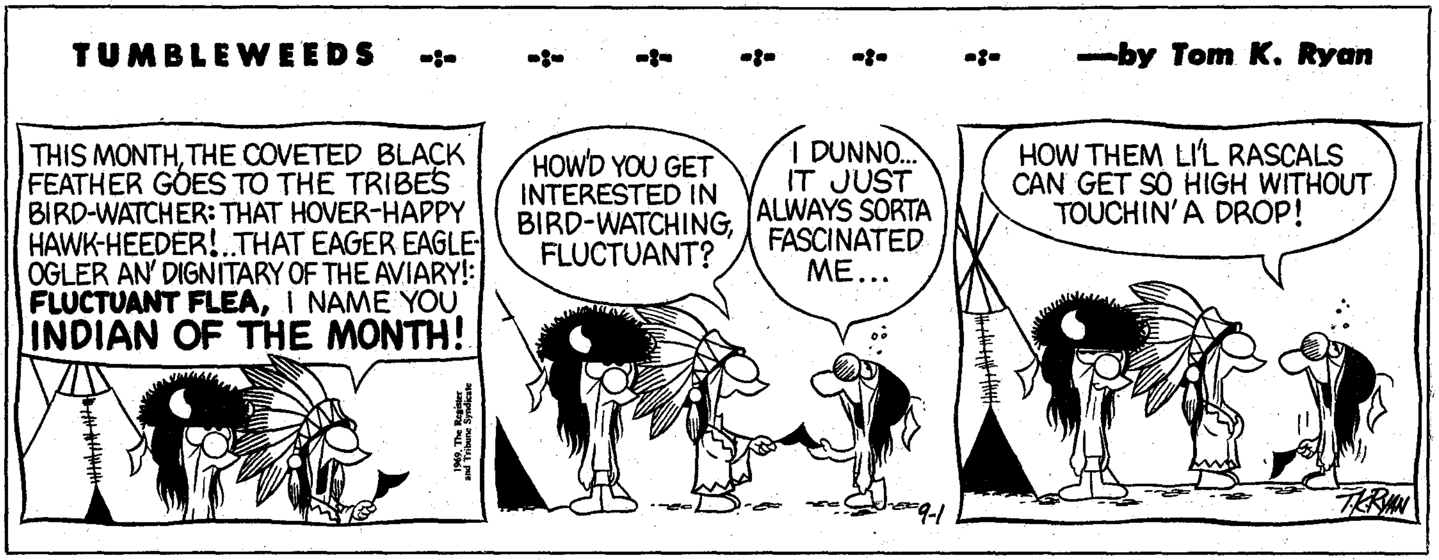
Any descendants of this family, or anyone with information, no matter how small, please write.—Wenzel C. Holmes, 192 Main Street, Apt. #3, Crooksville, Ohio 43731

Burden

I would like to hear from any descendants of Thomas C. Burden. He was in New Mexico and Oklahoma between the years of 1900 and 1906.—Nina Rounds, Route 4, Box 6586, Issaquah, Washington 98027

Berdet

I would like any information on the Berdet family who lived just out of Ridgley, Missouri around 1935 and before. There were three children—Willie, Leroy and Ersie. Their mother's name was Bessie. She married a man named Tailor but the marriage didn't last long. I heard they moved to California. I would like to hear from anyone who knows of them or their address.—Clarence E. Moore, c/o Lawrence J. Bailey, Sr., R. R. 3, Siloam Springs, Arkansas 72761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HOW THEM LI'L RASCALS CAN GET SO HIGH WITHOUT TOUCHIN' A DROP!
9-1
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6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
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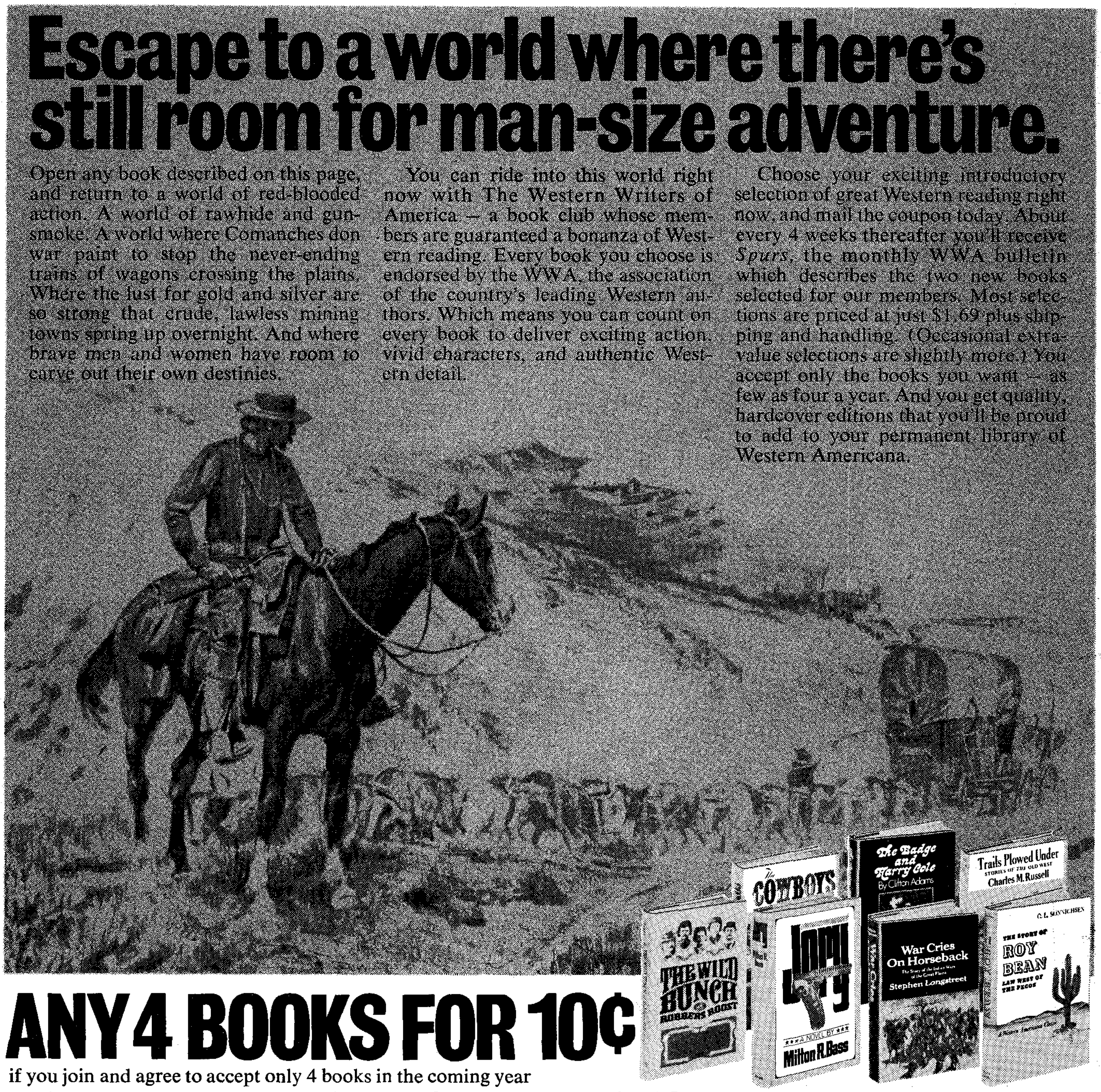

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